SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 3

IN THE FIELD WITH THE ARMIES OF FRANCE

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War Correspondent of *The New York World*, *The London Daily Mail*, and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with the Allied Armies

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

BEFORE coming to France I was told that the French were very stingy with their war. I was told that the only fighting I would be permitted to see would be on moving-picture screens. I was assured that war correspondents were about as welcome as the smallpox. But I found that I had been misinformed. So far as I am concerned they have been as generous with their war as a Kentucky colonel is with mint-juleps. They have, in fact, been so willing to let me get close up to where things were happening that, on one or two occasions, it looked as though I would never see the Statue of Liberty again. I do not wish to give the impression, however, that these facilities for flirting with sudden death are handed out promiscuously to all who apply for them. To obtain me permission to see the French fighting-machine in action required the united influence of three cabinet ministers, a British peer, two ambassadors, a score of newspapers—and the patience of Job.

Unless you have attempted to pierce it, it is impossible to comprehend the marvellous veil of secrecy which the Allied Governments have cast over their military operations. I wonder if you, who will read this, realize that, though the German trenches can be reached by motor-car in ninety minutes from the Rue de la Paix, it is as impossible for an unauthorized person to get within sound, much less within sight, of them as it would be for a tourist to stroll into Buckingham Palace and have a friendly chat with King George. The good old days in Belgium, when the correspondents went flitting light-heartedly about the zone of operations on bicycles and in taxicabs and motor-cars, have passed, never to return. Imagine a battle in which more men were engaged and the results of which were more momentous than Waterloo, Gettysburg, and Sedan combined—a battle in which Europe lost more men than the North lost in the whole of the Civil War—being fought at, let us say, New Haven, Conn., in December, and the people of New York and Boston not knowing the details of that battle, the names of the regiments engaged, the losses, or, indeed, the actual result, until the following March. It is, in fact, not the slightest exaggeration to say that the people of Europe knew more about the wars that were fought on the South African veldt and on the Manchurian steppes than they do about this, the greatest of all wars, which is being fought literally at their front doors. So that when a correspondent does succeed in penetrating the veil of mystery, when he obtains permission to see with his own eyes something of what is happening on that five-hundred-mile-long slaughter-house and cesspool combined which is

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called "the front," he has really achieved something.

When the Ministry of War had reluctantly issued me the little yellow card, with my photograph pasted on it, which, so far as this war is concerned, is the equivalent of Aladdin's lamp and the magic carpet put together, and I had become for the time being the guest of the nation, my path was everywhere made smooth before me. I was ciceroned by a staff-officer in a beautiful sky-blue uniform, and other officers were waiting to explain things to me in the various divisions through which we passed. We travelled by motor-car, with a pilot-car ahead and a baggage-car behind, and we went so fast that it took two people to tell about it, one to shout, "Here they come!" and another, "There they go!"

Leaving Paris, white and beautiful in the spring sunshine, behind us, we tore down the historic highway which still bears the title of the Route de Flandre, down which countless thousands of other men had hastened, in bygone centuries, to the fighting in the north. The houses of the city thinned and disappeared, and we came to open fields across which writhed, like monstrous yellow serpents, the zigzag lines of trenches. The whole countryside from the Aisne straightaway to the walls of Paris is one vast network of trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, and, even in the improbable event of the enemy breaking through the present line, he would be little better off than he was before. The fields between the trenches were being ploughed by women, driving sleek white oxen, but the furrows were scarcely ever straight, for every few yards they would turn aside to avoid a turf-covered mound surmounted by a rude cross and a scarlet kepi. For half a hundred miles this portion of France is one vast cemetery. We whirled through villages whose main streets are lined with the broken, blackened shells of what had once been shops and dwellings. At once I felt at home, for with this sort of thing I had grown only too familiar in Belgium. But here the Germans were either careless or in a hurry, for they had left many buildings standing. In Belgium they made a more finished job of it. Nothing better illustrates the implicit confidence which the French people have in their army, and in its ultimate success, than the fact that in all these towns through which we passed the people were hard at work rebuilding their shattered homes, though the strokes of their hammers were echoed by the sullen boom of German cannon. To me there was something approaching the sublime in these impoverished peasants turning with stout hearts and smiling faces to the rebuilding of their homes and the retilling of their fields. To these patient, toilworn men and women I lift my hat in respect and admiration. They, no less than their sons and husbands and brothers in the trenches, are fighting the battles of France.

As we approached the front the traditional brick-red trousers and kepis still worn by the second-line men gave way to the new uniform of silvery blue—the color of early morning. There were soldiers everywhere. Every town and hamlet through which we passed was alive with them. The highways were choked with troops of all arms: cuirassiers, with their mediæval steel helmets and breastplates linen-covered; dragoons, riding under a forest of fluttering pennons; zouaves in short blue jackets and baggy red breeches; spahis in turbans and Senegalese in tarbooshes and Moroccans in burnooses; *chasseurs d'Afrique* in sky-blue and scarlet; infantry of the line in all the shades of blue that can be produced by dyes and by the weather; mile-long strings of motor transports; field-batteries; pontoon trains; balloon corps; ambulances with staring scarlet crosses painted on their canvas covers—all the nuts and bolts and springs and screws which go to compose what has become, after months of testing and improvements, probably the most efficient killing machine the world has ever seen. And it is, I am convinced, eventually going to do the business. It struck me as having all, or nearly all, of the merits of the German organization *with the human element added.*

When only a short distance in the rear of the firing-line we left the car and proceeded on foot down a winding country road which debouched quite suddenly into a great, saucer-shaped valley. Its gentle slopes were checkered with the

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brown squares of fresh-ploughed fields and green ones of sprouting grain. From beyond a near-by ridge came the mutter of artillery, and every now and then there appeared against the turquoise sky what looked like a patch of cotton-wool but was in reality bursting shrapnel. The far end of the valley was filled with what appeared at first glance to be a low-hanging cloud of gray-blue mist, but which, as we drew nearer, resolved itself into dense masses of troops drawn up in review formation—infantry at the left, cavalry at the right, and guns in the centre. I had heard much of the invisible qualities of the new field uniform of the French army, but I had heretofore believed it greatly inferior to the German greenish gray. But I have changed my mind. At three hundred yards twenty thousand men could scarcely be distinguished from the landscape. The only colorful note was struck by the dragoons, who still retain their suicidal uniform of scarlet breeches, blue tunic, and the helmet with its horse-tail plume, though a concession has been made to practicality by covering the latter with gray linen.

At three o'clock a rolling cloud of dust suddenly appeared on the road from Compiègne, and out of it tore a long line of military cars, travelling at express-train speed, all save one in war coats of elephant gray. The exception was a low-slung racer painted a canary-yellow. Tearing at top speed up the valley, it came to a sudden stop before the centre of the mile-long line of soldiery. A mile of fighting men stiffened to attention; a mile of rifle barrels formed a hedge of burnished steel; the drums gave the long roll and the thirteen ruffles; the colors swept the ground; the bands burst into the splendid strains of the *Marseillaise*, and a little man, gray-mustached, gray-bearded, inclined to stoutness, but with the unmistakable carriage of a soldier, descended from the yellow automobile and walked briskly down the motionless lines. I was having the unique privilege of seeing a President of France reviewing a French army almost within sight of the invader. It was under almost parallel circumstances that, upward of half a century ago, another President of another mighty republic reviewed another army, which was likewise fighting the battles of civilization.

Raymond Poincaré is by no means an easy man to describe. He is the only French President within my memory who looks the part of a ruler. In his person are centred, as it were, the aspirations of France, for he is a native of Lorraine. He was a captain of Alpine Chasseurs in his younger days and shows the result of his military training in his erect and vigorous bearing. Were you to see him apart from his official surroundings you might well take him, with his air of energy and authority, for a great employer or a captain of industry. Deduct twenty years from Andrew Carnegie and give him the carriage of a soldier and you will have as good an idea as I can give you of the war-time President of France.

After passing down the lines and making a minute inspection of the soldiers and their equipment, the President took his stand in front of the grouped standards, and the officers and men who were to be decorated for gallantry ranged themselves before him, some with bandaged heads, some hobbling along on crutches, some with their arms in slings. Stepping forward, he pinned to the tunic of each man either the *Médaille Militaire*, which is bestowed for deeds of the most conspicuous bravery on privates and non-commissioned officers only, or the Legion of Honor, and kissed him on either cheek, while the troops presented arms and the massed bands played the anthem. On general principles I should think that the President would rebel at having to kiss so many men, even though they are heroes and have been freshly shaved for the occasion.

As soon as this picturesque ceremony was concluded the review of the troops began. Topping a rise, they swept down upon us in line of column—a moving cloud of grayish blue under shifting, shimmering, slanting lines of steel. Company after company, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade swept past, businesslike as a trip-hammer, resistless as a steam-roller, moving with mechanical precision to the exultant strains of the march of the *Sambre et Meuse*. These were the famous *poilus*, the bearded ones, the men with hair on their chests. Their

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uniforms were not immaculate. They were faded by wind and rain and sometimes stained with blood. On their boots was the mud of the battle-fields along the Aisne. Fresh from the trenches though they were, they were as pink-cheeked as athletes, and they marched with the buoyancy of men in high spirits and in perfect health. Here before me was a section of that wall of steel which is slowly but surely pushing back the spiked helmets toward the Rhine. Hard on the heels of the infantry came the guns—the famous "75's"—a dozen batteries, well horsed and well equipped, at a spanking trot. A little space to let the foot and guns get out of the way, and then we heard the wild, shrill clangor of the cavalry trumpets pealing the charge. Over the rise they came, helmeted giants on gigantic horses. The earth shook beneath their gallop. The scarlet breeches of the riders gleamed fiery in the sunlight; the horsehair plumes of the helmets floated out behind; the upraised sword-blades formed a forest of glistening steel. As they went thundering past us they rose in their stirrups, and high above the clank of steel and the trample of hoofs came the deep-mouthed Gallic battle-cry: "*Vive la France! Vive la France!*"

To have had a battery of French artillery go into action and pour a torrent of steel-cased death upon the enemy's trenches for one's special benefit is, so far as I am aware, a courtesy which the General Staff has seen fit to extend to no other correspondent. That the guns were of the new 105-millimetre model, which are claimed to be as much superior to the famous 75's as the latter are to all other field-artillery, made the exhibition all the more interesting. The road which we had to take in order to reach this particular battery leads for several miles across an open plateau within full view of the German positions. As we approached this danger zone the staff-officer who accompanied me spoke to our driver, who opened up the throttle, and we took that stretch of exposed highway like a frightened cat on the top of a back-yard fence. "Merely a matter of precaution," explained my companion. "Sometimes when the Germans see a car travelling along this road they send a few shells across in the hope of getting a general. There's no use in taking unnecessary chances." Though I didn't say so, it struck me that I was in considerably more danger from the driving than I was from a German shell.

Leaving the car in the shelter of the ridge on which the battery was posted, we ascended the steep hillside on foot. I noticed that the slope we were traversing was pitted with miniature craters any one of which was large enough to hold a barrel. "It might be as well to hurry across here," the artillery officer who was acting as our guide casually remarked. "Last evening the Germans dropped eight hundred shells on this field that we are crossing, and one never knows, of course, when they will do it again."

Part-way up the slope we entered what appeared to be a considerable grove of trees. Upon closer inspection, however, I discovered that it was not a real grove but an ingenious imitation, hundreds of saplings having been brought from elsewhere and set upright in the ground. Soon I saw the reason, for in a little cleared space in the heart of this imitation wood, mounted on what looked not unlike gigantic step-ladders, were two field-guns, with their lean barrels pointing skyward. "These are for use against aircraft," explained the officer in charge. "The German airmen are constantly trying to spot our batteries, and in order to discourage their inquisitiveness we've put these guns in position." The guns were of the regulation 75-millimetre pattern, but so elevated that the wheels were at the height of a man's head from the ground, the barrels thus being inclined at such an acute angle that, by means of a sort of turntable on which the platforms were mounted, the gunners were able to sweep the sky. "This," said the artillery officer, indicating a curious-looking instrument, "is the telemeter. By means of it we are able to obtain the exact altitude of the aircraft at which we are firing, and thus know at what elevation to set our guns. It is as simple as it is ingenious. There are two apertures, one for each eye. In one the aircraft is seen right side up; in the other it is inverted. By turning this thumb-screw the images are brought together. When one is superimposed exactly over the other the

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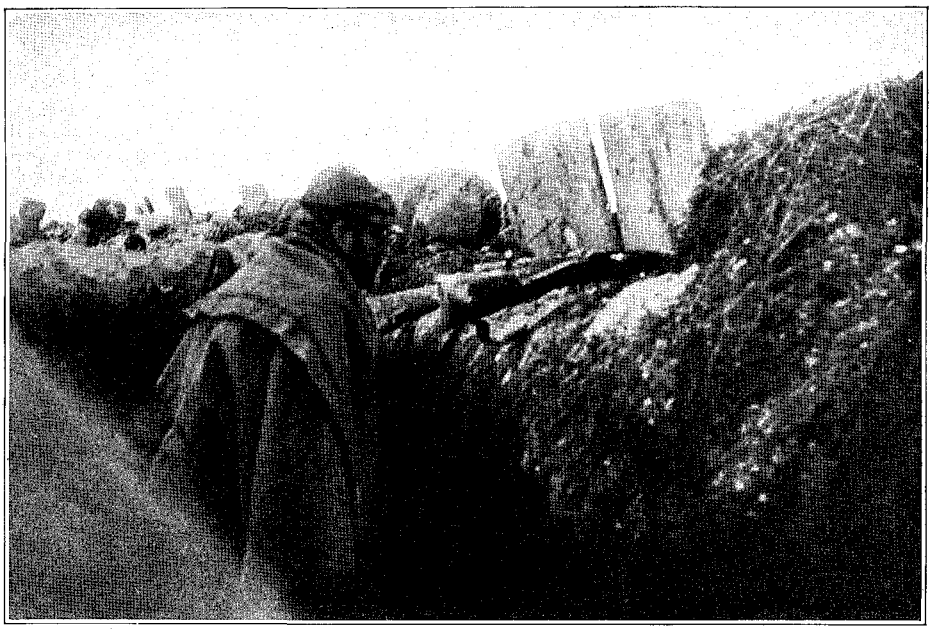

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The watch on the Aisne.

On that five-hundred-mile-long slaughter-house and cesspool combined which is called "the front."—Page 261.

altitude is shown in meters on this dial beneath. Then we open on the airmen with shrapnel." Since these guns were placed in position the German air scouts have taken few chances at playing peek-a-boo from the clouds.

A few minutes' walk along the ridge brought us to the battery of 105's, which was the real object of our visit. The guns were not posted on the summit of the ridge, as a layman might suppose, but a quarter of a mile behind it, so that the ridge itself, a dense forest, and the river Aisne intervened between the battery and the German positions four miles away. The guns were sunk in pits so ingeniously masked with shrubs and branches that the keenest-eyed airman, flying low overhead, would have seen nothing to arouse his suspicions. Fifty feet away one could detect nothing about that apparently innocent clump of tangled vegetation to suggest that it concealed an amazing quantity of potential death. This battery had been here for many weeks, and the gunners had utilized the time, which hung heavy on their hands, in making themselves comfortable and in beautifying their surroundings. With the taste and ingenuity so characteristic of the French, they had transformed their battery into a sylvan grotto. The winding paths were lined with woven wicker fences and bordered by strips of white sand, on which appeared patriotic mottoes in colored pebbles. Scattered about were ingeniously constructed rustic seats and tables. Within ten feet of one of the great gray guns a bed of hyacinths made the air heavy with their fragrance. The next gun-pit was banked about with yellow crocus. Hanging from the arbor which shielded another of the steel monsters were baskets made of moss and bark, in which were growing violets. At a rustic table, under a sort of pergola, a soldier was engaged in painting a picture in water-colors. It was a good picture. I saw it afterward on exhibition in the Salon des Humoristes in Paris. A few yards back of each gun-emplacement were cave-like shelters, dug in the hillside, in which the men sleep, and in which they take refuge during the periodic shell-storms which visit them. Over the entrance to one of these troglodyte dwellings was a sign announcing that it was the Villa des Roses.

"Do the Germans know the position

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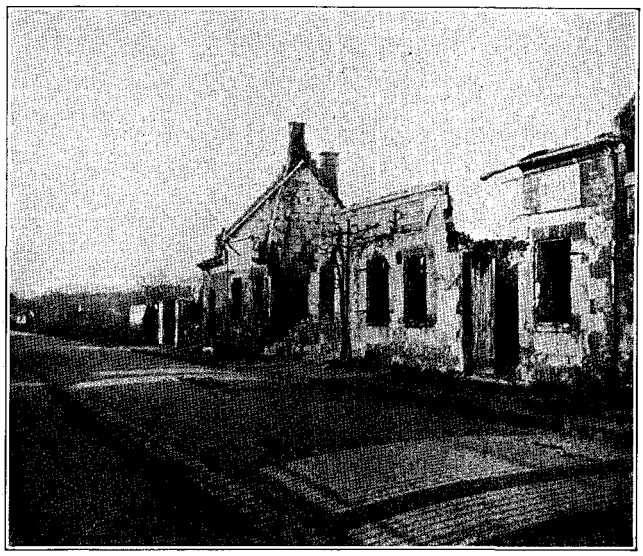
of these guns?" I asked the battery commander.

"Not exactly, though they have, of course, a pretty general idea."

"Then you are not troubled by German shells," I remarked.

"Indeed we are," was the answer. "Though they have not been able to locate us exactly, they know that we are somewhere at the back of this ridge, so every now and then they attempt to clear us out by means of progressive fire. That is, they start in at the summit, and by gradually increasing the elevation of their guns, systematically sweep the entire back slope of the ridge, so that some of their shells are almost certain to drop in on us. Do you appreciate, however, that, though we have now been in this same position for nearly three months, though not a day goes by that we are not under fire, and though a number of my men have been killed or wounded, we have never seen the target at which we are firing and we have never seen a German soldier?"



We whirled through villages whose main streets are lined with the broken, blackened shells of what had once been shops and dwellings.
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A ten-minute walk across the open table-land which lay in front of the battery, and which forms the summit of the ridge, then through a dense bit of forest, and we found ourselves at the entrance to one of those secret *observatoires* from which the French observers keep an unceasing watch on the movements of the enemy and, by means of telephones, direct and control the fire of their own batteries with incredible accuracy. This particular *observatoire* occupied the mouth of a cave in the precipitous hillside above the Aisne, being rendered invisible by a cleverly arranged screen of bushes. Pinned to the earthen walls were contour maps and fire-control charts; powerful telescopes mounted on tripods brought the German trenches across the river so close to us that, had a German soldier been incautious enough to show himself, we could almost have seen the spike upon his helmet; and a military telephonist with receivers clamped to his ears sat at a switch-board and pushed buttons or pulled out pegs just as the telephone-girls do in Fifth Avenue hotels. The chief difference was that this operator, instead of ordering a bell-hop to take ice-water and writing-paper to Room 503, would tell the commander of a battery, four or five or six miles away, to send over to a German trench, which he would designate by number, a few rounds of shrapnel or high explosive.

An officer in a smart uniform of dark blue with the scarlet facings of the artillery beckoned to me to come forward, and indicated a small opening in the screen of branches.

"Look through there," he said, "but please be extremely careful not to show yourself or to shake the branches. That hillside opposite us is dotted with the enemy's *observatoires*, just as this hillside is dotted with ours, and they are constantly sweeping this ridge with powerful glasses in the hope of spotting us and shelling us out. Thus far they've not been able to locate us. We've had better luck, however. We've located two of

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French infantry going into action.

These were the famous *poilus*, the bearded ones, the men with hair on their chests, . . . a moving cloud of grayish blue under shifting, shimmering, slanting lines of steel.—Page 263.

their fire-control stations, and put them out of business."

As I was by no means anxious to have a storm of shrapnel bursting about my head, I was careful not to do anything which might attract the attention of a German with a telescope glued to his eye. Peering cautiously through the opening in the screen of bushes, I found myself looking down upon the winding silver ribbon

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which is the Aisne; to the southwest I could catch a glimpse of the pottery roofs of Soissons, while from the farther bank of the river rose the gentle slopes which formed the opposite side of the river valley. These slopes were everywhere slashed and scarred by zigzag lines of yellow which I knew to be the German trenches. But, though I knew that those trenches sheltered an invading army, not a sign of life was to be seen. Barring a few black-and-white cows grazing contentedly in a pasture, the landscape was absolutely deserted. On the other side of that ridge I knew that the German batteries were posted, just as the French guns were stationed out of sight at the back of the ridge on which I stood. This artillery warfare is, after all, only a gigantic edition of the old-fashioned game of hide-and seek. Though when you catch sight of your opponent, instead of tapping him politely on the shoulder and saying, "I see you!" you try to kill him with a three-inch shell.

A soldier set a tripod in position and on it carefully adjusted a powerful telescope. The colonel motioned me to look through it, and suddenly the things that had looked like yellow lines became recognizable as marvellously constructed earthworks.

"Now," said the colonel, "focus your glass on that trench just above the ruined farmhouse, and I will show you what our gunners can do." After consulting a chart with innumerable radiating blue and scarlet lines which was pinned to a drafting-table, and making some hasty calculations with a pencil, he gave a few curt orders to a junior officer who sat at a telephone switchboard with receivers clamped to his ears. The young officer spoke some cabalistic figures into the transmitter and concluded with the order: "*Tir rapide.*"

"Now, Monsieur Powell," called the colonel, "watch the trenches." A moment later, from somewhere behind the ridge at the back of us, came in rapid succession six splitting crashes—*bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!* A fraction of a second later I saw six puffs of black smoke suddenly appear against one of the yellow lines on the distant hillside; six fountains of earth shot high into the air.

"Right into the trenches!" exclaimed the colonel, who was kneeling beside me with his glasses glued to his eyes. "Watch once more." Again six splitting crashes, six distant puffs of smoke, and, floating back to us a moment later, six muffled detonations.

"The battery that has just been firing is six miles from those trenches," remarked the colonel casually. "Not so bad, eh?"

"It's marvellous," I answered, but all the time I was wondering how many lives had been snuffed out for my benefit that morning on the distant hillside, how many men with whom I have no quarrel had been maimed for life, how many women had been left husbandless, how many children fatherless.

"I do not wish to hasten your departure, Monsieur Powell," apologized the colonel, "but if you wish to get back to your car without annoyance I think that you had better be starting. We've stirred up the *Boches*, and at any moment now their guns may begin to answer."

He knew what he was talking about, did that colonel. In fact, we had delayed our departure too long, for just as we reached the edge of the wood, and started across the open plateau which crowns the summit, something hurtled through the air above the tree-tops with a sound between a moan and a snarl and exploded with a crash like a thousand cannon crackers set off together a few yards in front of us. Before the echoes of the first had time to die away came another and yet another. They burst to the right of us, to the left of us, seemingly all around us. We certainly had stirred up the Germans. For a few minutes we were in a very warm corner, and I am no stranger to shell fire, either. At first we decided to make a dash for it across the plateau, but a shell which burst in the undergrowth not thirty feet ahead induced us to change our minds, and we precipitately retreated to the nearest bomb-proof. The next half-hour we spent snugly and securely several feet below the surface of the ground, while shrapnel whined overhead like bloodhounds seeking their prey. Have you ever heard shrapnel, by any chance? No? Well, it sounds as much as anything else like a winter gale howling

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French anti-aircraft gun in action against a German aeroplane.

The guns were of the regulation 75-millimetre pattern, but so elevated that the wheels were at the height of a man's head from the ground, the barrels thus being inclined at such an acute angle that, by means of a sort of turntable, . . . the gunners were able to sweep the sky.—Page 264.

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through the branches of a pine-tree. It is a moan, a groan, a shriek, and a wail rolled into one, and when the explosion comes it sounds as though some one had touched off a stick of dynamite under a grand piano. And it is not particularly cheering to know that the ones you hear

From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

The effect of shrapnel from a French "seventy-five" on a German battery.

do not harm you, and that it is the ones you do not have time to hear that send you to the cemetery. The French artillery officers tell me that the German ammunition has noticeably deteriorated in the last few months. Well, perhaps. Still, I hadn't noticed it. It was thirty minutes before the storm of shrapnel slackened and it was safe to start for the car. We had a mile of open field to cross, with shells still occasionally falling. I felt like a man wearing a silk hat who has just passed a gang of boys engaged in making snowballs. In a lifetime largely made up of interesting experiences that exhibition of French gunnery will always stand out as one of the most interesting things I have ever seen. But all the way back to headquarters I kept wondering about those men in the trenches where the shells had fallen, and about the women and children who are waiting and watching and praying for them over there across the Rhine.

Now, it must be borne in mind that the task of the artillery is far easier in hilly or mountainous country, such as is found along the Aisne and in the Vosges and Alsace, where the movements of the enemy can be observed with comparative facility and where both observers and gunners can usually find a certain degree of shelter, than in Artois and Flanders, where the country is as flat as the top of a table, with nothing even remotely resembling a hill on which the observers can be stationed or behind which can be concealed the guns. In the flat country the guns, which are carefully masked by means of branches from detection by hostile aircraft, take position at distances varying from two thousand to five thousand yards from the enemy's trenches. Immediately in the rear of each gun is a subterranean shelter, so that when a German *Taube* comes in sight the gun-crew can go to earth until it has passed. An artillery subaltern, known in the British service as the "forward observing officer," goes up to the infantry trenches and chooses a position, sometimes in a tree, sometimes in a shattered church tower, sometimes in a sort of dugout, from which he can obtain an unobstructed view of his battery's zone of fire. He is to his battery very much what a coach is to a football team, giving his men directions by telephone instead of through a megaphone, but, unlike the coach, he is

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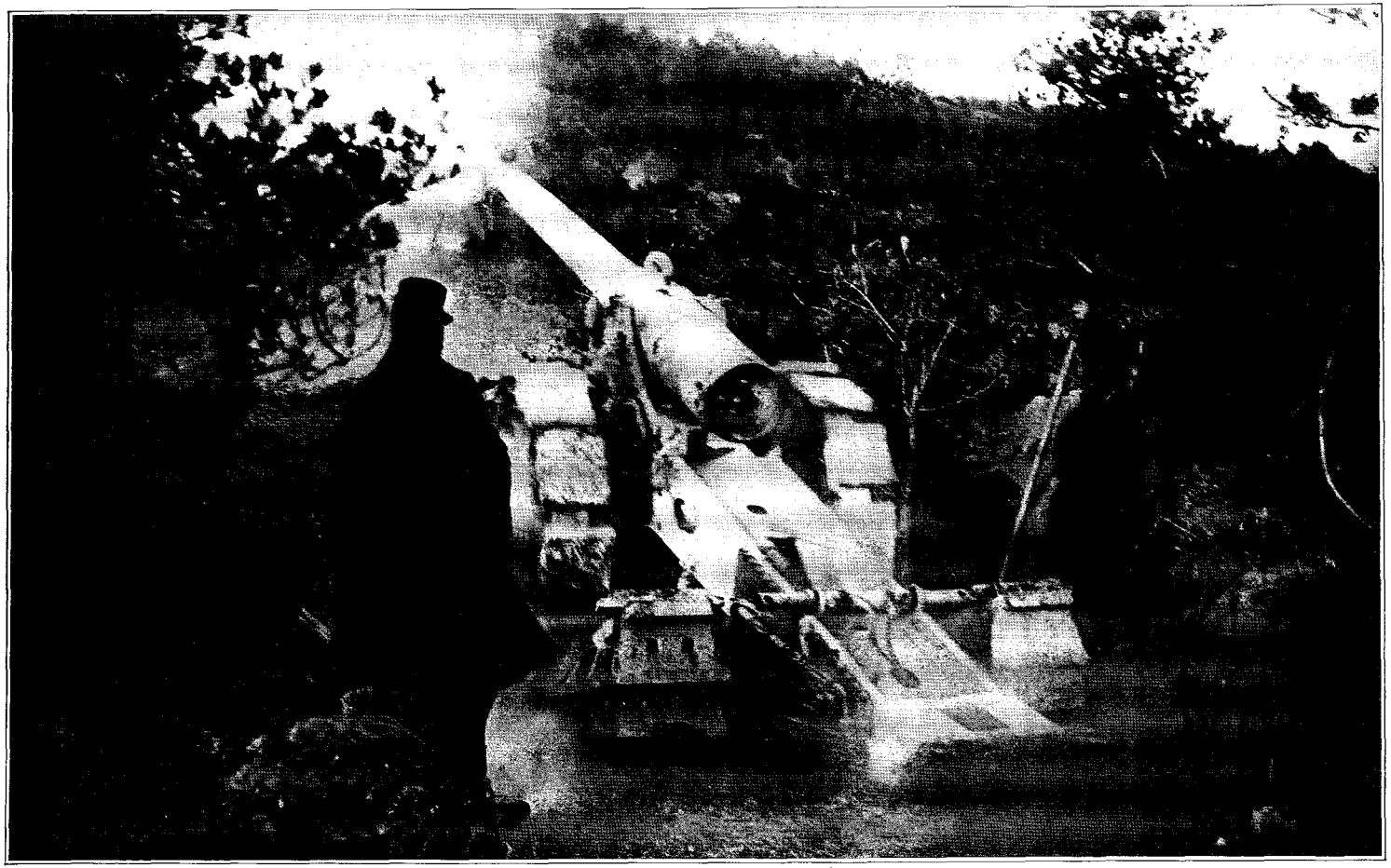

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French 105-millimetre gun shelling the German trenches on the Aisne.

The guns were so ingeniously masked that fifty feet away one could detect nothing about that apparently innocent clump of tangled vegetation to suggest that it concealed an amazing quantity of potential death.—Page 265.

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stationed not on the side line but on the firing-line. Amid all the uproar of battle the observing officer has to keep careful track, through his glasses, of every shell his battery fires, and to inform his battery commander by telephone of the effect of his fire. He can make no mistakes, for on those portions of the battle-line where the trenches are frequently less than a hundred feet apart the slightest miscalculation in giving the range might land the shells among his own men. The critical moment for the observing officer is, however, when the enemy makes a sudden rush and swarms of helmeted, gray-clad figures, climbing out of their trenches, come rolling forward in a steel-tipped wave, tripping in the barbed wire and falling in ones and twos and dozens. Instantly the French trenches crackle and roar into the full blast of magazine fire. The rattle of the machine guns sounds like a boy drawing a stick along the palings of a picket fence. The air quivers to the incessant crash of bursting shrapnel. "Infantry attack!" calls the observation officer into the telephone receiver which is clamped to his head. "Number one, four and five gun fire!" and his battery, two or three miles in the rear, begins pouring shrapnel on the advancing Germans. But still the gray figures come on, hoarsely cheering. "Drop twenty-five!" he orders. "Careful with your fuse-setting . . . very close to our trenches." The French shrapnel sprays the ground immediately in front of the French trenches as a street-cleaner sprays the pavement with a hose. The gray line checks, falters, sways uncertainly before the blast of steel. Men begin to fall by dozens and scores, others turn and run for their lives. With a shrill cheer the French infantry spring from their trenches in a counter-attack. "Raise twenty-five! . . . raise fifty!" telephones the observing officer as the blue figures of his countrymen sweep forward in the charge. And so it goes, the guns backing up the French attacks and breaking the German ones, shelling a house or a haystack for snipers, putting a machine gun out of business, dropping death into the enemy's trenches or sending its steel calling-cards across to a German battery whose position has been discovered and reported by wireless by a scouting French aeroplane. And all the time the youngster out in front, flattened to the ground, with glasses at his eyes and a telephone at his lips, acts the part of prompter and tells the guns when to speak their parts.

In reading accounts of artillery fire it should be remembered that there are two types of shell in common use to-day—shrapnel and high-explosive—and that they are used for entirely different purposes and produce entirely different results. Shrapnel, which is intended only for use against infantry in the open, or when lightly entrenched, is a shell with a very thin steel body and a small bursting charge, generally of low-power explosive, in the base. By means of a time fuse the projectile is made to burst at some little distance short of the target, the explosion of the weak charge breaking the thin steel case and liberating the bullets, which fly forward with the velocity of the shrapnel, scattering much as do the pellets from a shotgun. At a range of 3,500 yards the bullets of the British 18-pound shrapnel, 375 in number, cover a space 250 yards long and 30 yards wide—an area of more than one and a half acres. Though terribly effective against infantry attacks or unprotected batteries, shrapnel are wholly useless against fortified positions, strongly built houses, or deep and well-planned entrenchments. The difference between shrapnel and high-explosive is the difference between a shotgun and an elephant rifle. The high-explosive shell, which is considerably stronger than the shrapnel, contains no bullets, but a charge of high-explosive—in the French service melinite, in the British usually lyddite (which is picric acid melted with a little vaseline), and in the Germany army trinitrotoluene. The effect of high-explosive is far more concentrated than that of shrapnel, covering only one-fifteenth of the area affected by the latter. Though shrapnel has practically no effect on barbed-wire entanglements or on concrete, and very little on earthworks, high-explosive shells of the same calibre destroy everything in the vicinity, concrete, wire entanglements, steel shields, guns, and even the trenches themselves disappearing like a dynamited stump before the terrific blast. The men

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From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

French artillery officers, in an observatory on the Aisne, watching the effect of shell fire on the German trenches.

From those secret *observatoires* the French observers keep an unceasing watch on the movements of the enemy and, by means of telephones, direct and control the fire of their own batteries with incredible accuracy.—Page 266.

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holding the trenches are driven into their dugouts, and may be reached even there by high-explosive shells fired from high-angle howitzers.

The commanding importance of the high-explosive shell in this war is due to the peculiar nature of the conflict. Instead of fighting in the open field, the struggle has developed into what is, to all intents and purposes, a fortress warfare on the most gigantic scale. The Germans are not simply entrenched. They have protected themselves with masses of concrete and steel armor, so that the so-called trenches are in reality concrete forts, with shields of armor-plate, protected by the most ingenious wire entanglements and other obstructions that the mind of man can devise, and defended by machine guns mounted behind steel plates and capable of firing a thousand shots a minute, in the enormous proportion of one to every fifty men. That is the sort of wall through which the Allies have to break if they are to win this war. In order to pave the way for an infantry attack on a German position of this description near Arras, the French fired two hundred thousand rounds of high-explosives in a single day—and the scouts came back to report that not a barbed-wire entanglement, a trench, or a living human being remained.

Looking at the German positions on the Aisne from a French *observatoire*. Mr. Powell third figure from left.

During the same battle the British, owing to a shortage of high-explosive ammunition, were able to precede their attack by only forty minutes of shell fire. This was wholly insufficient to clear away the entanglements and other obstructions, and, as a result, the men were literally mowed down by the German machine guns. To give some idea of the staggering expense of modern artillery fire, I might mention that the Germans, during the crossing of the San, *fired seven hundred thousand shells in four hours.*

There are no words between the covers of the dictionary which can convey any adequate idea of what one of these great artillery actions is like. One has to see—and hear—it. Buildings of brick and stone collapse as though they were built of cards. Whole towns are razed to the ground as a city of tents would be levelled by a cyclone. Trees are snapped off like carrots. Gaping holes as large as cottage cellars suddenly appear in the fields and in the stone-paved roads. Geysers of smoke and earth shoot high into the air. The fields are strewn with the shocking remains of what had once been men: bodies without heads or arms or legs; legs and arms and heads without bodies. Dead horses, broken wagons, bent and shattered equipment are everywhere. The noise is beyond all description—yes, beyond all conception. It is like a close-by clap of thunder which, instead of lasting for a fraction of a second, lasts for hours. There is no diminution to the hell of sound, not even a momentary cessation. The ground heaves and shudders beneath your feet. You find it difficult to breathe. Your head throbs until you think that it is about to burst. You feel as though your ear-drums had been shattered. The very atmosphere palpitates to the tremendous detonations. The howl of the shell-storm passing overhead gives you

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the feeling that the skies are falling. Compared with it the roar of the cannon at Gettysburg must have sounded like the popping of fire-crackers.

Inconceivably awe-inspiring and terrifying as is a modern artillery action, one eventually becomes accustomed to it, but I have yet to meet the person who could say with perfect truthfulness that he was indifferent to the fire of the German siege-cannon. I have twice been under the fire of the German siege-guns—in Antwerp last October, and in Dunkirk in early May—and I hope with all my heart that I shall never have the experience again. Let me put it up to you, my friends. How would *you* feel if you were sleeping quite peacefully in—let us say—the Waldorf-Astoria, and along about six o'clock in the morning something dropped from the clouds, and in the pavement of Fifth Avenue blew a hole large enough to bury a horse in? And what would be your sensations if, still bewildered by the suddenness of your awakening, you ran to the window to see what had happened, and something that sounded like an approaching express-train came hurtling through the air from somewhere over in New Jersey, and with the crash of an exploding powder-mill transformed Altman's store into a heap of pulverized stone and concrete? Well, that is precisely what happened to me one beautiful spring morning in Dunkirk.

To be quite frank, I didn't like Dunkirk from the first. Its empty streets, the shuttered windows of its shops, and the inky blackness into which the city was plunged at night from fear of aeroplanes combined to give me a feeling of uneasiness and depression. The place was about as cheerful as a country cemetery on a rainy evening. From the time I set foot in it I had the feeling that something was going to happen. I found that a room had been reserved for me on the upper floor of the local hostelry, known as the Hôtel des Arcades—presumably because there are none. I did not particularly relish the idea of sleeping on the upper floor, with nothing save the roof to ward off a bomb from a marauding aeroplane, for, ever since I was under the fire of Zeppelins in Antwerp, I have made it a point to put as many floors as possible between me and the sky.

It must have been about six in the morning when I was awakened by a splitting crash which made my bedroom windows rattle. A moment later came an-

From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

Machine-gun squad repelling a German attack. The men are wearing masks as a protection against the poison-gas with which the Germans precede their assaults.

The trenches crackle and roar into the full blast of magazine fire. The rattle of the machine guns sounds like a boy drawing a stick along the palings of a picket fence.—Page 272.

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other and then another, each louder and therefore nearer than the one preceding. All down the corridor doors began to open, and I heard voices excitedly inquiring what was happening. I didn't have to inquire. I knew from previous experience. A German *Taube* was raining death upon the city. Throwing open my shutters, I could see the machine quite plainly, its armor-plated body gleaming in the morning sun like polished silver as it swept in ever-widening circles across the sky. The anti-aircraft guns mounted on the ramparts opened fire, and in the immediate vicinity of the *Taube* fleecy clouds, which I knew for bursting shrapnel, splotched the sky. Somewhere to the east a pom-pom began its infernal trip-hammerlike clatter. An armored car, evidently British from the "R. N." painted on its turret, tore into the square in front of the hotel, the lean barrel of its quick-firing gun sweeping the sky, and began to send shell after shell at the aerial intruder. From down near the waterfront came the raucous wail of a steam-siren warning the people to get under cover. A church-bell began to clang hastily, imperatively, insistently. It seemed to say: "To your cellars! To your cellars! Hurry! . . . *Hurry!* . . . HURRY!" From the belfry of the Church of St. Eloi a flag with blue and white stripes was run up as a warning to the townspeople that death was abroad. Suddenly, above the tumult of the bells and horns and hurrying footsteps, came a new and inconceivably terrifying sound: a low, deep-toned roar rapidly rising into a thunderous crescendo like an express-train approaching from far down the subway. As it passed above our heads it sounded as though a giant in the sky were tearing mighty strips of linen. Then an explosion which was brother to an earthquake. The housetops seemed to rock and sway. The hotel shook to its foundations. The pictures on the wall threatened to come down. The glass in the windows rattled until I thought that it would break. From beyond the housetops in the direction of the receiving hospital and the railway station a mushroom-shaped cloud of green-brown smoke shot suddenly high into the air. Out in the corridor a woman screamed hysterically: "My God! My God! They've begun again with the big cannon!" I heard

From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

The forward observing officer directing the fire of a French battery three miles behind him.

Flattened to the ground, with glasses at his eyes and a telephone at his lips, he acts the part of prompter and tells the guns when to speak their parts.—Page 272.

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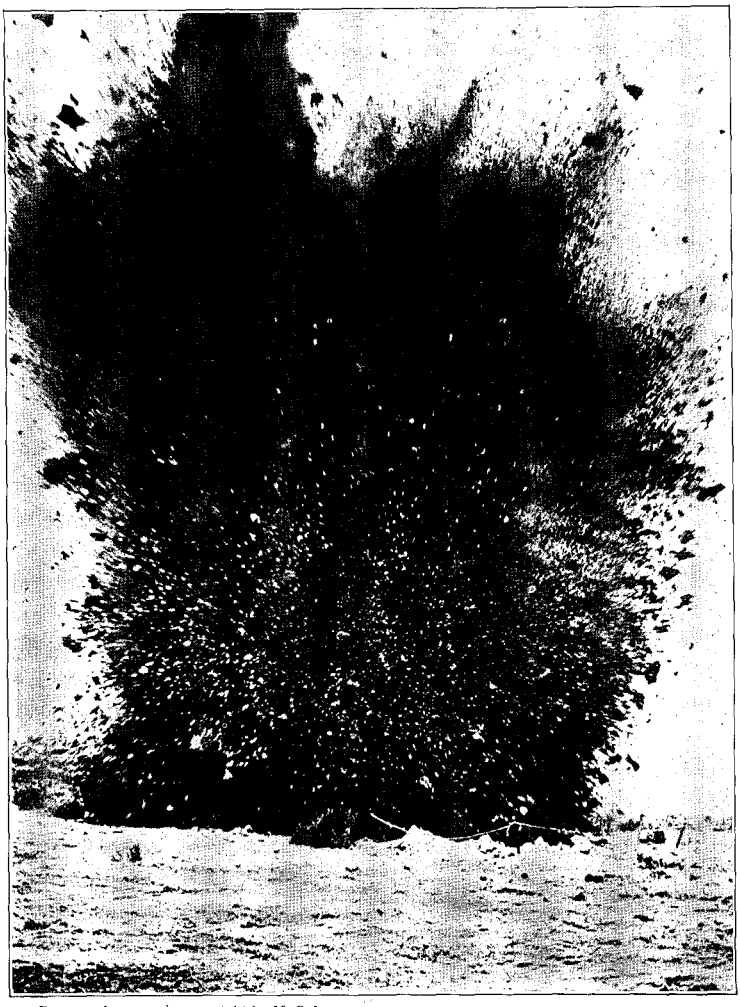

From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

"High-explosive!"

A geyser of smoke and earth shot high into the air. Then an explosion which was brother to an earthquake.—Page 276.

the clatter of footsteps on the stairs as the guests rushed for the cellar. I began to dress. No fireman responding to a third alarm ever dressed quicker. Just as I was struggling with my boots there came another whistling roar and another terrific detonation. High in the air above the quivering city still circled the German aeroplane, informing by wireless the German gunners, more than a score of miles away across the Belgian border, where their shells were hitting. Think of it! *Think of bombarding a city at a range of twenty-three miles and every shot a hit!* That is the marvel of this modern warfare. Imagine the Grand Central Station in New York, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Metropolitan Life building, and the City Hall being blown to smithereens by shells fired from Rahway, N. J. It makes one understand why the Germans are so desperately anxious to reach Calais, with the fort-crowned cliffs of Dover rising across the channel less than twenty miles away.

Descending to the cellars of the hotel, I found that there was standing-room only. Guests, porters, cooks, waiters, chambermaids, English Red Cross nurses, and a French colonel wearing the Legion of

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Honor were shivering in the dampness amid the cobwebs and the wine-bottles. Every time a shell exploded the wine-bottles in their bins shook and quivered as though they too were alive and frightened. I lay no claim to bravery, but in other bombarded cities I have seen what happens to the people in the cellar when a shell strikes that particular building, and I had no desire to end my career like a trapped rat. As I went up-stairs I heard a Frenchwoman angrily demanding of the chambermaid why she had not brought her hot water. "But, madame," pleaded the terrified girl, "the city is being bombarded." "Is that any reason why I should not wash?" cried the irate lady. "Bring me my hot water instantly."

At eight o'clock the officer commanding the garrison hurried in. He had invited me to lunch with him. "I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of your company at déjeuner, Monsieur Powell," said he, "but it is not wise for you to remain in the city. I am responsible to the government for your safety, and it would make things easier for me if you would go." You can call it cowardice or timidity or anything you please, but I am not at all ashamed to admit that I was never so glad to have an invitation cancelled. I have had a somewhat extensive acquaintance with bombardments, and I have always found that those who speak lightly of them are those who have never seen one.

In order to get out of range of the German shells my driver, acting under the orders of the commandant, turned the bonnet of the car toward Bergues, five miles to the southward. But we found that Bergues had not been overlooked by the German gunners, having, indeed, suffered more severely than Dunkirk. When we arrived the bombardment was just over and the dust was still rising from the shattered houses. Twelve 38-centimetre shells had landed in the very heart of the little town, sending a score or more of its inhabitants, men, women, and children, to the hospital and a like number to the cemetery.

A few hours before Bergues had been as quaint and peaceful and contented a town of five thousand people as you could

From a photograph, copyright by M. Rol.

What a 38-centimetre shell, fired from a gun twenty-three miles away, did in Dunkirk.
When one of these shells hits a building, that building simply ceases to exist.—Page 279.

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have found in France. Because of its quaint and simple charm touring motorists used to go out of their way to see it. It is fortified in theory, but not in fact, for its moss-grown ramparts, which date from the Crusades, have about as much military significance as the Battery in New York. But the guide-books describe it as a fortified town, and that was all the excuse the Germans needed to turn loose upon it sudden death. To-day that little town is an empty, broken shell, its streets piled high with the brick and plaster of its ruined homes. One has to see the ruin produced by a 38-centimetre shell to believe it. If one hits a building that building simply ceases to exist. It crumbles, disintegrates, disappears. I do not mean to say that its roof is ripped off or that one of its walls is blown away. I mean to say that that whole building crashes to the ground as though flattened by the hand of God. The Germans sent only twelve of their shells into Bergues, but the central part of the town looked like Market Street in San Francisco after the earthquake. One of the shells struck a hospital and exploded in a ward filled with wounded soldiers. They are not wounded any longer. Another shell completely demolished a three-story brick house. In the cellar of that house a man, his wife, and their three children had taken refuge. There was no need to dig graves for them in the local cemetery. Throughout the bombardment a *Taube* hung over the doomed town to observe the effect of the shots, and to direct by wireless the distant gunners. I wonder what the German observer, peering down through his glasses upon the wrecked hospital and the shell-torn houses and the mangled bodies of the women and children, thought about it all. It would be interesting to know, wouldn't it?

THE NEUTRALITY OF MR. ANTELLO

By Edward C. Venable

Author of "Pierre Vinton"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

MR. ANTELLO stepped from the train at Dorking, Long Island, and walked to his motor automatically—that is, without disturbing those processes of his higher nerve-centres which were occupied then, exclusively, with the affairs of business he had left behind him in town. It was the end of a beautiful afternoon in August, and, as the train was the favorite one "out," Mr. Antello, as he crossed the station's platform, passed, walked beside, and jostled a number of people whom he knew without acknowledging the encounter. He frequently did this. Neither did he notice that it was the end of a beautiful afternoon. He did, however, know that it was August, and of the year 1914, when one half of the world was trying to cut the other half's multitudinous throats, with alarming results to any honest American's business affairs. He was, indeed, so completely absorbed by this fact that he had seated himself in his motor and got a tenth of the way home before he was conscious of anything else. There the car made a sudden swerve, bumped dangerously on the unpaved side of the road, and then resumed its smooth progress.

Mr. Antello, aroused, looked at the chauffeur's back and started.

He leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the man's profile. "Who the deuce are you?" he shouted into the wind beating back his voice.

"Henry, sir," came the answer.

"What are you doing driving my car?" demanded Mr. Antello.

The man, as if recognizing this to be a reasonable request, put out a hand and brought the car to a lower speed. "I'm taking Francke's place, sir," he explained, half turning in his seat. "I was clean-up man, sir, and when Francke was called so suddenly he told Mrs. Antello——"

"Called!" broke in Mr. Antello.

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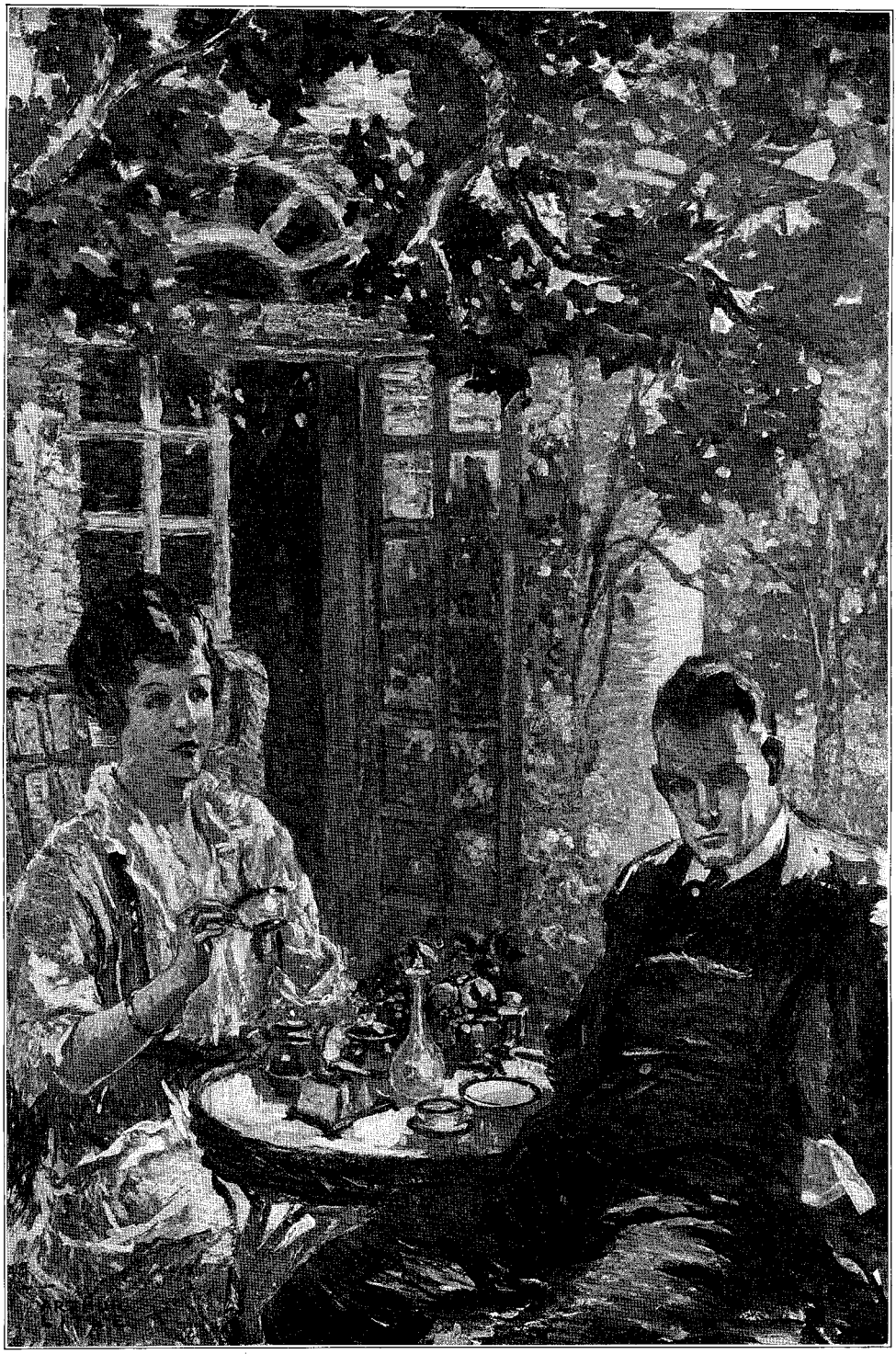

Drawn by Arthur Little.

"I hope Forrester and Francke each kills the other."—Page 281.

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"Called where? Who called my chauffeur?"

"The Emperor of Germany, sir. He caught an Eyetalian boat this noon. He didn't know nothing about it until this morning breakfast, sir, and he caught an Eyetalian boat at twelve o'clock, sharp."

Mr. Antello and Henry looked at each other, eye to eye, Henry apparently exultant over the alacrity of Francke, Mr. Antello apparently outraged by the audacity of somebody, possibly the Emperor of Germany. So they rode for a hundred yards or more, slowly rolling over the smooth macadam. Then Mr. Antello sank back into his seat, and Henry, taking the hint, "put her into first," and glued his eyes to the road again.

Mr. Antello had always enjoyed complete confidence in Francke—in his punctuality, in his sobriety, in his eyes, hand, and brain—and now to lose him after a 20-point drop in the stock-market seemed a little bit too much. Mr. Antello had an uncomfortable feeling that the fates were after him.

The rest of that drive, until, safe on his own doorstep, he saw the motor roll away around the curved drive to the garage, was a most uncomfortable experience for Mr. Antello. He had outlived the age of daredeviltry. He had a neck he sincerely believed to be fairly valuable, as necks go, and he disliked putting it in the care of the clean-up man. He would take the carriage to the train in the morning, he decided, and get a chauffeur from an agency in town by the next afternoon. Then he went into the house to tea.

Tea was on the terrace, Mrs. Antello behind the tea-table.

"Andrew," said Mrs. Antello, "you must get us a butler by to-morrow night!"

"You mean chauffeur," said Mr. Antello. "That fellow just told——"

"I said *butler*, Andrew," said Mrs. Antello, "and naturally I mean butler. Why should I mean chauffeur?"

"But what on earth do you want with a butler to-morrow?"

"Well, there are four people coming to dinner, and I have spent the whole day and can't find anything fit promised before Saturday. Didn't they tell you at the office? I telephoned there twice, and left two messages."

Mr. Antello put down his toast and looked at her. "Marion," he said, "where's Forrester?"

"Gone to Canada, where he came from."

Mr. Antello pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, looked at it, and put it away again, as if, on examination, it had proved not "up to the" situation.

"This," he said slowly, "is the damnedest thing I ever heard of in my life. Did you know about Francke?"

"Did I?" replied his wife. "Who should know but me? There was a race between them, I believe, to see which should get away first. I tried to get you by telephone, but you were always out of the office. What were you doing out of the office?"

Then giving up this as an entirely inadequate vent to her emotions, Mrs. Antello added: "I hope Forrester and Francke each kills the other."

Mr. Antello fanned himself with the newspaper. The first page announced the fall of Liège and the entry of the Imperial German army into Brussels. "This," he said weakly, "is simply unheard of. Both gone!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter about Francke. He can be replaced. But Forrester! I simply can't live without Forrester." Mrs. Antello was childless, and still very pretty. She poked spitefully at the tea-things. "Just look at this table!" she exclaimed—"higgledy-piggledy, any old way, and just think what a dinner-table will be! *A dinner-table!* Oh! it's sickening!"

The poignancy of her grief touched Mr. Antello, even in his own bereavement. "Oh, we'll fix it up some way. The steward at the club will fix it up some way. He's awfully good at that sort of thing. He'll fix it up some way."

"The club!" murmured Mrs. Antello. "What do clubs know?"

But Mr. Antello came around the tea-table and kissed her and promised her the best butler in the United States, and soothed her finally to resignation. And they spent the hour until dressing-time peacefully reading the war news.

Despite the continued downward swing of the market next day, Mr. Antello kept the promise thus given and spent near

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half an hour of the forenoon in a telephone conversation with the steward in whom he had such confidence. As for his own interests, which solely centred in Francke—he not at all objecting to the maid who substituted for Forrester—he let them go by the board and again risked his neck behind the clean-up man in the drive home. The clean-up man drove very well, too, never once veering to the rough edges, as on the day previous, and preluding every turning with immense blasts on the horn. Mr. Antello even thought he "might do for a while." At any rate, until matters settled down somewhat. Maybe in a month the whole thing would be over and Francke back begging for a job. Some of the best houses on the street thought so—thought that the war would be over in a month, not about Francke.

The new man, too, had come out on the twelve-thirty-seven, as the steward had promised, and he met Mr. Antello at the door, and put his dust-coat away in the right closet in a very workmanlike manner. He got through dinner creditably, too, and Mrs. Antello thought he might do for a while, just as Mr. Antello thought about Francke. On the whole, the day was an improvement on its predecessor, and when he went to bed, Mr. Antello decided that if the market would either go up or shut up, he could muddle through almost any war pretty comfortably. Wars weren't so bad as the pacifists said they were, he decided—that is, after you got used to them. Mr. Antello felt he had nearly got used to this one. He felt he had the European situation pretty well in hand.

He went to bed and slept dreamlessly. It had been a well-filled day, even for a man who prided himself, as Mr. Antello did, on his capacity for overwork. But, suddenly, he was hauled into consciousness by a hand grasping his shoulders. It was Mrs. Antello. She was sitting up in bed with the night-light glimmering beside her. Outside the windows, the gray light of morning just lightened the darkness. Mrs. Antello looked ghastly and ill, under cold-cream.

"Andrew!" she whispered. "Andrew!"

"Yes, Marion."

"Oh, Andrew, Aunt Sophy!"

Mr. Antello was by this time just enough awake to swear. "Damn Aunt Sophy. Did you wake me up——"

"Oh, Andrew, we forgot. Aunt Sophy is in Marienbad."

"Let her stay," said Mr. Antello, turning over. "Let her stay until breakfast anyhow, Marion, for pity's sake."

"Oh, Andrew," continued Mrs. Antello, "they may lock her up and hold her for ransom. She was seventy-two this June." And Mrs. Antello began to cry.

By this time Mr. Antello was sufficiently awake to have more kindly feelings toward his aunt-in-law.

"That's a mess, Marion, isn't it? I absolutely forgot her."

"So did I," sobbed Mrs. Antello. "I'll never forgive myself if anything happens."

"Don't you worry, Marion," said Mr. Antello. "Nothing will happen to Aunt Sophy; she's got too much money."

"But those Germans, Andrew—what do they care? They don't care for money. They don't care for anything. They are regular Attilas!" said Mrs. Antello.

They sat up in their beds until sunrise, two ghostly figures in white, debating the new difficulty brought upon them by the war. Then they fell asleep, and Mr. Antello nearly missed the eight-fifteen in consequence.

During the day, Mr. Antello cabled two of the largest banking-houses in the world and the American ambassador to Germany, besides sending a telegram to the State Department in Washington, for news of Aunt Sophy, and, after receiving from unofficial sources the most encouraging news of the condition of Americans in Marienbad, returned home with an easy conscience. He had got quite accustomed to the clean-up man now, and rode behind him without a tremor—nay, even with a certain pleasant consciousness of the difference between the clean-up man's wages and the departed Francke's.

The new butler received his hat and coat with a refreshing air of efficiency. "Mrs. Antello, sir," said the new man, "left word that you were to come to her room as soon as you got home."

Mr. Antello reached the room slightly out of breath from excitement, and the stairway. The room was darkened, every shade drawn, and there was a faint odor of smelling-salts in the air. Through the gloom, he made out the form of Mrs. Antello lying upon a sofa.

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"Andrew," she said softly, "Agnès was a Belgian."

"A what?" said Mr. Antello.

"A Belgian."

"My God!" said Mr. Antello.

There was a silence between them. In the hush, a distant train whistled shrilly.

"Aren't there any Americans in the United States?" he said crossly.

Mrs. Antello paid no attention to this question, but asked him to pull down the shade and stop swearing, because it made her headache worse.

Not being able to have a headache, Mr.

Debating the new difficulty brought upon them by the war.—Page 282.

"She had," Mrs. Antello resumed, after the whistle, "a lover in Liège. I don't know where even my own underclothes are. Andrew, do you believe that gold-toothed old frump ever had a lover?"

"Has she gone?" asked Mr. Antello.

"Of course she has gone. She just stayed long enough to have hysterics. Then she flew. Don't ask me where. If you ask me where, I'll scream."

So Mr. Antello didn't ask her. He didn't say anything at all. Instead, he walked to the window and, pulling up the shade, glared at a red, malignant-looking sun, just over the tree-tops. The sun glowered back, unabashed. It slipped down behind an oak, and darted through the leaves a red, vicious glance that caught Mr. Antello fairly in the eyes and produced a teary wink. He turned away.

Antello took a bath. Sometimes he sang when he took a bath. He didn't sing very well, and the gushing water served to drown the sound. To-day, he talked very loud to himself instead, the water serving the usual purpose. The worm will turn, he told himself. Then he reflected that he had turned. "I'm no worm," he asserted. "People who come over here and get good wages ought to stay over here." If they didn't, they weren't any better than the Chinese, and ought to be treated as such. America for Americans was a good idea, he reflected, and he repeated it at intervals to the roaring spout. Finally, cleansed in body and spirit, he returned to the other room, and helped to hook up Mrs. Antello's dress, vice Agnès departed.

And, for many days thereafter, this proved to be Mr. Antello's principal occupation. When the exchange closed its

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doors, Mr. Antello discharged half his office force, and went to town three days a week, chiefly, he admitted, for the sake of appearances. A substitute for Agnès was not found, but this was mainly for the sake of economy, and Mr. Antello felt that he had got things fairly shipshape once more. So had the United States, he remarked with a glow of patriotism. Never, he felt, had his country shown its greatness more convincingly. Everything in the world outside was going to the deuce, and, except for a slight increase in unemployment, everything inside was going comfortably. If that isn't a great country, thought Mr. Antello, I should like to know what is? He read his newspaper with this comfortable sense of patriotism. He also hooked up his wife's dresses every day, and went to the club more than usual when in town. He had more time for the club. His inquiries had discovered Mrs. Antello's Aunt Sophy, and followed her progress from Marienbad to Amsterdam, thence to London, from which place she would sail to New York as soon as fitting accommodations could be got. These were secured by Mr. Antello's influence with the Cunard line. "I want the best stateroom," Mr. Antello told the Cunard line, "on the biggest boat." And he got it, too.

When the biggest boat got in, Mr. and Mrs. Antello were on the dock.

"She will probably be in an awful temper," said Mrs. Antello, looking through the bars at the vast black hull slowly moving in front of her. "She always is, you know, after crossing."

"She oughtn't to be," said Mr. Antello. "She ought to be grateful."

"There's no such thing as gratitude," said Mrs. Antello sadly. "Look at Francke; look at Forrester; look at Agnès."

And just then, Mrs. Antello gave a little scream and started back. "Oh, Andrew, look at Agnès!"

But Mr. Antello was blinded by rhetoric. Instead, he looked at his wife.

"There, there!" she cried. "Look, you stupid!"

So Mr. Antello looked, and there was Agnès, standing by the rail, looking at him. And beside her, leaning on a cane, stood an old lady, who was Aunt Sophy.

They came down the plank together, Aunt Sophy first, leaning on the arm of a steward, Agnès behind, carrying the bags. Mrs. Antello embraced her Aunt Sophy before she spoke to Agnès, but for one brief instant Mr. Antello was afraid she wouldn't.

"So," she said, "you have come back, have you?"

"Not to you, she hasn't," interrupted Aunt Sophy. "I brought her."

"But how did you——?"

"Just wait, Marion," said Aunt Sophy, "until I get through answering these rascals, and then I'll answer you."

By "rascals" Aunt Sophy meant the United States customs officials. Mrs. Antello's surmise was correct. She was in a very bad humor.

As for Agnès! Mr. Antello, looking at her, remarked that she looked as if a lawn-mower had run over her. The Agnès who had left had been a creature of smiles and frills, and in her place had come a tight-mouthed woman in plain, heavy mourning. The lawn-mower had cut off every frill.

Aunt Sophy had found her in London. Her own maid, whose name was Schneff, had left her in Cologne, refusing to quit the Fatherland. Agnès, finding Aunt Sophy's name in the American registry, had come to the Hyde Park Hotel, and found Fräulein Schneff's place waiting for her. She had never got to Belgium. What was the use? she asked her new mistress. "Half my people are here already," she said. And her lover lay buried under forty tons of stone at Liège.

With a feeling of profound but inexplicable depression, Mr. Antello followed the three women from the pier. Inexplicable because, though the arrival of a wife's aunt may be annoying, it was scarcely solemnizing; and Mr. Antello felt solemn. He helped them to the car, gave explicit directions to the clean-up man about speed, for the sake of Aunt Sophy, who was sharp-tongued when frightened, and then watched the car drive away. He had lifted his hat, and for near a minute he had held it so. Then he clapped it on his head again, and walked away to his office.

But neither the office, nor the club

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afterward, nor the acquaintances on the train that afternoon to Dorking, nor the peaceful sights and sounds of the country, sufficed, queerly enough, to dissipate the feeling of depression which had fallen over his spirit on the pier, alongside of the biggest boat just returned from the perils of the deep. He attributed it to the presence in the house of his aunt-in-law, who had not come down to dinner but stayed in her bedroom and was waited on by Agnès. He did not mention it to Mrs. Antello, Aunt Sophy being her aunt; but reflecting that the visit would last until the lady had found quarters in town, he felt his spirits sink lower. He sat beside Mrs. Antello on the terrace after dinner, and smoked in silence. Presently Mrs. Antello went to bed, and he went inside and drank the vichy and milk which his doctor had recommended, alone in the library. Once, while he was sitting there, Agnès came in and picked up some piece of black frippery from the sofa and went out again, a noiseless, flitting black shadow. Mr. Antello gulped down the remainder of his vichy and milk and went to bed. "I'm glad that woman didn't come back to you, Marion," he told his wife when he got up-stairs.

This proved to be Mr. Antello's principal occupation.—Page 283.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Antello.

"She's spooky," said Mr. Antello.

During the lull in the business of the stock exchange, Mr. Antello had leisure

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"Not to you, she hasn't," interrupted Aunt Sophy. "I brought her."—Page 284.

to attend very carefully to getting Aunt Sophy housed for the winter. It was always a task of some difficulty, but now further stiffened by his aunt-in-law's flat refusal to pay one-half, even one-quarter, of her usual rent. She said she was forced to economize because of contributions to the war-relief fund. Mr. Antello didn't believe her, but said nothing. Commonly she kept half the real-estate firms in New York in a state of trepidation for weeks before she settled down. Now she made no inquiries, but kept her room for the greater part of the day, appearing only in the afternoon, when she walked about the lawn on the arm of Agnès, who seldom left her side. Mr. Antello began to suspect that his wife's relative intended to spend the winter in his house. He said nothing of this suspicion, either, to Mrs. Antello, but she spoke of it very plainly to him. Mrs. Antello also objected that Agnès scarcely even spoke to her former employers. She went her ways about the house, a noiseless black figure, and stood aside in the halls with a bent head and a

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barely murmured "M'dame." Mrs. Antello said she got on her nerves. Mr. Antello repeated that she was "spooky."

"Agnès," Mrs. Antello had said on the occasion of one of these hallway meetings, "you must have had some awfully queer experiences. You must tell me about them some time."

"M'dame," said Agnès, "Je n'en puis ——" Then she vanished.

Aunt Sophy did not relate her experiences either. After dinner she sat by the library fire, as a rule in silence, until Agnès came to put her to bed.

One night Agnès appeared thus, but not at the usual hour. It was scarcely eight o'clock. And she addressed herself to Mr. Antello, who was playing "sniff" with Mrs. Antello.

"M'sieu," said Agnès, "there is some one who wishes to speak with you."

"Me?" said Mr. Antello. "On the telephone?"

"No," answered Agnès, "in the dining-room."

"Who is it, Agnès?" asked Mrs. Antello.

"M'dame," answered Agnès in French, "it is m'dame's *ci-devant* servant, Forrester."

Mr. Antello, who did not speak French, understood only the word "Forrester," and he jumped up, spilling the dominoes over the carpet.

"Sit down, Andrew," said Aunt Sophy. "Agnès, tell the man to come here," and Agnès vanished like a shadow.

Mr. Antello did not sit down, but he waited, standing on the hearth-rug, with his hands in his pockets and his hair rumpled.

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Antello, "where do you suppose the man came from? Andrew, please pick up those dominoes."

Mr. Antello picked up half a dozen dominoes, and then dropped them. For Forrester came in, and stood just inside the door, holding his hat in his left hand. He had no right hand. The empty sleeve was pinned across his breast.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mrs. Antello. Mr. Antello dropped the dominoes.

"How do you do, Forrester?" said Aunt Sophy.

"Mrs. Anson," said Forrester, with a nod.

"No," said Mrs. Anson, "come over and shake hands with me, Forrester."

And Forrester came over and shook hands. And Agnès came over and dropped down on her knees, and began to sob out a speech in French, that even Mrs. Antello could not understand.

Then Forrester turned to Mr. Antello and began to say that he had come to see about some things he had left there last summer, and also that there was some wages, if Mr. Antello would be so kind. He spoke very fast, and was red. Mr. Antello was embarrassed also, because he was trying to shake hands with Forrester and did not know how.

But Mrs. Anson, hushing Agnès, interrupted: "Yes, there's six months' wages due you, Forrester. Let's see, July, August, September, October, November—no, five. And you can stay with the gardener until you get settled."

"But, Aunt Sophy," said Mr. Antello, "Forrester isn't with us any more. Don't you know?"

"I know he isn't," said Aunt Sophy. "He's with me."

"But, Aunt Sophy," said Mrs. Antello, "what do you want with him?"

Aunt Sophy got up. "What do I want with him?" She leaned forward, supported by Agnès, and she tapped her long black stick on the hearth as she spoke. "I want him, Nephew Andrew, because I want a man in the house. Now, go pick up your dominoes and we will all go to bed."

Mr. Antello did not go to bed then, however. He sat alone in the library, with his vichy and milk on a table at his side. For a long time he sat so, while the house grew still and the fire on the hearth tumbled down into gray ashes. Once or twice he got up and walked the length of the room and back. The glass at his elbow stood untouched. The cigar between his fingers went out and he never noticed it.

It was very late when he got up for the last time. He tossed the cigar into the fireplace and he poured the vichy and milk over the ashes. Then he walked to the hall and stood a moment with his finger on the light-button, while his eyes glanced about the room, at the chair where Aunt Sophy sat, where Agnès had knelt, at the dominoes still scattered over the floor. Click! went the button, and all was black.

"A man in the house!" murmured Mr. Antello. "I see."

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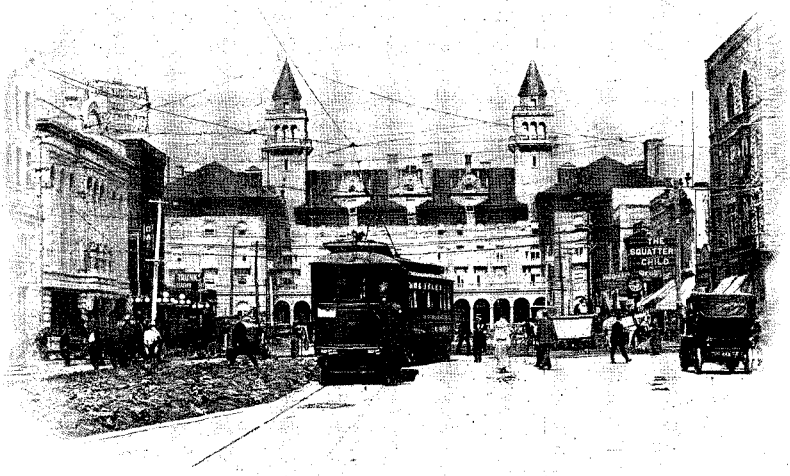
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND DENVER



The Antlers, Pike's Peak Avenue and Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs. The chief health resort of Colorado.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS — CRIPPLE CREEK — THE PALISADES — OURAY — THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS — CHEYENNE CANYON — DENVER

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Leadville and Mount Massive.

Leadville is the most celebrated mining centre in the world, and one of the highest, at an altitude of over 10,000 feet. The surrounding mountains are very grand.

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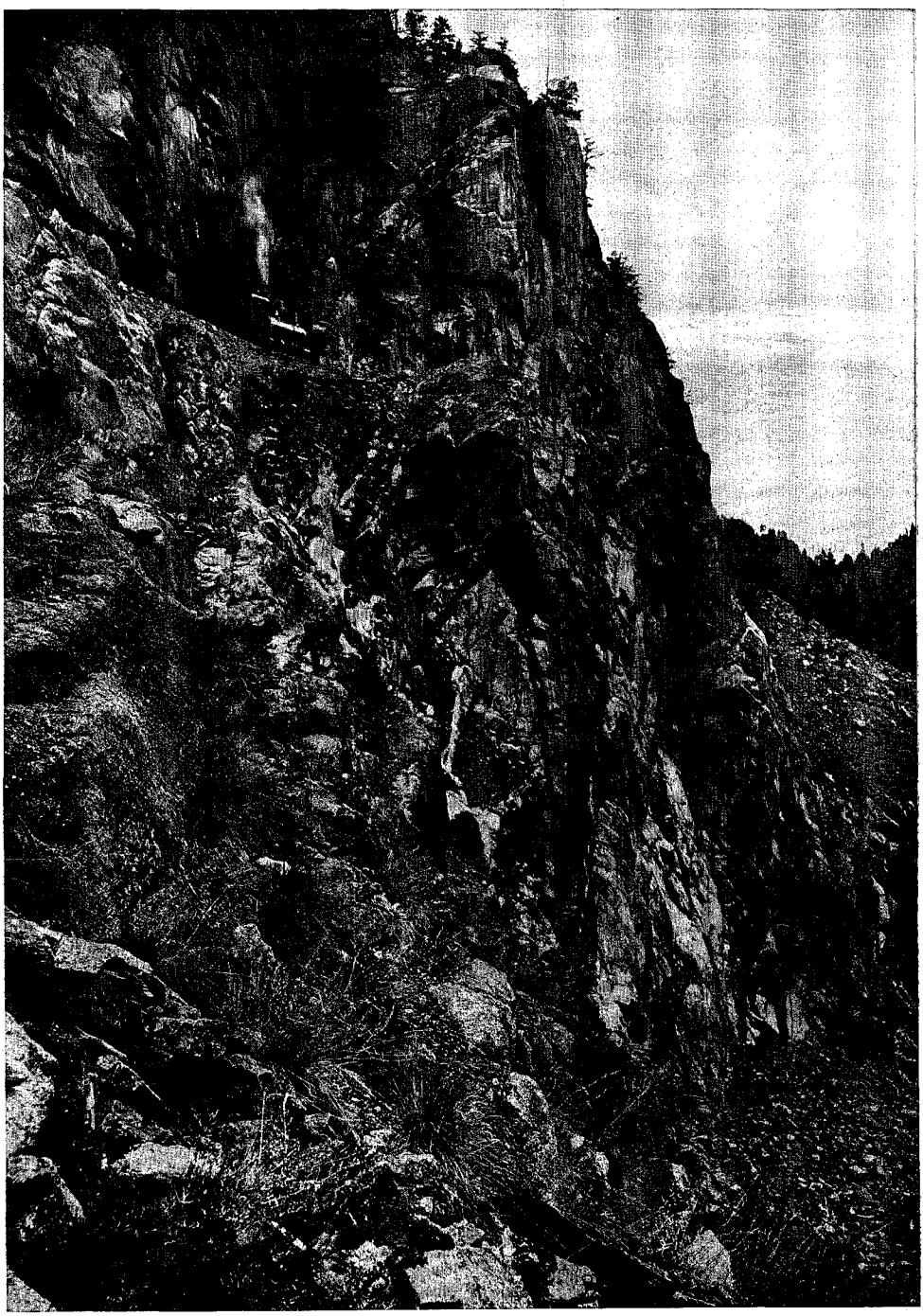

Las Animas Canyon.

One of the wildest spots in the Rockies and a very difficult site for the track of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

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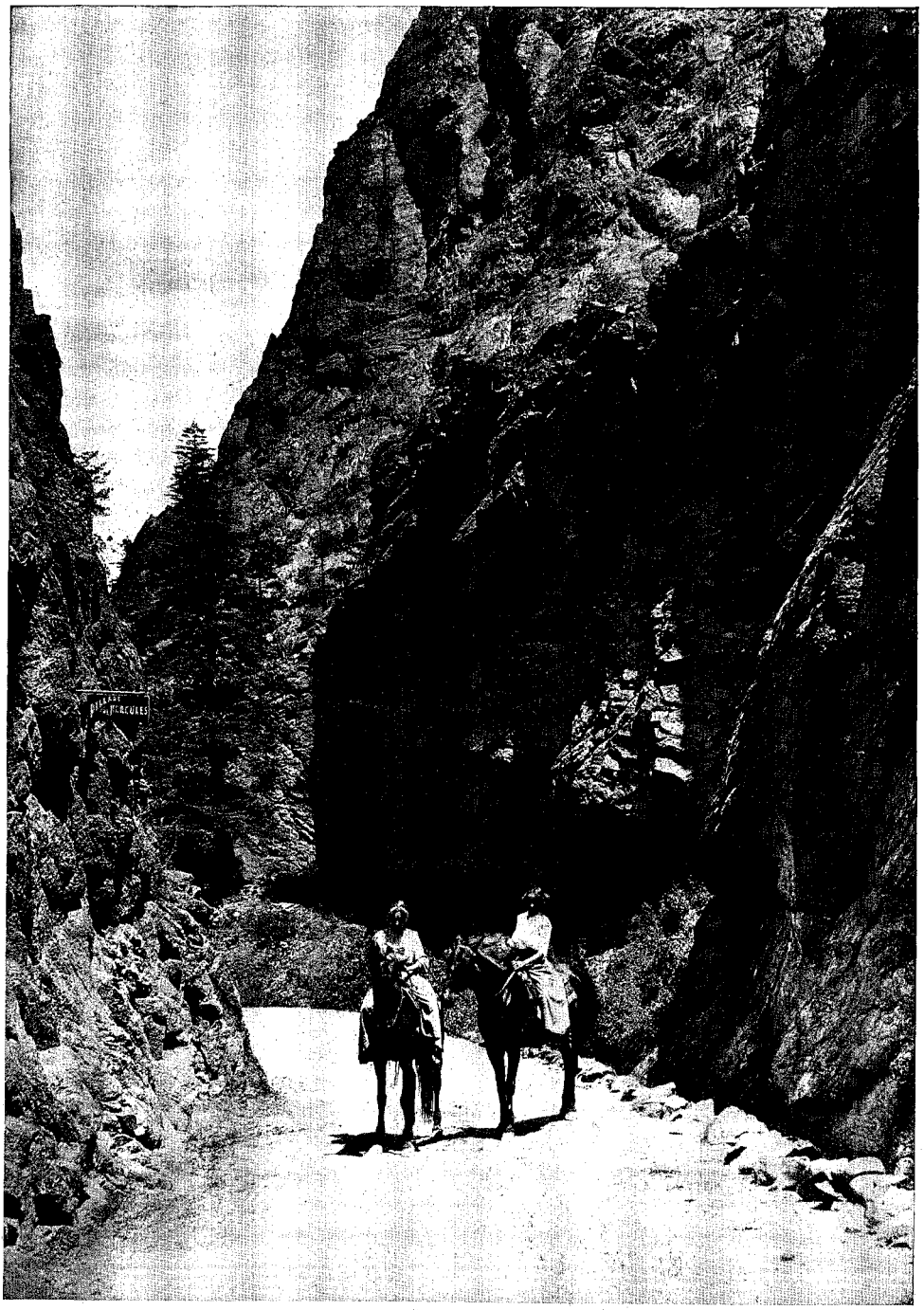

The Pillars of Hercules.

The narrowest part of the remarkable gorge called the Cheyenne Canyon, through which a good road extends nearly up to the falls.

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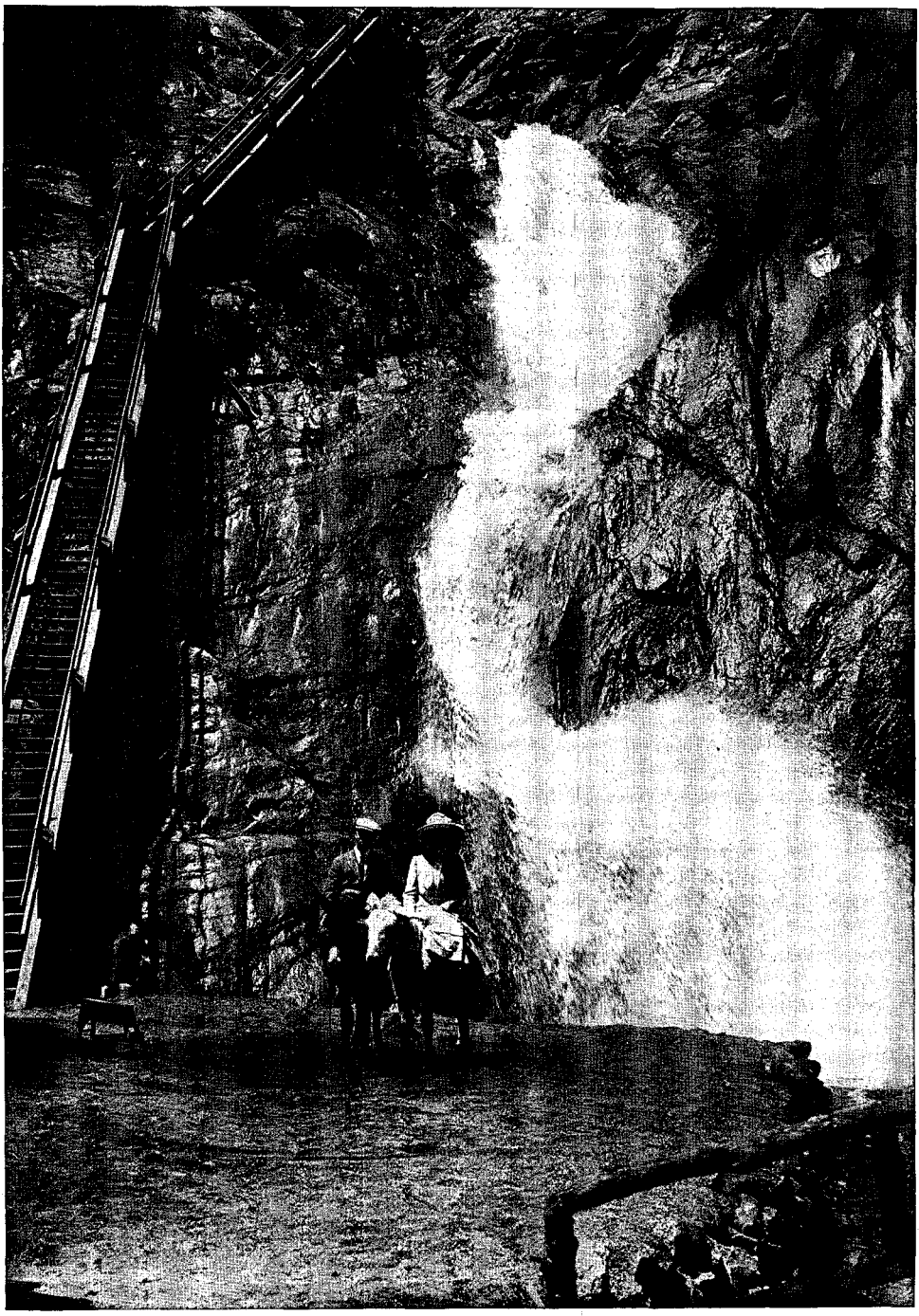

The Lower Falls of the Cheyenne Canyon.

A trysting-place for bridal couples. The stream descends over five hundred feet in seven leaps, sometimes called the Seven Sisters Falls.

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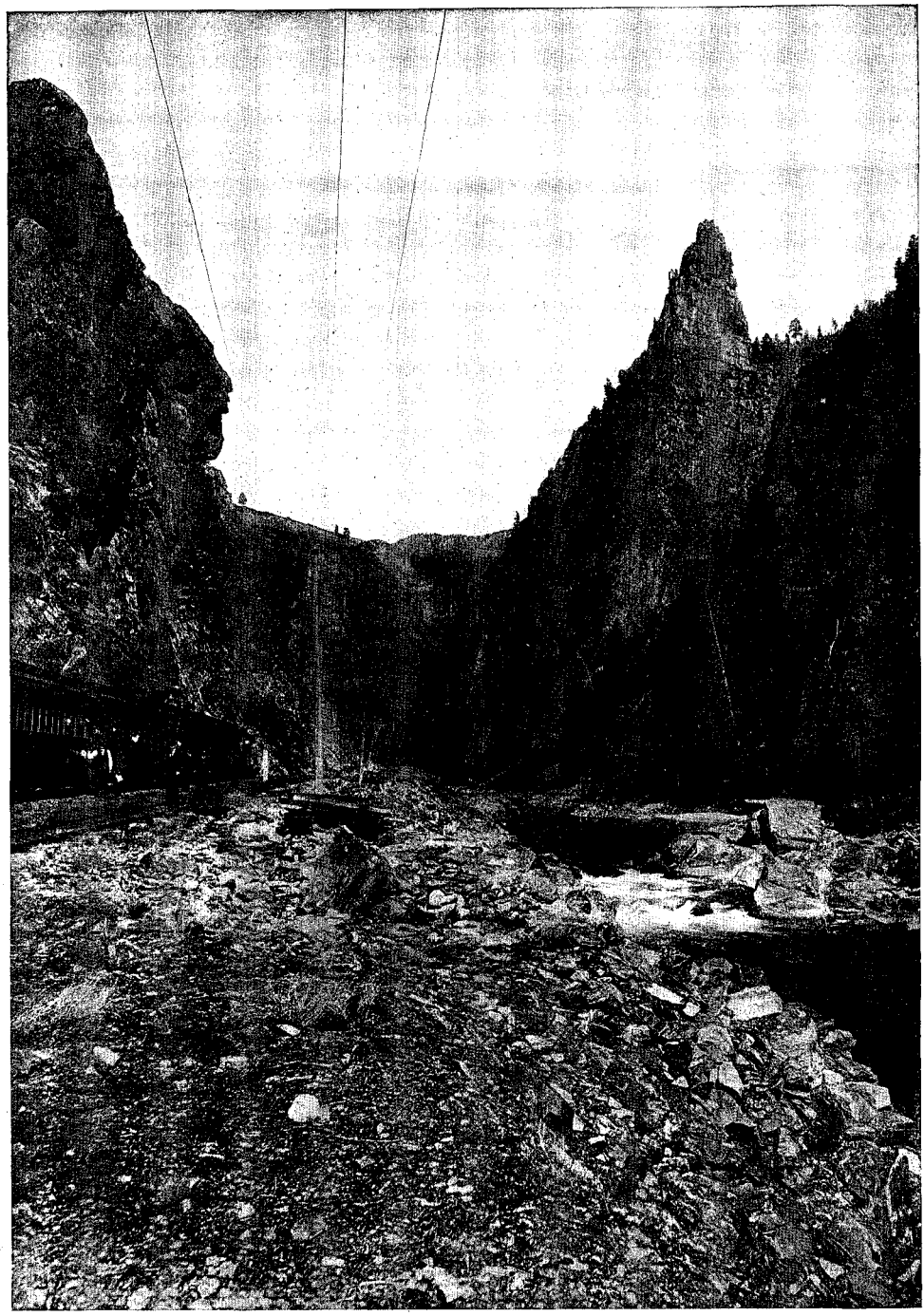

The Black Canyon of the Gunnison and the Currecanti Needle.

It is probably the finest gorge through which the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad passes. This is an interesting point about half-way through the canyon.

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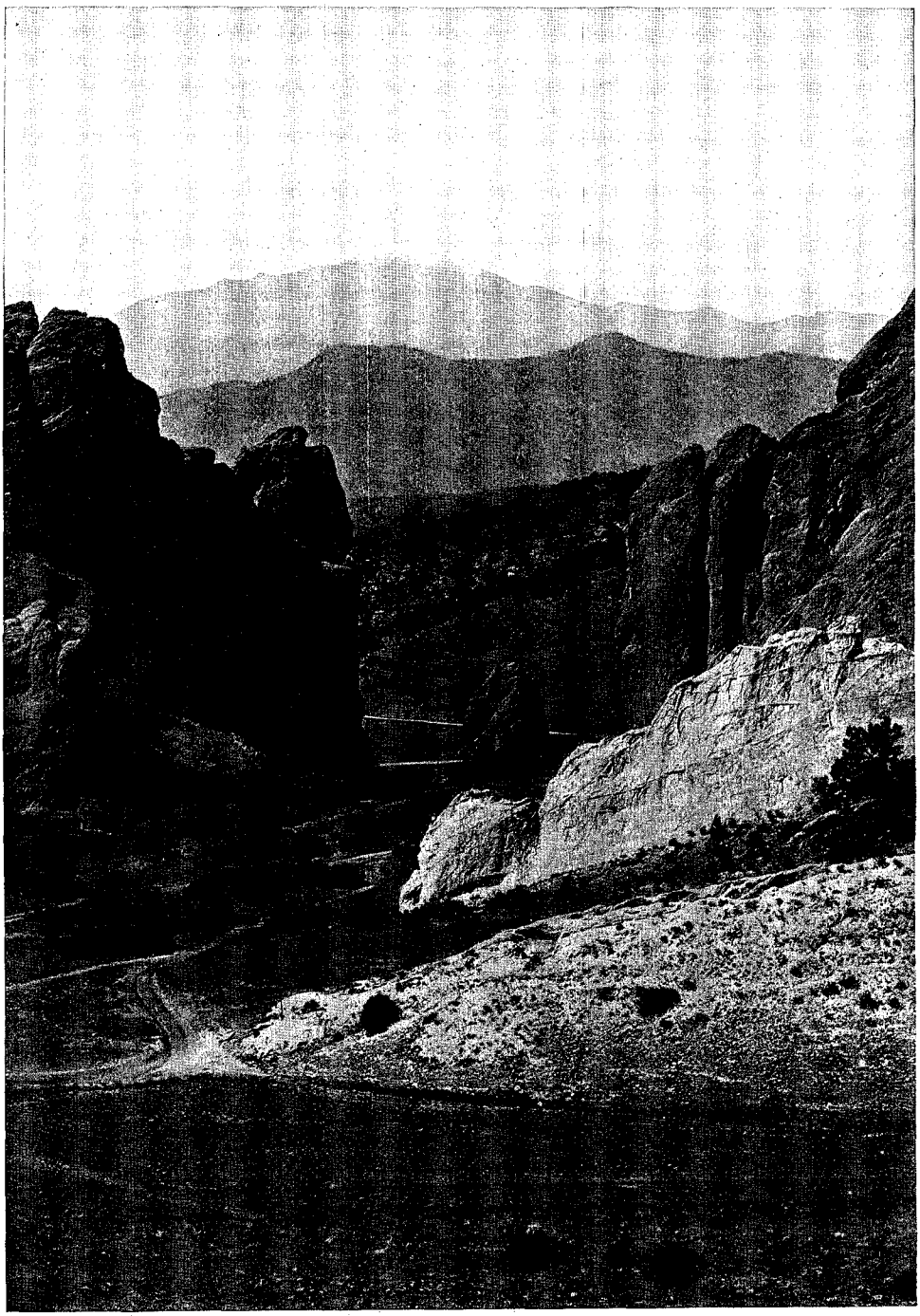

The Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, about five miles from Colorado Springs.

Great rocks bright red in color stand on edge as though placed there by the gods. A fitting entrance to the wonders beyond. Pike's Peak is seen in the distance.

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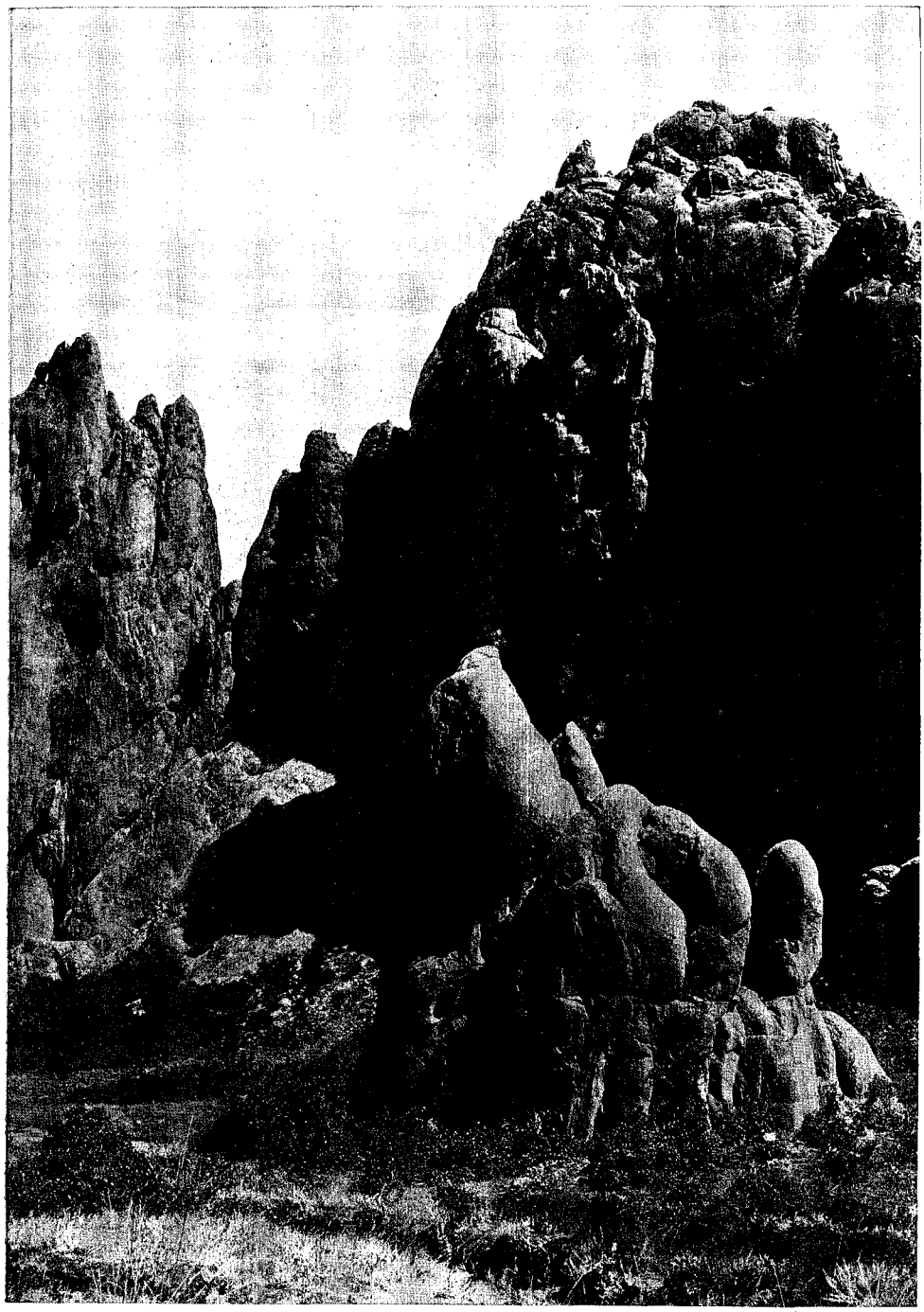

Inside of the Gateway.

Showing the highest of the Gate rocks (350 feet) and the "Kissing Camels," a curious example of erosion.

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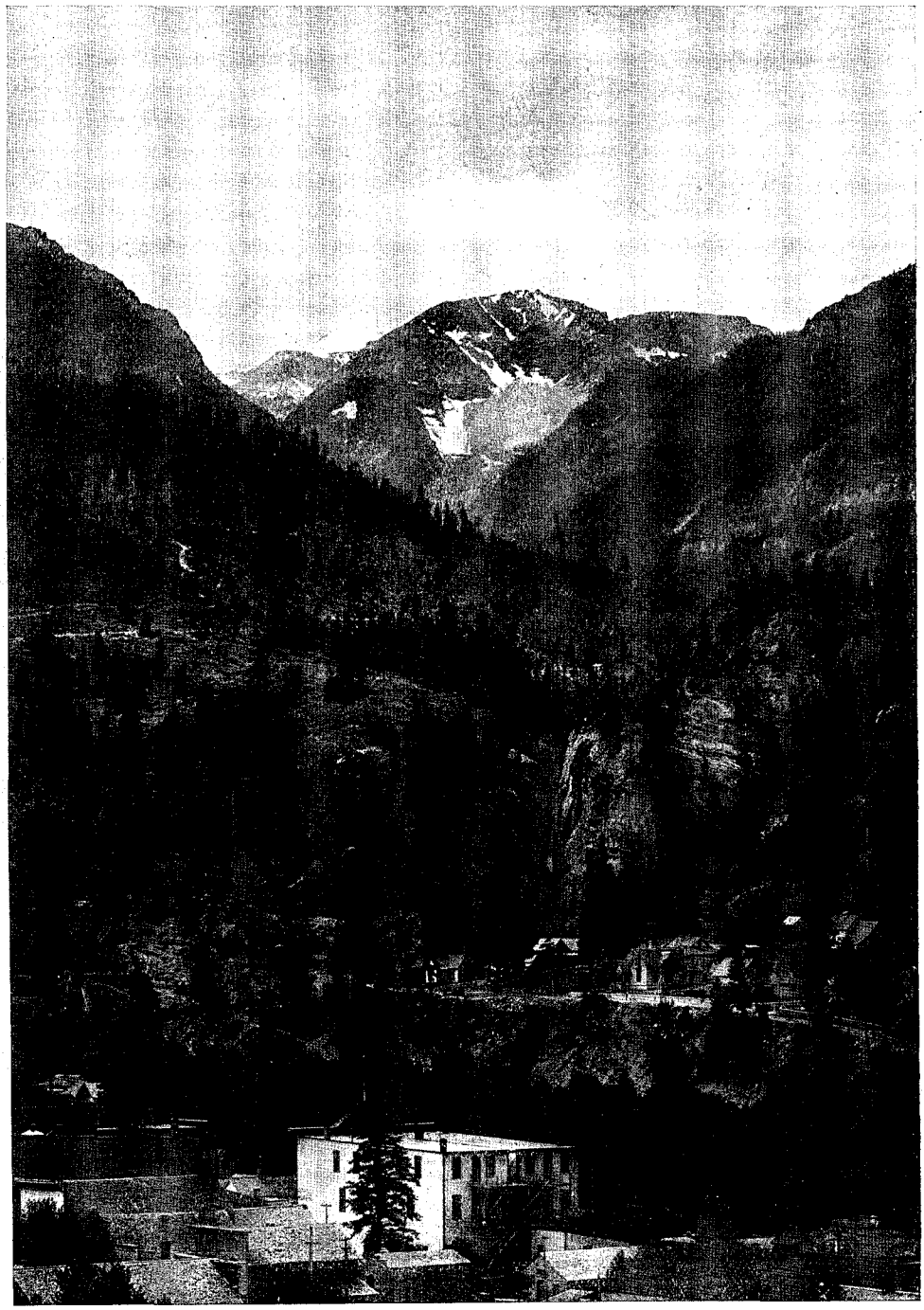

Ouray and the "American Jungfrau."

One of the many fine views from this picturesquely situated town. In the immediate vicinity are many interesting mines which are well worth visiting.

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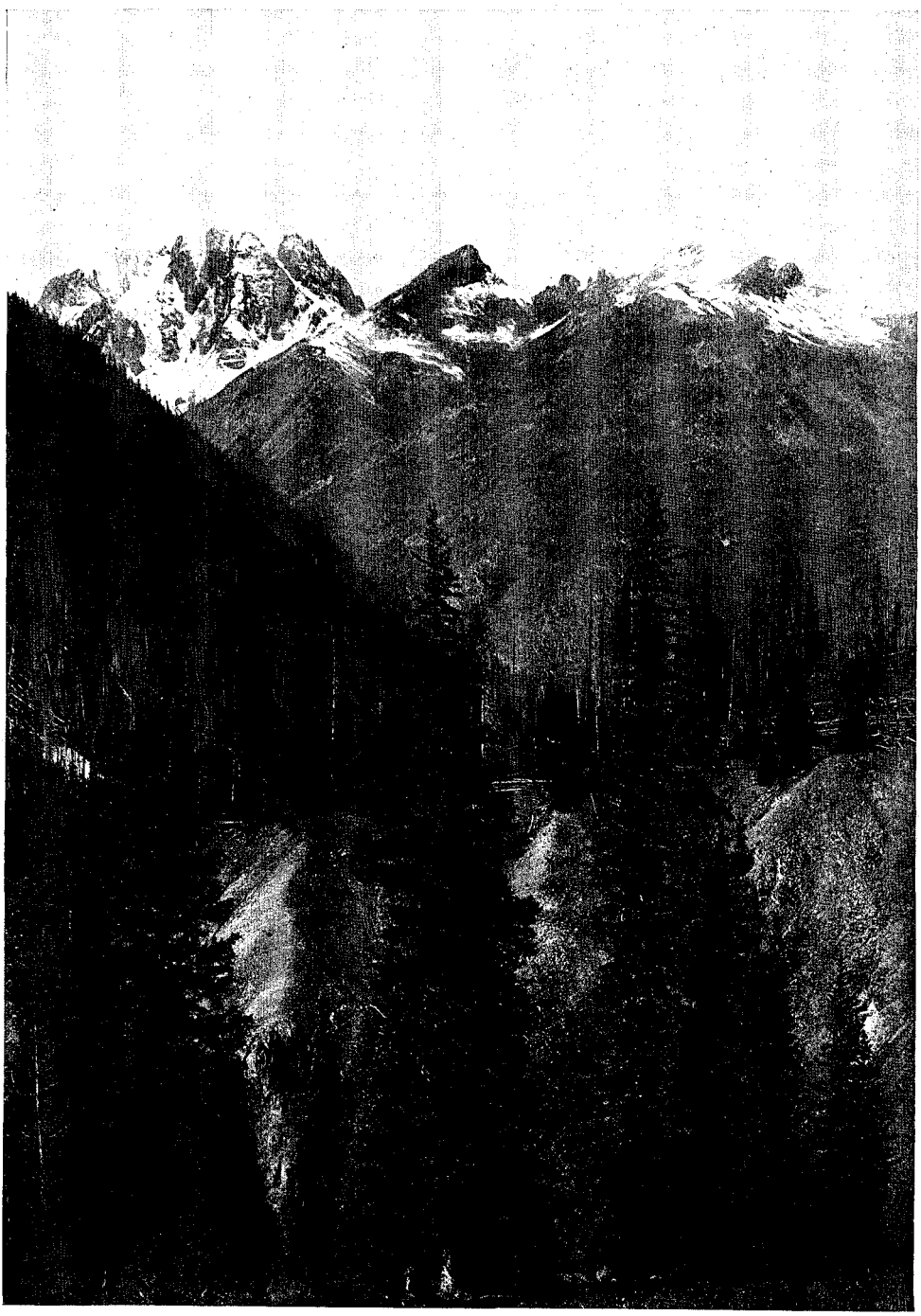

The Rocky Mountains near Ouray.

As seen from the road from Red Mountain to Ouray. A wild and interesting drive with fine mountain scenery all the way.

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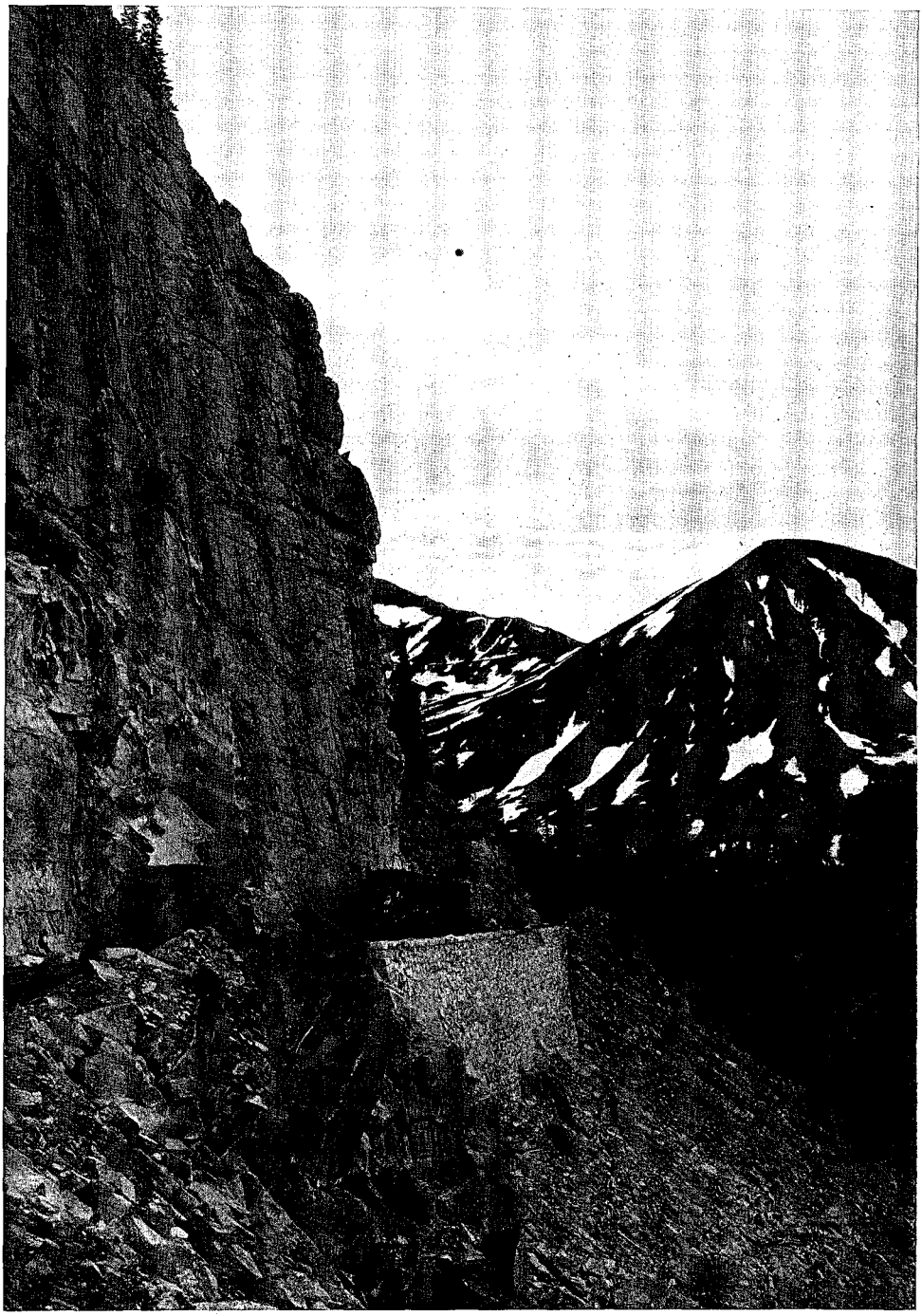

The Palisades.

A tremendous cliff with the track of the Colorado and Southern Railroad clinging to it in a haphazard way. This gives a glimpse of the wild scenery on this line.

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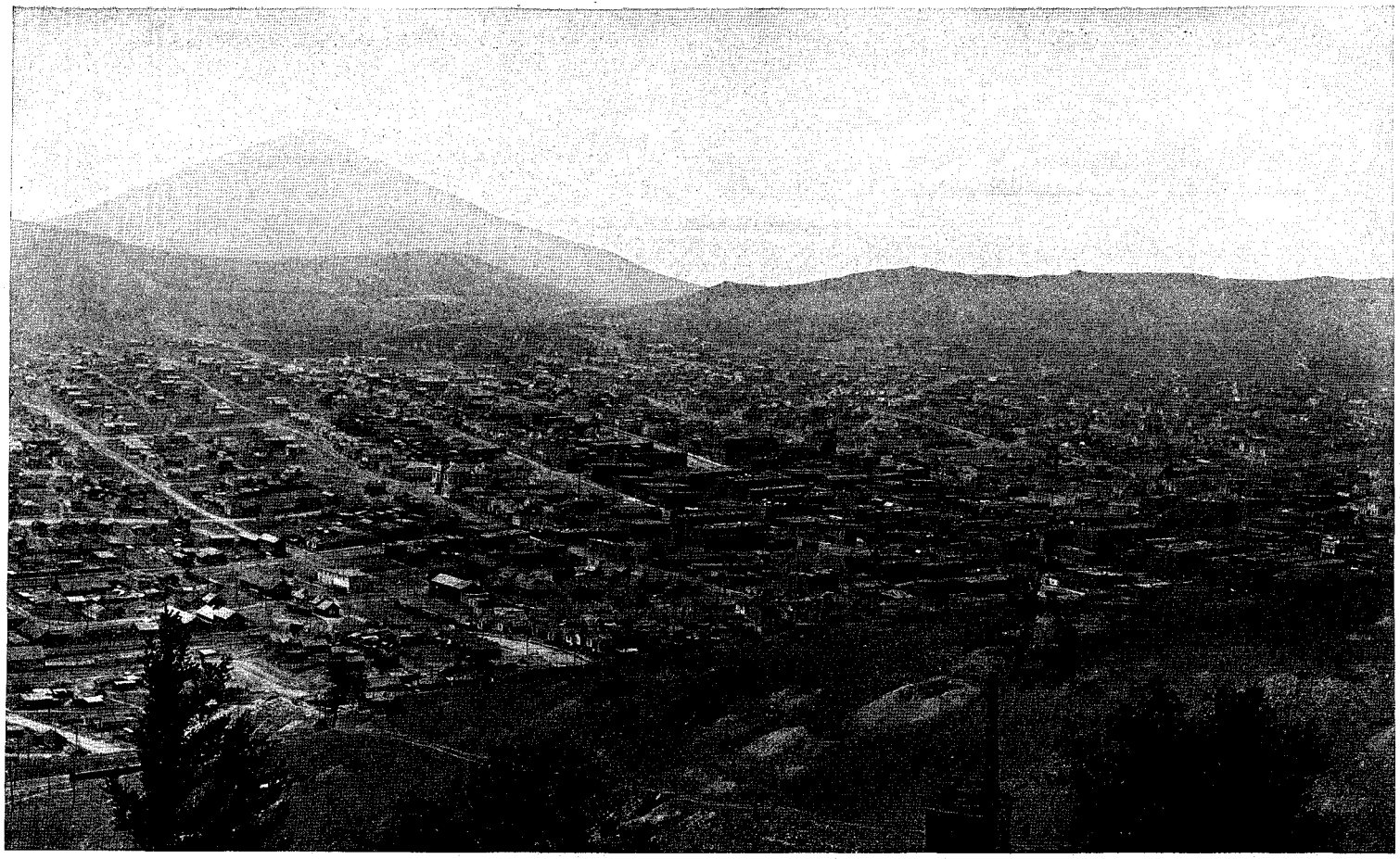

General view of Cripple Creek, a typical mining town of Colorado.

About twenty-five years ago gold was discovered here, and, although vast quantities were found, the disappointed hopes of many are indicated by thousands of little holes in the ground.

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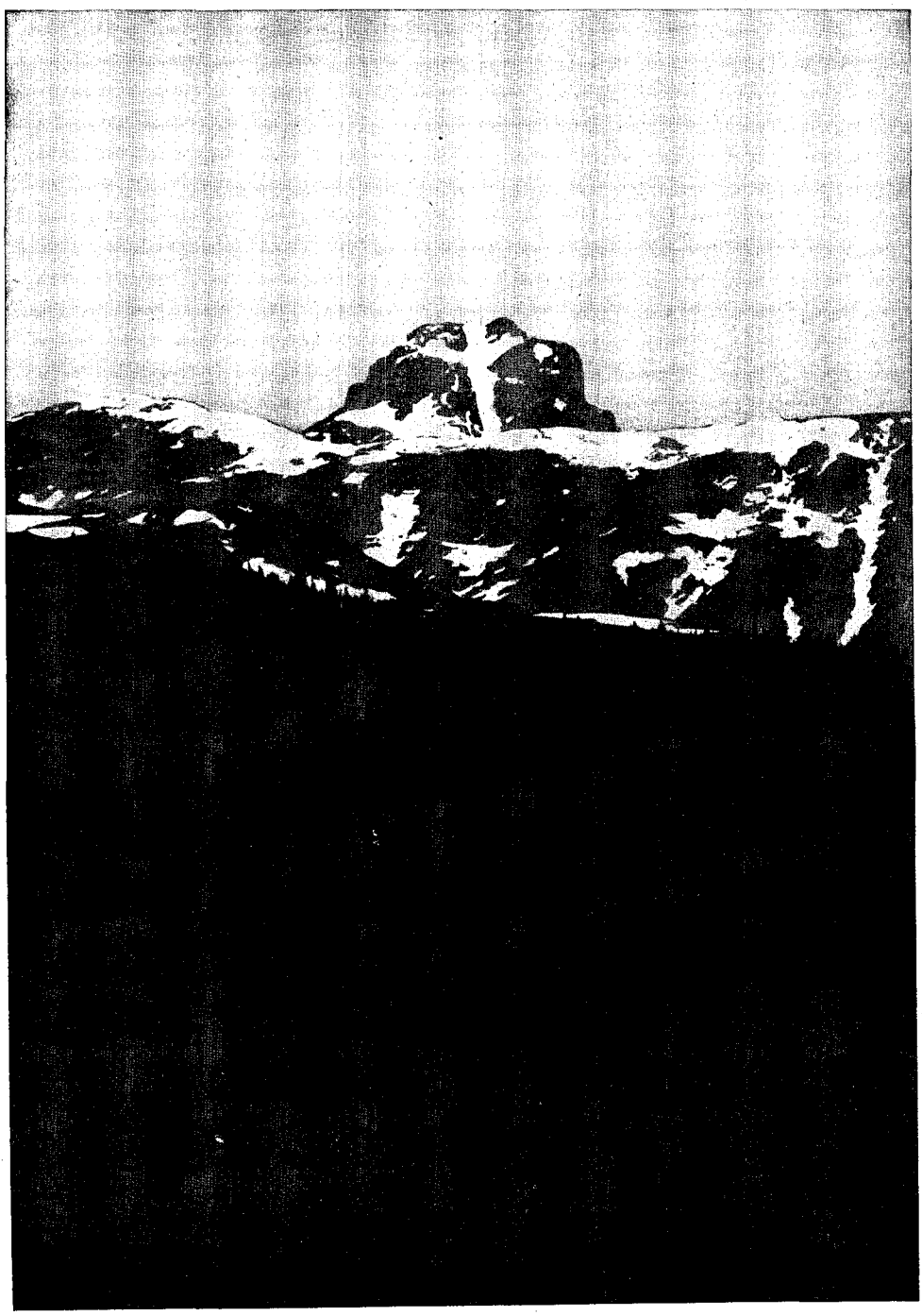

Mount of the Holy Cross.

On the way to Leadville the train stops at a certain point, giving the best view of this remarkable peak thirty miles distant.

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Sixteenth Street, one of the attractive shopping centres of Denver.

The tower in the distance is part of a great department store, and suggests the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice.

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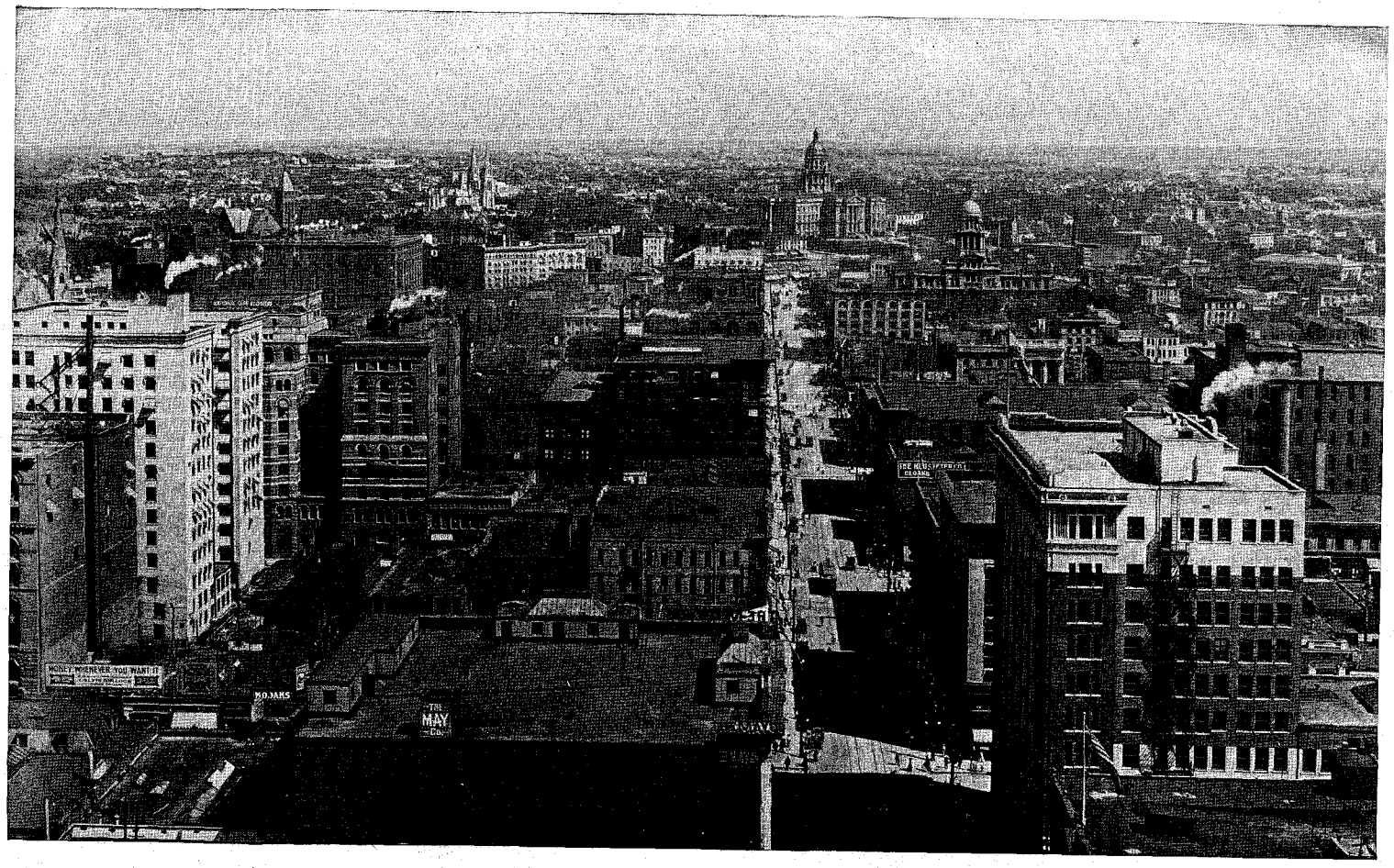

Panorama of Denver looking toward the Capitol from the tower.

The "Queen City of the Plains" deserves special mention for its well-paved streets, fine commercial buildings, and tastefully kept private residences, showing civic pride that is rarely surpassed.

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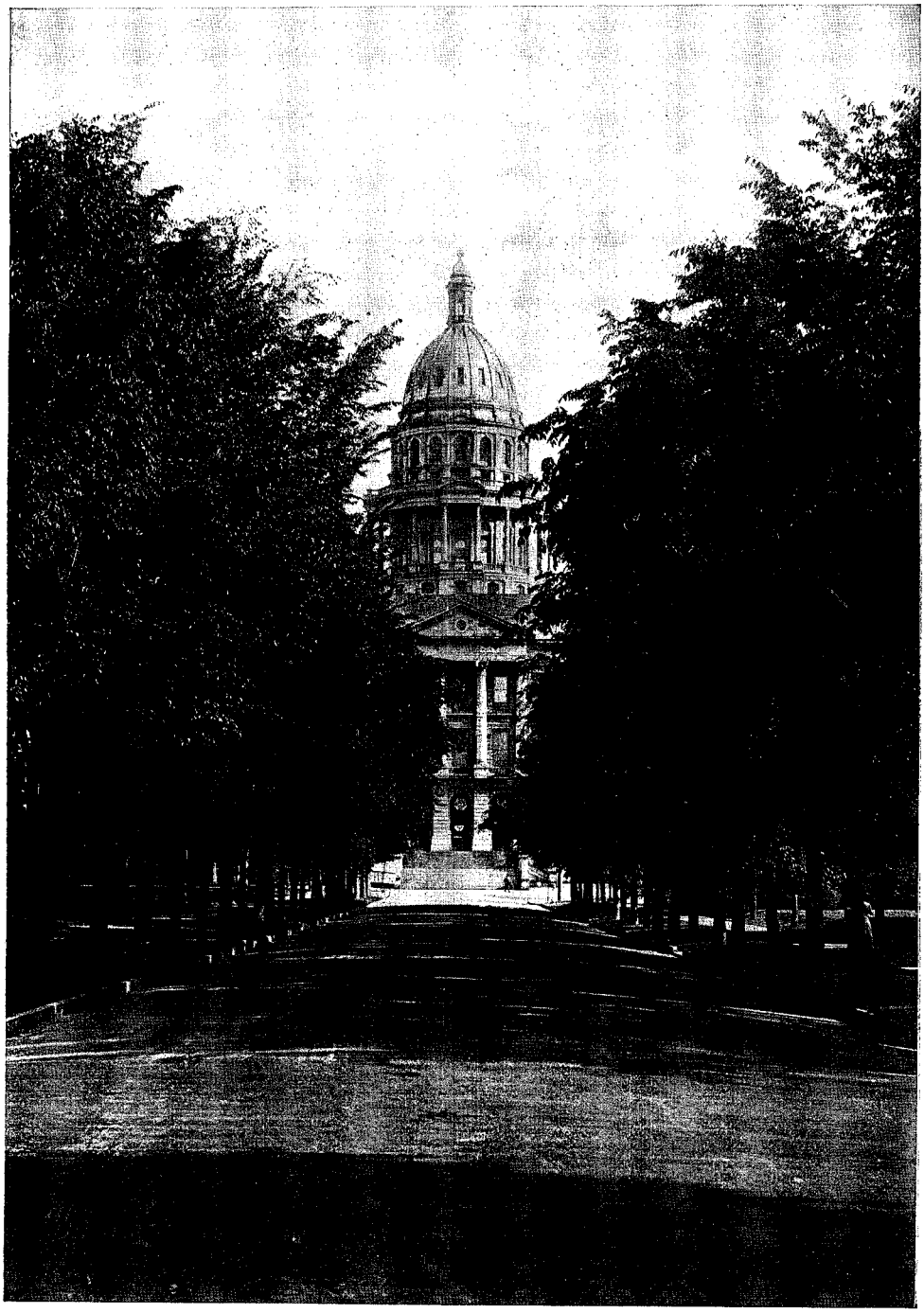

Vista of the Capitol, Denver.

The magnificent trees are the glory of the residence streets and add greatly to the attractiveness of the beautiful city.

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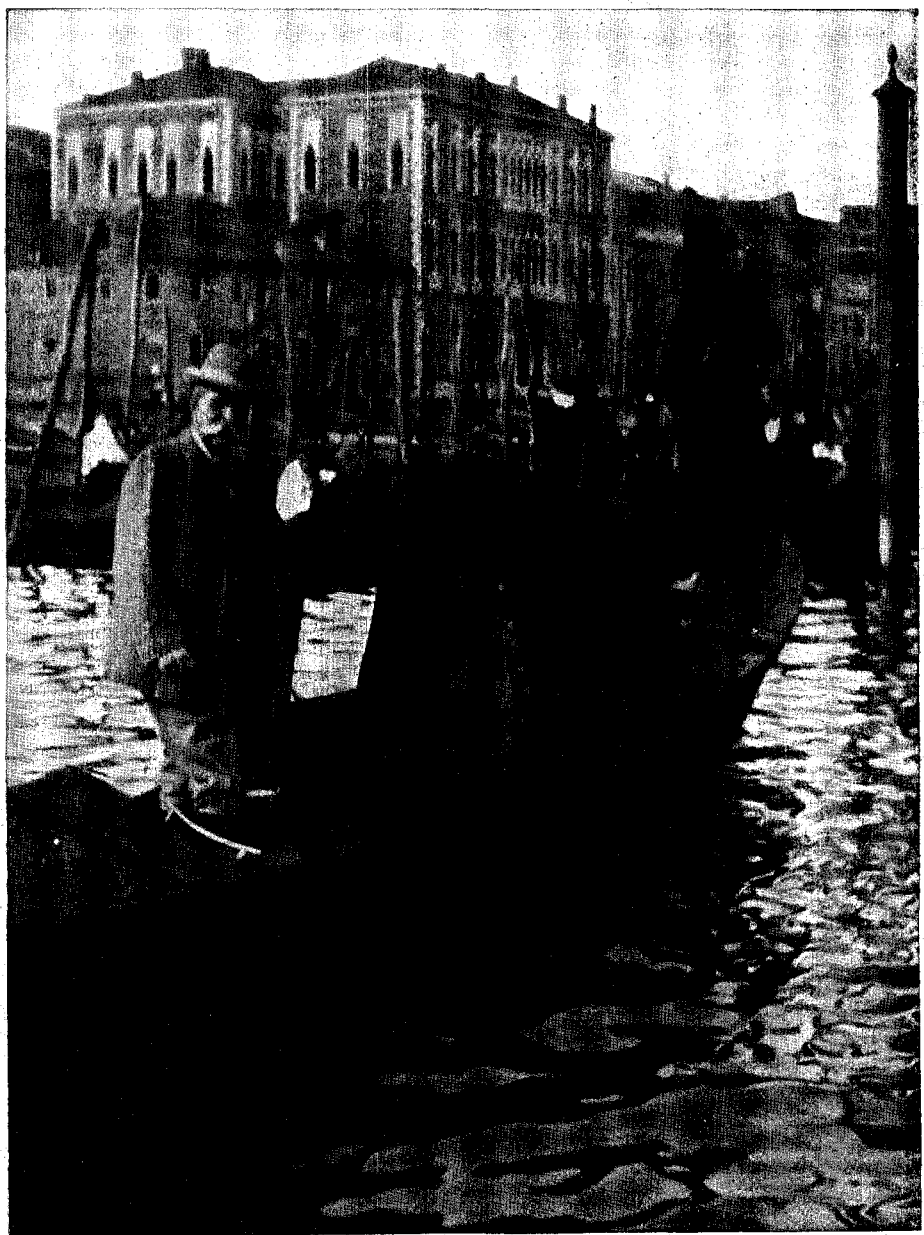

From a photograph taken in Venice in 1906.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

In front of the Hotel Britannia, Venice, where Mr. Smith was accustomed to spend part of the summer for more than twenty years. The gondolier is Luigi, associated with so many of Mr. Smith's stories.

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FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

By Thomas Nelson Page
American Ambassador to Italy

FROM the first time I ever met him down to the present, he has been a factor in my life, literary and social. He enlarged my friendship, stimulated me by his ceaseless, varied, and incredible energy, and with his abounding spirits, unfailing good humor, and robust, invincible optimism added sunshine to my life. And what he did for me he did for many others. He was, indeed, a distant force of light and sunshine and cleanliness in a multitude of hearts. He loved sunshine and he added to it. It shone about him and shone in his work—beamed from his books and glistened in his pictures. Youth and sunshine were two of his dominant characteristics. Although he was old by the calendar, I never was conscious for a minute that he was not a young man. I always thought of him as young, and, in fact, he was young—in body and in mind: his step springy and quick; his action firm; his intellect and frame alike vigorous, prompt, and alert. He ever appeared to me precisely in his prime, and this is precisely what he was. To the day when he was stricken his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated. He had packed into his life the work of ten men. Engineer, contractor, business man, raconteur, painter, illustrator, lecturer, essayist, novelist, short-story writer—he was all these, and in all these he attained an enviably high mark, while in several he was in the first flight.

It was years ago at a supper at the Aldine Club—the old Aldine—that I met him first in the flesh. He was just beginning to be known as a writer, though he had long been known in New York among a certain circle as a capable engineer; in another circle as a progressive and clever artist, who painted with incredible facility; and in intellectual circles as a good illustrator, and possibly the best raconteur and cleanest after-dinner talker at men's dinners in the city.

His serious work had been building sea-walls—travelling for recreation and painting had been his diversions, and in collaboration with an artist friend named Graham he had illustrated Doctor Holmes's "Last Leaf," and he also helped to illustrate a book on the Tile Club, in New York. In 1886 he had published a little volume of sketches of travel. He called it "Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy," but he had found beside these "well-worn roads" much of the picturesque for both pencil and pen which others might have missed. He had an infallible eye for the picturesque, and this is the especial gift which shone in all his work—sketches and other.

To use his own words, given in the introduction to one of his earliest books: "These slight records are records of many idle days stolen, I must confess, from a busy and practical life. I have committed these depredations upon myself for years, and have then run off to the far corners of the earth and sat down in some forgotten nook to enjoy the plunder."

In this first volume he said with truth that "A painter has peculiar advantages over other less fortunate people. His sketch-book is a passport and his white umbrella a flag of truce in all lands under the sun."

When I first knew him he was still immersed in his engineering, and was subject to the old bustling life, though he was yielding more and more to the call of his brush and pen. We became fast friends from the beginning, and had not known each other long when we knew each other well. We took a step which, had we not done so then, could never have been taken later. At the suggestion of the late Major Pond, we went off together on a joint lecture tour. The result was the ripening of a friendship which has been to me one of the rewards of what possibly may be called my literary life. Our lives had been very different—one of us had grown up in an old Virginia life and was

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making a living at the bar as a hard-worked lawyer, with literature on the side—the other had been brought up in Baltimore and, after a stern apprenticeship in New York, was making his living in the exacting calling of an engineer. Yet we both had a certain similarity in our past—at least in our traditions, for Hopkinson Smith's family came from the eastern shore of Virginia—and, though reasonably successful in our professions, we were both being drawn from them by the call of the pen.

In Boston, in New York, and in Chicago we spent weeks at a time together, and in the intimacy thus formed I came to know him better than might have been done in years of ordinary association. It was thus that I knew of his early life in Baltimore, in his old home which he has so charmingly described in "Kennedy Square," with his father—inventor, musician, artist, and poet, like "Oliver Horn's" father—and his mother, like "Miss Nancy." The colonial doors with the old darkies polishing the brass knob and washing the glistening steps in the early morning lingered in his memory and are reflected in his books—as is reflected the gracious, charming old-time life that was lived within. I came to know of his early struggles in New Jersey and New York, when he began life, as he said, in the shops with his dinner-pail, like other workmen. His character, energy, and other qualities soon disclosed him as suited to a position in the office, but it was not for long. An act of hardness on the part of one of the partners toward a poor contractor, who for some misfortune found himself unable to meet his engagements and vainly pled to be released, led to the young clerk's throwing up his place. Smith declared the employer's decision to be an indefensible act of harshness, and took up his hat and walked out. After this he worked for himself. He built a railroad in Long Island; built the sea-wall protecting Governor's Island; constructed the foundation and pedestal for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and built Race Rock lighthouse, miles out at sea at the mouth of New London harbor. Of all his engineering work, I think he took most pride in this last as his greatest achievement. And justly. The government is a careful and a justly exacting employer. It lays down its rules for precision, and demands full measure. To build a lighthouse on Race Rock, whose name tells the rip of the tide that races about and over it, was a real achievement. The bid for it was a gauge of Smith's courage and self-confidence—and before it was complete he had need for both. It is twenty-odd years since I heard from him the story of that early venture, but it is still fresh with me. And it stands to-day in my memory as a triumph of courage, resourcefulness, and common sense over discouragement and disaster in many forms. Frank Smith always gave the credit for his final success to his Yankee skipper, Captain Tom Scott—whom he has celebrated in "Captain Joe," and in "Caleb West, Master Diver." No better description of the Yankee skipper, tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, and fearless, exists in literature than Hopkinson Smith has given in this portrait of Captain Tom Scott. I passed through New London once with the author, and he was met at the train by "Lonny." His book had just appeared, and he had sent Captain Scott a copy, and he asked Lonny how the captain liked it. "I guess he liked it pretty well," said Lonny, with careful reservation.

But to return to the lighthouse.

First, the foundation of huge stone blocks which he put in would not hold on the slanting rock, and they had to be taken out. And here his versatility and genius came into play. I recall his description of the way he fell on the expedient of Portland cement, and how he went and on an open common chose a bit as nearly like the submerged rock as possible and experimented until he was satisfied. He then went back to the rock and laid down his cement, and when this was done he had a level and substantial base for his stone superstructure. He had hardly got over this difficulty when his stone barge, the *Dolly Varden*, blew up—and with it went all he had in the world and, for the moment, all his hopes. Summoned by a telegram he went to New London. Captain Scott was at the wheel when the *Dolly Varden* blew up, and, as he rightly said, when he saw "the deck a liftin' he cal'lated it was no place for him," and

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dived overboard. He met Smith at the train and asked him quietly: "We-all, Mr. Smith, what are we goin' to do now?" Hopkinson Smith used to say it was the look in Captain Scott's eyes when he met him that day that decided his career. He saw in the old skipper's eye the look that has made the American people and recognized that he was simply waiting for him to give the word. So he said: "We are going to build the Race Rock lighthouse, captain."

"All right, sir," said the captain, and the rest was mere detail. When it was finished Race Rock was ready to stand the fury of every storm, and its contractor was equally prepared to meet the buffets of the heaviest seas.

During this professional work the young engineer used to go off and take his recreation painting. I recall an incident which he related at that time as illustrative of another phase of the New England countryman's character. Frank Smith had found an old water-mill with overshot wheel near some piece of his work, and, having ensconced himself in a shady and favorable spot, he proceeded to paint a picture of the mill. His occupation soon drew the attention of the miller, who strolled over and observed him across the fence with growing interest. Finally, on the second day, as his picture grew in resemblance, the miller asked the painter: "What are you going to do with that when it is done?"

"Sell it," said Smith, working at the finishing touches.

After a pause of reflection:

"What do you cal'clate to get for it?"

"Oh! a hundred dollars," said Smith, cheerfully. "Perhaps more."

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the miller.

He walked away to reflect, and presently returned. His manner had somewhat changed.

"Hes you ast anybody's permission to paint that mill?" he asked, leaning over the fence.

"No—I have not," said Smith promptly, whose picture was now about finished.

"Hes anybody ever give you permission to paint it?"

"No," said Smith.

"We-all, you know whose mill it is?"

"No, I do not, but I rather expect it is yours," said the painter.

"It is," said the miller decisively, and then, as the painter made ready to leave:

"We-all, don't you think you ought to divide what you get for that picture with the man who owns the mill?"

"Well, honestly, I don't," said Smith, laughing as he bade him good day, and came away leaving him still hanging over the fence pondering the inequalities of life.

In one of his depredations on himself, on an excursion made into Mexico with his flag, his white umbrella, he had painted a number of genre sketches which he sent to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who had published his work. The firm of publishers declared themselves ready to publish the pictures, but, remembering "Well-Worn Roads," suggested that he should write sketches to accompany them. And forthwith Hopkinson Smith wrote "A White Umbrella in Mexico, and Other Lands," and forthwith became a literary man.

In fact he had always been one, had he but known it. From now on he had a new *métier* added to his stock, and soon, with his abounding industry and zeal, he became a prolific writer. Novels and short stories flowed from his pen in rapid succession, covering the whole field of American life, and including often in his sketches the foreign fields which his experience had covered.

His love of his brush was now growing on him. He had long been used to hunting up picturesque bits in New York City or its environs, and in possibly the most exacting commercial city on the globe he found the choice places and the choice spirits dear to an artist's soul. He was, indeed, a New Yorker of his own rare kind, as Charles Lamb was a Londoner. He loved New York. In one of his sketches ("On the Bronx") he says: "If you live in New York—and really you should not live anywhere else—there are a few buttons a tired man can touch that will revive for him in a moment all the delights of leaf, moss, ripple, and shade of your early memories."

Hopkinson Smith sensed the picturesque found amid or hard by the grinding wheels of exacting life in a city whose god is sometimes asserted to be Mammon, the

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god of business; scenes of charm, as his unerring instinct found, amid the toilers in business circles, those who underneath the business crust possessed the souls of poets and the hearts of lovers of mankind. He testified to this in a volume of fine charcoal sketches—a medium he tried successfully in his early artistic career and came back to at the end with increased zest and skill—but this volume was later. In those early days, when he was a member and chronicler of the Tile Club—an institution which numbered among its chosen spirits Abbey and Vedder and Chase, Frank Millet, Alfred Parsons, and others, and which he loved to dwell on—he discovered a little French café, set amid leafy arbors in a wind of the Bronx, with a touch of that which he had been seeking in quaint corners of Europe, and as far removed from the rush and stress of Broadway as if it had been under the vines beside the Seine. He immortalized it in "A Day at Laguerre's," one of his early and best sketches.

The Bronx was ever a favorite haunt of his, and he painted it with brush and pen touched with the colors fresh from his heart. Its old gardens "bound with a fence and bursting with flowers," its "arbors covered with tangled roses and the boats crossing back and forth," made it to him "as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal," "as delightful in its shore life as the Seine," and "as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams."

It is said that some of his readers, moved by the charm of the picture he drew of this haunt of peace, went up there one Sunday to find only a miserable stream oozing through a filthy flat, covered with refuse. But it could not have been so when Hopkinson Smith pictured the charm of "the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements."

It was "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" who introduced him to a wider audience, the audience that steadily grew in numbers and in appreciation of him as long as he lived. Perhaps, indeed, it was "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" which, of all his books, held most strongly his own affection. Some found in it a note approaching too closely to the burlesque to be altogether pleased with it, particularly in the picturing of Colonel Carter's intimacy with a drunken neighbor, and in the burlesque stories told in the earlier chapters. As to the burlesque stories, they properly do not belong to the book; but we owe to them the book, and we owe to them Colonel Carter and Miss Nancy and Chad—characters we would not willingly let die.

Was it not Colonel Newcome who said he always travelled with "Don Quixote" and "The Spectator" because he loved to travel in the company of gentlemen? And surely burlesque cannot go farther than in the picture of that fine gentleman with whom, it is charged, "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away."

I have understood that the way "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" came to be written was this: Hopkinson Smith was the best raconteur of a formal story I ever heard. I recall that a mutual friend once told me that Hopkinson Smith's stories had changed the tone of stories told at men's dinners in New York. I give the account as it was given to me. He had become known as a delightful after-dinner story-teller, and presently his stories made so much impression that one day Gilder of *The Century Magazine* said to him that the stories he told—in the form in which he told them—ought to be preserved, and suggested his writing them for *The Century*. Out of this grew a paper which was styled, at first, something like "The Colonel's Dinner Table," the colonel being simply a peg to hang the stories on. But before the paper was finished "the Colonel" had captured the narrator, and out of it came "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," with "Miss Nancy" and her air of lavender and grace, and all the chivalry and charm of a beautiful picture of the old times in a new setting.

After the success of "Colonel Carter" the engineer became more and more metamorphosed into the writer and painter, and it is an interesting fact that in both fields he used two different forms of expression. Novels and short stories came from his pen in rapid and continuous succession, and water-colors and charcoal sketches were the output of his summer vacation. Amongst other forms of genius is that of labor, and he had the

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genius of labor in fullest measure. Also it is notable that he improved in both modes of production with time and experience.

Artists, at first, were inclined to be critical of his facility and his gray paper; but when he steadily deepened his note, and his pictures of Venice not only became extraordinarily popular but were sought by the best galleries, his colleagues grew more respectful. In the Corcoran Gallery in Washington a water-color of Hopkinson Smith's holds its place among the best landscapes in oil, and it is a severe test. And how he worked! It is not too much to say that Hopkinson Smith crowded into a year as much work as a score of men of average industry and success. He used to say that he had spent the early part of his artistic life learning to use his tools. And certainly he handled them with extraordinary skill.

In Venice one summer—his beloved Venice which he loved like a Venetian—I had the pleasure of observing him at his work. With almost furious energy and devotion he would be out early in the morning to get his "effects," of which he used to talk so eloquently—and all day long till the sunset effects died away, and the soft saffron of the lagoons faded to a pallid gray, he worked—with inconceivable enthusiasm and rapidity. Neither rain nor wind made a difference. He simply shifted his place and his paper, and found another composition and rushed ahead. Sometimes on the way a picture would catch his eye, and in a twinkling he had it transferred to his paper. It might be a corner with a lazzarone lounging in it—a string of fish-traps drying on the steps of a broken landing—a shaded nook shut in by a half-ruined garden-wall overrun with vines.

One of his sketches which appeals to me most is a charcoal sketch of the Bridge of Sighs, made at dusk. It has in it all the pathos, all the mystery, all the terror, of the tradition of that pathetic, mysterious, terrible passage between life and death.

Now and then the painter took excursions into Holland, Normandy, Turkey, or England—and the most picturesque streets of Constantinople, Dordrecht, and London got transferred to his album. In his supremacy over rain and slop, he early found the values in cloudy skies and wet pavements, with their rich reflections and opalescent lights, and among his latest work is some of his best, consisting of charcoal illustrations for his Thackeray and Dickens books, of which more anon.

The accident of weather or surroundings made, indeed, little difference to him. Some artists and authors are so nervous, or have their faculties so little under control, that to create they must have everything precisely harmonized. Of this Hopkinson Smith knew nothing. Had he known of it he would have despised it. He had the power of complete abstraction. He could withdraw himself within impalpable walls and compose in a crowded railway-carriage, or on a boat, as he could paint ensconced in the angle of a Venetian piazza surrounded by a chattering throng of curious lazzaroni, or seated in a London taxicab between the downpour of London showers.

His versatility found often as much expression in extricating himself from difficulties as in transferring the pictures to paper. He has described such an episode in his sketch, "The Good Grey Nun," where, to complete a picture of Venetian fishing-boats before the turn of the tide, which would bear them away, he rented a sail and rigged it up as an awning in the door of a church, to the scandalization of the monastery authorities. But there are many bits of personal experience in his books, exemplifying the truth that there is no difficulty which good manners and a cool bearing will not help one through.

Genius has sundry forms, and one definition of it is the "infinite capacity for taking pains." Without denying him any other forms, judged by this standard, Hopkinson Smith had certainly this genius of infinite pains. No piece of work ever left his easel or his desk until he had expended on it every care to make it as perfect as he was capable of. I have heard him say that he had written a page over more than twenty times. I have known him run through a score of books to get the exact balance of a character.

To the coming generation Frank Hopkinson Smith will be known only through his books and water-colors, and perhaps through a tradition of his extraordinary

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versatility. But to the generation that knew him, it was the man himself that was the most remarkable factor in that remarkable composition of diverse or complementary endowments. However remarkable were these, the author was yet more extraordinary: strong, forceful, energetic, breezy, cheery, kindly, his force and breeziness and cheer pervaded every spot which knew his presence. He came into every company like a rush of wholesome wind, driving away the stagnation and torpor, and stirring every one into life and cheeriness. And he was the very soul of kindness. No man in all my acquaintance was so free from criticalness and so far removed from cynicism. No man ever said fewer harsh things of others—because no man thought fewer harsh things of his acquaintances. Many men suffer from the unhappy faculty of seeing clearly the evil about them—the marks which mar the comeliness of that they love. I have heard a story of Emerson paying a visit one summer morning to Carlyle at Chelsea, and discanting on the beauty of the Thames with the morning sun lighting up the tide, and of Carlyle's gibe, "And did you see the dead cats, too?" to which Emerson replied: "No, Thomas, I did not see them."

It was Hopkinson Smith's happiness that he saw only the beauties without the repulsion. In his friends he saw only the virtues—and even in his enemies, if he had such, if he saw them he did not talk of them. He simply turned those canvases to the wall and pointed out the charms of those he liked. His reward was that he had a multitude of friends, and if he had enemies and they gave him half a chance he would make them friends.

I recall that, in the early part of his artistic career, a certain critic was always critical and often caustic in the notices of his work. Years afterward, when the critic no longer held the pen and the critic's chair, the son of the critic was ill and far from home, and it was Hopkinson Smith who went first and tendered his sympathy.

Another incident illustrative of his kindness and generosity recurs to me. He used to go at times and help in entertaining in an East Side club, and on one occasion he told a story in the Devonshire dialect, with an apology to any Devon men who might be present for his failure to reproduce the dialect better. At the close of the meeting a young man dressed like a workman but of appearance and manners that betokened a better condition in the past, came up to him and said he was from Devonshire and knew the dialect well.

"What are you doing here in this garb?" asked Smith.

The explanation given was that he was the son of a clergyman, and after leaving college he had been dissipated for a time and had then pulled himself up and come to America to make his way, and was glad to get a start. Struck by the young fellow's frankness, Smith said: "I can do better for you than that. I have a place for just such a man as you, and I think you will suit me. I want a foreman and time-keeper for a piece of work I am doing. But you must be dressed like a gentleman. Come to my house to-morrow at such an hour. You are just about my height, and I can fit you out."

The young man came at the appointed hour, and Smith fitted him out, as he said in telling me the story, "even to a scarf-pin in his necktie." And, what was more, after a little he invited him to his house as a friend. A short time afterward, however, when he came home one evening his wife expressed surprise, as an hour or two before the young man, his foreman, had come and reported that Mr. Smith was called off suddenly to New London, and wished her to pack and send him his large valise, as he might be gone several days. "And," said Hopkinson Smith, "do you know, he had, while waiting for my clothes and toilet articles, stolen the silver trinkets and picture-frames from the drawing-room table." He has used the incident in one of his stories, and unconsciously has drawn a good portrait of himself in the character of one of his friends, for whose passage in the streets the beggars had signs and watchwords.

But this experience did not appear to have any effect in dimming his unconquerable friendliness and optimism. This is, indeed, the dominant note in his books. They shine on every page and speak in every line. From "Colonel Carter," with his inexhaustible wealth and hospitality,

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to "Felix O'Day"—whose happy name is all that I know of it—the stream of genial good fellowship runs through all his work. As he found picturesque bits for his pencil everywhere, so he caught the ray of sunlight in every field of endeavor, or created it with his touch of universal sympathy. The titles of many of his books bespeak it. "The Under Dog," "The Arm-Chair at the Inn," "The Wood Fire in Number 3," are examples at once of his sympathy and his gift for friendship. It was ever the "under dog" that appealed to him. But if not in the title it was ever in the books, covering the wide field of his varied experience. The reader in the next generation who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of American life, at least on the Atlantic seaboard in our time, will find it in the works of F. Hopkinson Smith. They cover a broad gamut. The decayed gentleman and gentlewoman, the old black mammy, the fisherman and seafaring men of New England's rock-bound coast, life-saving crews of the Jersey shore, the travelling salesman, the metropolitan and cosmopolitan clubman, the nomad at home in all capitals and in all countries—are all drawn with broad, swift, sure lines, and drawn to the life with complete sympathy and knowledge. It was, perhaps, in his sketches of Southern life that he drew his characters with most tenderness. However clear and sympathetic his drawing of others might be—and he had a fellow-feeling with the whole world—in these his touch had an added softness, a deeper sympathy.

It is characteristic of him that when he wrote of women he was always at his best—and, whereas in every line he ever penned the reader is conscious that it was written by a man and a gentleman, wherever he pictures a woman he is conscious that he writes from his heart.

Thus, for example, of Miss Nancy Carter: "When she moved she wafted toward you a perfume of sweet lavender—the very smell that you remember came from your mother's old-fashioned bureau drawer, when she let you stand on tiptoe to see her pretty things."

Often the painter is seen in his stories, and one is conscious that he has a picture drawn for him with the pen. It was hard for him not to draw pictures, and there is scarcely a chapter in his work which does not present some charming picture. His stories are filled with these sketches, giving the very atmosphere of his favorite haunts.

As a raconteur he had no superior, and in telling orally a constructed story he was without an equal. A capital mimic, when given the nucleus in some simple, single humorous fact, he could build up a story which, like that of "Ould Grouse in the gun-room," could not be withstood, however often he might be called on to tell it. He naturally became the leader of men's club entertainments, and his fun was an inspiration to all his company; his cheery laugh and jovial spirits were contagious. He has preserved several choice groups of friends in his collection of stories—each touched off with special marks that to the initiated give them the merit of portraits, and, should the key be known, the future reader will find in Frank Smith's "open-fire" and "arm-chair" stories a gallery of the New York artists and literati of his time, drawn to the life.

His own estimate of his work was ever a matter of personal interest to me. He had an artist's appreciation, but without vanity or conceit, and a sincere compliment to his writings delighted him.

His method of literary work betokened the artist. He wrote somewhat as he painted. Having got his subject he blocked out his story somewhat as a playwright does a scenario. He would—at least sometimes—list his chapters under headings and then fill them in, but he filled them in to the life. His style was remarkably clear and picturesque, and no labor was too great for him to perfect a piece of work, whether large or small.

He became one of the most popular lecturers in America, and possibly no man of his time reached more hearts or touched them with a higher courage than Hopkinson Smith. He had a way of taking them into his confidence at the start. His delight was to lecture before audiences of young men, or of art-students, and on art subjects he was possibly the most sympathetic and attractive lecturer on the platform in his later years. His name always sufficed to fill any hall, and he spoke with a spirit and a sympathy which they understood. Their appreciation was

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ever one of his most cherished rewards, and, when after his lecture his audience often crowded about him, his friendliness and cordial fellowship left in many a heart a new courage and a fresh feeling of nearness to one rich in honors and richer in human kindness.

An hour before I heard of his death, or even knew of his being ill, I found beside my breakfast plate a letter from him, from which I give certain passages, because they speak so clearly the man, in the fulness of his spirit, his heart, and his strength. The volume he speaks of had already arrived days before, but the letter had been delayed in transmission:

"My Dear Marse Tom:

"I am sending you the 'Dickens' book, so that you may have both publications. Scribner published this, and I think it is in every way a better piece of work than the Thackeray. The de luxe edition, fifty copies . . . is really superb—the best piece of book-making I have ever seen done by any one. . . .

"Everything has gone on about as usual—everything except the spending of money. Nobody does that. The entertainment in New York is cut down one-half, if not two-thirds. . . . We are not so much concerned about our present small hoard as we are that by next year there will be nothing left.

"B—— told me the other day that you were going to write some articles on earthquakes. If I were over there, I would make the drawings for you.

"But for the war I should have been in Rome in October, and finished my cathedral series in charcoal with St. Peter's. Then I was going to make a 'B'-line for Spain and do Burgos. As it turned out, I only did London and Paris, with one or two drawings of Chartres, and the work is half-finished. What we are going to do next summer I do not know. That's a thing no fellow can find out. I am not going to stay here unless I am compelled to. I could get to Gibraltar and keep on to Barcelona by one of the Italian lines, unless Italy gets into the mess, and I could go up into northern Spain and drop down into Toledo and Seville in September. I have not painted in Spain for a good many years, and I would like to do some of the interiors of the Spanish cathedrals in black and white. . . ."

Then, after a page or two of family matters and on politics, he proceeds:

"'Felix O'Day,' my last novel, is running through the magazine, and I am now correcting the galley-proofs for publication by Scribner in the fall. I am starting a new one—also of New York life. I have got it blocked out, and I think I am going to have more or less fun with it.

"As for pictures, they are moving through the country. They opened at Knoedler's in December, and are now in the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts, and in Cincinnati. I send you some catalogues.

"In looking over my old files of letters, this programme came to light. Doesn't that carry you back, old man?

"My dear love to F. and everybody.

"Your old friend,

"F. Hopkinson Smith."

An hour after I received this letter with its message of "love to everybody," a telegram was handed to me saying he had passed away.

Frank Hopkinson Smith had gone in the plenitude of his power. His death leaves desolate the charming home where his heart had rest.

With sympathy unmeasured and unending for those nearest to him, to whom his presence was so infinitely necessary, I cannot, with his books beside me, realize that he has passed away. In them, as in the letter from which I have quoted, breathes the spirit of unquenched and unquenchable youth. To him labor was a joy; the whole world a field for achievement, and time an occasion for the exercise of faculties ever fresh and abounding.

The two books first mentioned in this letter, like the letter itself, though among the author's last works, breathe this spirit, and in all his work he did nothing better with pen or with pencil.

If it were possible to any one whose generous soul never cherished a moment's envy of another, one might well envy the writer and artist who could follow, eye to eye and heart to heart, Thackeray and Dickens through London, and, with the enriched appreciation of both artist and

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literary man, not only for himself enjoy the charming associations but interpret them for others in terms of twin arts informed with a double sympathy.

In his last beautiful book printed before his death, "In Dickens's London," he has given glimpses at once of his appreciation of the master he loved and of his own art with pen and crayon. The book is, as the author is careful to say to his reader, "in all humility, not another book about Mr. Dickens, with illustrations by the author, but a book of illustrations with some explanatory extracts from the master's text, padded with some experiences of his own." And yet Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Bob Sawyer and Tom Pinch, Little Dorrit and Lizzie Hexam, Peggotty and David Copperfield, and others move once more before us in the very spots in which the master's pen placed them. And it is all so natural and real and tender withal. The reader feels that in "this labor of love," the author is simply, as he says, "discharging something of the obligation he felt he had always owed for the pleasure Dickens had given him."

The volume begins, of course, as it should, with "Sam" and the chambermaid at the "White Hart" inn. And we are taken from place to place, from hallowed spot to hallowed spot, in Dickens's London, by a friend who knew just what to point out and picture for us; just what to say and what to leave unsaid, so that we might feel as he did, that we too had been with Dickens and felt the spirit of the places he immortalized.

Among his varied accomplishments as artist, engineer, author, lecturer, was one which always recurs to me when I think of him. He was withal a fine gentleman. And I think of him as a sort of trumpet-call for cleanness, good manners, and fundamental kindness. He wrote them in his books and he lived them in his life. And when Hopkinson Smith died New York lost not only her most versatile and accomplished man of letters, but one who was not exceeded by any other among her millions of inhabitants as a force for clean living, good breeding, and simple kindness.

Thackeray, in an essay on Macaulay and Washington Irving—who had just died very close together—begins his paper by recalling how Sir Walter Scott, on his death-bed, taking leave of his son-in-law Lockhart, himself a literary man of note, said simply: "Be a good man, my dear." To the two great literary men who had just passed away, the greatest of the writers of that day applied as the highest praise he could bestow on them his testimony that they had met fully the measure which the greatest English writer of the generation before had set as the crown of all accomplishment. And in closing this brief sketch of one whose many talents I have touched on, and among whose latest work was a study of Thackeray in London, I desire to link his name with those whom Thackeray celebrated, as one who like them was a good man.

No one is better aware than the writer how inadequate this brief sketch is to convey even the slightest impression of one whose activities were as excellent in their production as they were varied in their direction. To do even slender justice to one so versatile, so sturdy in his apprehension and promotion of the best in American life, would require a full biography. But as I have recalled the man and his work, and in refreshing my memory have dipped again into his books with their limpid and picturesque style, I have found a new refreshment in his clean, clear, sunny, healthy reflection of American life. Yet even so, as breezy and as true to nature as are his stories, they have for me an added charm from the reflection that I find in them of the man himself. In every page I have felt the brave, high-hearted spirit of one who, cosmopolitan in his habits and akin by human sympathy with all the world, was absolutely American in his ideals, and exemplified in himself as he pictures in his books the light and cheer, the courage and purity, and the breadth and power, of American life.

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"AS LONG AS YO'S SINGLE DERE'S HOPE"

By Una Hunt

Author of "Una Mary"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

IT was really true, as Hallie often said, she did not care for men; she only cared to have them care for her, otherwise they were as alike to her as on the day when she left it to the Lord to decide whom she was to marry—the Lord having apparently failed her on that occasion, or at least to have shown but a limited acquaintance with male human nature, "end Him er man Hissef!" Hallie had ever since then quite frankly looked out for the main chance, and theoretically stood ready to marry the highest bidder, although in every case so far she had backed out at the last moment without becoming definitely engaged. Apparently she was absolutely passionless, and her genuine indifference was a large part of her charm; she was as serene and remote in spirit as the moon, a moon floating upon earth within most tantalizing reach.

Each young negro who presented himself, scented, polished, and pressed, with choker collar, irreproachable cane, and a flower in his buttonhole, felt at once, as soon as he met her, the lack of response to his heretofore irresistible attractions. At first irritated, then piqued, he was soon fascinated into making the most unprecedented efforts to impress her.

Ellen Gray, the young daughter of the house, who was Hallie's confidante in all her love-affairs, used often to watch the whole process of the subjection of some new victim as she pressed out the seams in her sewing down in the kitchen. She made her own shirt-waists and many of her other clothes—they all did on Phipps Place. As Mrs. Gilliard, their Southern neighbor, said, "a gentlewoman always knows how to handle her needle," so the families in the block exchanged patterns and pinned and draped on each other in a most businesslike manner, their skill succeeding in disguising their economy in a manner worthy of Cranford, for most of them would have had very few clothes, indeed, if they had not made them themselves.

Hallie was devoted to Ellen, and loved nothing better than to show off an admirer before her, and Ellen would not have missed it for worlds—have missed seeing them at their flamboyant courting.

No tropical bird, puffing out the gayly colored air-sac in his throat, could have been more obvious in his efforts to attract the female or more proudly conscious than these resplendent males preening themselves before the indifferent and severely dressed Hallie. When dressed in her best she was superb in her gorgeousness, but in the house, when she was at work, her invariable costume was a calico shirt-waist and skirt belted by the apron tied around her waist. Her hair for every day was done up as she felt self-respect demanded, in regular pickaninny pigtails tied flat to her head by a broad red ribbon; that is, the ribbon was red until Ellen reached the age when fashion was imperative and wore black ones instead, and, as Hallie's ribbons were her discarded ones, she became correspondingly subdued. Hallie never deigned to dress up for any one who came to the house to see her; they must take her as they found her.

As she kept serenely on about her business, cooking or washing dishes, she would never exert herself to do more than fling a careless word over her shoulder now and then to her perspiring caller, a word flung as one would throw a morsel of food to a dog that sits by and watches with watering mouth. She spoke out of mere humanity and without the slightest personal interest in the recipient, except when she was angry; then she could become personal with most unerring accuracy. Whether uttered in anger or in indifference, her

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words were gathered up with fawning eagerness, and in the final stages of their subjection all of Hallie's lovers wilted and cringed, for sneers and sniffs formed the larger part of what she said to them.

Laziness she scorned with a vehemence certainly rare in her race, due, perhaps, to her having a trace of Indian blood, and she considered the entire negro male sex to be "ez lazy ez er ground-hog in de winter-time," or, if they were not hopelessly lazy, they were, what was even worse, "lak er no-sense peacock in de zoo er stompin end er screechin' wid conceit while he's er spreadin' out his tail." There was one gilded youth in particular who belonged to the peacock class, Charles Romeo, or C. Romeo, as he usually signed himself, who suffered deeply but patiently at her hands. She was always particularly disagreeable to him if Ellen happened to be in the kitchen. Ellen heard Hallie's insults at their worst, for she could not resist the temptation to show off her power before her—it was Hallie's way of spreading her tail.

Each time C. Romeo arrived, an immaculate gleam of teeth, shirt-bosom, and five-inch expanses of cuff, she would look him over without a word, her arms akimbo, in perfect silence look him up and then down, from his head, slicked with "Anti-Kink," to his patent-leather toes —his boots had pale yellow kid tops with very large black buttons, and you may judge from that how really magnificent was the get-up of C. Romeo. Slowly all the bombast wilted out of him under her withering gaze, until he stood before her an abject, knock-kneed object grinning like a conciliatory dog. Then she would launch forth:

"Yo think yo is terrible gran', yo Romeo, a-struttin' roun' de streets smokin' cegars"—one always showed above the triangle of pink or lavender handkerchief which hung from the edge of his breast pocket—"while yo ma wuks her fingers to de bone takin' in washin'. Yo too no 'count eben ter carry home de clos, end after she done support yo, yo mek her kill hersef a-doin' up yo shirt-fronts! I ain't gwine hab yo a-sittin' roun' my kitchen, yo trashy, no-'count loafer yo; jes tak yo coat off, end dem collars end cuffs, end go out in de yard end cut de grass; when yo done finish dat, mebby I gwine speak to yo."

Romeo would do as he was told, and for the next hour the click of the lawn-mower would be the predominant sound, quickened each time it began to grow languid in tone by a remark from the kitchen: "Yo is de slowest ez well ez de laziest nigger I eber seen. I spec you ain't got no blood inside yo, but is all fill up wid air lak er balloon, so's yo can't do nothin' but bounce erlong end strut."

She always put her lovers to work, and sternly refused to allow Mrs. Gray to pay them for the many odd jobs which they performed for her, although it finally reached the point where the grass was kept cut, the flower-bed weeded, and the windows washed. The windows were done by a neighboring butler, John Dempsey, and nothing Mrs. Gray or his own mistress said to him could deter him from washing them on his day off. To every remonstrance he would stubbornly reply: "Miss Hallie don tol me dey needed washin'." The floors were waxed as if by magic; the rugs were beaten by the grocer's boy; and if the Grays themselves ordered some one to come and do the work, Hallie either contrived not to hear the bell, and he was never let in, or, if he did get beyond the door, she always invented some pretext to get rid of him. She told one man that there was smallpox in the house, and when the family found that she was ready to go to such lengths they gave up, vanquished. She would face Mrs. Gray grandly when she was taken to task for one of these evasions and say: "Yo can't afford ter be throwin' money away, Miss Gray, end I can't afford ter waste time havin' dat trash hangin' roun', so de only thing ter do is ter set dem ter wuk, end yo all's wuk am de onliest wuk in dis house, cos, mam"—in a tone of withering sarcasm—"I kin sen dem in ter cut de Gilliards' grass."

At last they simply resigned themselves to the inevitable, and Hallie ran the work of the house as she saw fit. Mrs. Gray was an invalid, and it was easy to drift with such capable hands at the helm. The only prerogative she officially kept was ordering the meals, and it was purely official. Ellen did the marketing, but she could not control even that, for various

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dainties she had never ordered would appear on the table, all tributes from the marketmen to Hallie, but which she would never have dreamed of keeping for herself. Once Ellen had the horror of hearing her say to the butcher's boy: "Ef yo see any sweetbreads layin' roun', Mr. Gray he certainly am partial ter sweetbreads!" Even the butcher himself, when the Grays remonstrated and urged him to pay no attention to these requests, only laughed and said: "I'd lose Sam if I didn't send presents to Hallie; all the boys in the market are running after her."

Flowers would appear on the dining-table and plants on the window-sill, expressions of regard from a rising young colored florist, and he was so clever that he sent them, not to Hallie, but to Ellen direct. The boxes would arrive—left by himself at the basement door, but never on those occasions asked in by Hallie; etiquette demanded that he should be treated as an unknown delivery boy—and they were always addressed: "To Miss Ellen, with the Compliments of the Firm." It was a bit of finesse and grandeur—the word "Firm" was very taking—which almost won him Hallie as a bride. On Ellen's graduation from school he sent her a box of pink orchids—as Hallie said, "Eben de millionairers ain't only sont yo American beauty roses and common sweet peas"—and on the strength of them she almost accepted him at once, especially as they were tied with a large yellow bow, "end he knowed hit were my favrit color." But she declined him because the orchids faded the next day, and she perhaps rightly accused him of working off his left-overs on the Grays, and the best was none too good for her "fambly."

One reason why Hallie was so pleased whenever her admirers did anything for the Grays, especially when they sent something to Ellen, was that then she pitied her less. Besides being worried at the discrepancy in numbers of those who were respectively attentive to Ellen and to herself, it troubled her even more that Ellen's friends, among young men, never gave her presents, except for a paltry book or bunch of violets now and then, while all of her "gentlemin frens" gave her presents, many and varied in kind, and were really rated by Hallie according to the value of their offerings. Sometimes the values were purely social, as when one man gave her a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which it was then felt gave the final touch to colored elegance; but more often they were of a substantial character, and ranged in kind from sweetbreads and early vegetables to a parlor organ, which stood in a corner of the kitchen beside the set-tubs, and four large crayon portraits, of Hallie herself, her father, her mother, and, largest of all, the head of John Dempsey, the suitor who had presented them. They were all done by the "Negro Capital Portrait Company," and were framed in deep gold frames faced with red plush. These hung on the four walls of the kitchen, making that apartment quite the most impressive in the whole house. The frames positively glittered and almost, but not quite, outshone the organ, which was not just an ordinary organ but had four sets of brackets projecting from the top, on which stood gilt and striped blue and red glass vases, and at the sides there were very elaborate handles which Hallie used for towel-racks—they were certainly the shape of towel-racks.

Hallie could not play a note when the organ was first presented to her. It was a gift from Brer Wilson, her pastor for the moment. But with some money a visitor gave her she began to take music lessons. She had not cared to play until after she joined the New Thought Church, where there was a young lady organist who sat up on a platform facing the congregation, her hands "workin' lak leaves blowin' in er thunder-storm," which so filled Hallie with the wish to emulate that she spent this money on lessons, and asked Ellen the next time she wrote to the friend who had tipped her to "tell Miss Fanny I's takin' lessons wid de money she done give me end is ez fur ez playin' 'Lucy Locket' wid all my hands and feet." Mr. Perkins, a young man who often came to see Ellen, used always to go down to the kitchen during his call in order to play on the organ, which pleased Hallie immensely, and gave him an excuse to talk to her in her own surroundings, for both Hallie and her kitchen were certainly unique.

In return for all that she and her admirers did for the Grays, Hallie felt that she was entitled to certain perquisites,

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among which were Ellen's cast-off clothes. She wore them for every day—she would have scorned them for best—and it was quite a condescension her wearing them at all, for Ellen's clothes were a real trial to Hallie. "Only de Lord kin mek yo handsom, end he solly am partial to some end seem lak he forgits erbout de udders; but de stores kin mek eberybody stylish," a fact which, to Hallie's mind, Ellen seemed quite to overlook, and when she did buy the sort of clothes which were quite satisfactory she managed to wear them in such a way as to lose all their advantages. "If yo wuz dressed in plush, Miss Ellen, yo'd step out lak hit wuz calico." Another trial was Ellen's lack of appreciation of the possibilities of lace. She had a white muslin dress with a very open-work lace yoke, and of it Hallie said: "Yo neck don't set off dat lace no mo dan ef er white flower wuz ter hev white leaves; yo mus wear er blue slip under hit ter spot out de pattern lak my color does." Hallie could do full justice to white lace, and wore Ellen's old clothes with such an air that even calico gave the impression of plush.

"Jes tak yo coat off, end dem collars end cuffs, end go out in de yard end cut de grass."—Page 315.

Occasionally she did not wait for the formality of having them presented, but helped herself to some little thing which took her fancy. She would wear it quite openly, and when taxed with having taken it would say, "Au, Miss Ellen, I got so tired seein' yo wear dat eroun' dat I jest hat ter tek hit erway so yo couldn't find

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She always put her lovers to work.—Page 315.

hit," or else it would be some such excuse as: "Dat misable, wore-out ole thing! I thought yo forgit erbout throwin' hit erway!" Once a year she sent home a barrel of articles she had collected for her family, some of them presents she had bought, others things which the Grays had supposedly cast off; but for fear things which they had not cast off might be among them, Mrs. Gray always insisted upon having it unpacked under her own eyes before it was sent away, and often rescued very unexpected belongings. For three years in succession she got back their copy of "Uncle Remus," and the last time it emerged Hallie exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "I declar ter gracious dat book mus got de laigs ob er centerpede de way hit jes creep inter de barrl." There was never the least hard feeling on either side about these rescues. Hallie never felt that she was stealing; she was merely sharing the Grays' belongings as she would gladly have shared anything she owned with them. To her it was merely an extension of sharing their house and food.

Once she went to Mrs. Gray in great distress because her brother, who lived

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The rugs were beaten by the grocer's boy.—Page 315.

down in Georgia, was out of work and starving. Of course, the whole family felt that something must be done for him at once. Mr. Gray sacrificed clothes which he really needed himself, and they not only got together a box of food and clothing, but Ellen made some candy and had a little sale for his benefit, at which she realized ten dollars, which was sent down by money-order, and with a delighted feeling of virtue she waited for his letter of thanks. In the course of a few days it arrived. His gratitude was profuse; they had saved his life with the food and clothes, and with the money Miss Ellen had sent he had been able to buy himself a complete set of pink silk underwear, something, Hallie assured her, which he had wanted all his life.

Her devotion to her family was in striking contrast to her indifference to her admirers. She would have died for this brother, and never seemed to feel that he belonged to the despised male sex, and finally, just to oblige him, she even went so far as to become engaged for a brief period to one of his friends whom she had met down in the country during the sum-

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mer. When she came back to town this man began to write letters to her, letters worthy of deep respect because, instead of being the mere outpourings of his own heart, they had that dignity of form and diction only to be found in a "Complete Letter-Writer," price twenty-five cents. Ellen knew the price because she bought one for Hallie and gave it to her so that she might write answers worthy of such originals. She finally became engaged, partly for the sake of her brother, but mainly from a feeling for sequence; she felt that she must write the acceptance letter because it came in her book directly after the proposal; the refusal came later as a mere second choice, like an "allowed pronunciation"—a thing very few of us have the strength of mind to deliberately choose in place of the "preferred."

Mrs. Gray, when things reached this stage, felt it her duty to have a serious talk with Hallie, and told her that it was not fair to keep John Dempsey in suspense any longer. For years he had been her "steady" and had stood unmoved as a rock in the ever-fluctuating stream of her lovers. Now she must tell him that it was useless for him to keep on courting her any longer as she was really engaged to be married to some one else. Hallie promised to tell him, and did so with great solemnity when he came to call that evening. Though he was cut to the quick by the news, John only shook his head and announced obstinately that he should keep on calling just the same, ending with the certainly just remark: "As long as yo's single, Miss Hallie, dere's hope." So he kept on, just the same, spending his evenings in the Grays' kitchen and continued to hope.

One evening Mrs. Gray gave a whist party for ladies. They were to arrive at eight and play until ten o'clock, when their husbands were to join them for supper. Of course, in a limited household this meant a great effort and bustle of preparation, especially as old Jane, who usually came in from Shanty Town to help when the Grays had company, was taken ill and at the last moment could not come. On the very stroke of eight the door-bell rang, and Ellen heard the familiar voice of John saying to the first arrival: "De cloak-room am de second story back, mam." She was surprised, but supposed that her mother must have engaged him to come and help for the evening, so she said nothing about it to John when later he came to her and asked for a tray on which he could put the bowl of punch he had just made for the ladies to drink between their games of cards. She thought, of course, that her mother had also ordered the punch, and gave him all the adjuncts he asked for, as he audibly arranged it in the pantry, saying to himself: "Fust, I folds er napkin twell hit jest fit de tray, den I places de bowl in de centre wid de ladle handle ahookin' itself over de aige end de glasses sittin' all roun', end I hez er small tray fer to pass on to de ladies." It sounded like a demonstration in waiting, and that Ellen found was what it really was. He was giving it for the benefit of Hallie, who stood by deeply impressed. A little later, when he took the tray up to the study where the whist party was going on, all of their friends were also impressed, for his style was positively awe-inspiring even if his gloves were merely white cotton—he had apologized profusely to Ellen for the fact. Mrs. Gray, upon whom he burst for the first time, was most impressed of all, but, after her first gasp of amazement, supposed that Ellen must have sent for him in some crisis down-stairs of which she knew nothing, and the punch, which she had not ordered, could only be taken unquestioned. The ingredients, they later discovered, came from Justice Davis's cellar!

While John was in the study Ellen was in the dining-room superintending Hallie as she set the table, for she was too temperamental to do it alone; one could never be sure to what flights she might not rise under the stimulus of having company. Once she had served ice-cream in bouillon cups because "dey is sech pretty roses painted on de sides." When John came down-stairs he swept them both aside with "Dis am my business, Miss Ellen." He had been trained by a former butler at the White House and later had been a waiter in a restaurant, so not a flourish was omitted, though Ellen could have dispensed with several of the extra touches, especially the folding of the napkins in shapes like the saltcellars and cocked hats which children make out of paper at kin-

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dergarten. He made a different shape to go beside each plate and stuck scarlet geranium flowers through the slices of bread. The effect was gay but certainly new, and gave such evident satisfaction to

Mr. Perkins, a young man who often came to see Ellen, used always to go down to the kitchen to play on the organ.—Page 316.

himself and to Hallie that Ellen had not the heart to remonstrate.

At ten o'clock the husbands of the whist players arrived, and as they came in John took charge of their coats and hats with that inimitable paternal manner known only to the old family retainer. John might have butlered for the Grays from his early youth.

When the ladies came down-stairs Mrs. Gray signalled to Ellen with raised eyebrows and a glance in the direction of John, to which Ellen could only respond with the same question in her own eyes, as there was no chance then for a word between them. There seemed to be a great many people in the small dining-room waiting to be fed, and for a moment Ellen had an impression of hopeless confusion, but John pervaded the place, bland and silent, passing plates with incredible swiftness and no air of haste, and presently, when every one was served, Ellen heard his voice, keyed to a confidential pitch, from behind the lamp in the corner where she had been pouring coffee: "Shell I bring yo de chicken salad or er patty, Miss Ellen; de salad 'pears ter be de mos poplar." He had done all the waiting on people entirely by himself, having relegated Hallie to the pantry, where she looked on with that peculiar, almost sullen expression of concentration which is characteristic of colored people on state occasions.

With the departure of the last guest Mrs. Gray and Ellen turned simultaneously and asked each other the same question: "Did you send for John?" They

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were answered by John himself, who stepped forward with a deep bow and said: "Scuse me, ladies, fer de liberty I done took; dey ain't nobody order me; I done as ability always filled her with unbounded admiration.

She had not seen the man in the country since they had become engaged, and

"I declar ter gracious dat book mus got de laigs ob er centerpede de way hit jes creep inter de barrl."—Page 318.

come 'cause Miss Hallie she say 'cause I's er butler end er coachman bofe she believe I's er no-'count butler, so I come fer ter show er I kin run er party real stylish. I hear yo all is er goin' ter hev er dinner-party Monday night, end I lak ter come end 'lustrate how er dinner orter be served. Effen yo please, Miss Gray, be so kind ez ter hev yo dinner at eight stid er seben thirty so's I kin git here after my fambly done finish at table." They did not change the hour for dinner, so Hallie was deprived of that opportunity of seeing John resplendently capable, but the way in which he had managed the party had made a tremendous impression upon her, he, now that he felt sure of Hallie, had stopped writing letters out of a "letter-writer," and his personal effusions proving very dull in comparison, "jes er slobberin' kin ob love trash," she had begun to think that perhaps, after all, she had made a mistake, and wondered after the party if she might not marry John instead. As a possible first step she decided, at any rate, to break off the engagement, and wrote and despatched the refusal letter from the "Letter-Writer" with the same quality of satisfaction which she felt when she finished the ironing on a Tuesday. Of course, he "carried on" through several mails, to Hallie's obvious pride, and

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then vanished into oblivion. Meanwhile, the status of John hung in suspense until Christmas.

At Christmas John rose to a height which eclipsed even Hallie for intuition. He gave her, as a Christmas present, his will, duly drawn up by a white lawyer—Justice Davis had done it for him—and elaborately stamped and sealed with two seals, one red and one blue, with most convincingly legal-looking ends of ribbon hanging down from them. In it he willed and bequeathed to Miss Hallelujah Johnson "all my worldly goods and chattels, and all that pertain thereto." John himself was all that the Grays could think of that might "pertain thereto," but Hallie took it all without question and was absolutely overcome, not by John's generosity but by the legal solemnity of the document.

That very day she promised to marry him, and John, determined to make sure of her, got the license at once.

Willed and bequeathed to Miss Hallelujah Johnson "all my worldly goods and chattels, and all that pertain thereto."

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The Grays as a family made no move to find some one to take Hallie's place, feeling, from past experience, much as John himself had felt, as long as Hallie was single there was hope. This time, however, she seemed to feel no desire to back out—the magic of that will was too strong—and on New Year's Day they were actually married. Hallie had a white satin dress which she had owned for several years but had never worn. She got it originally because it gave her a comfortable feeling to know that in case she died suddenly it was there in her bureau drawer, ready to dress her for her burial—a wise precaution, she now felt, for it was all ready to put on for her wedding. She was magnificent as she stood up beside John in the minister's parlor to be married, with a bouquet of artificial orange-blossoms and a trailing veil, hired for the occasion; and John looked almost worthy of the Supreme Court himself, in a cast-off frock coat of Justice Davis's.

The Grays' neighbor, Mr. Hyde, minister of the New Thought Church, officiated. Hallie refused to be married by the colored minister to whose church she went. She said: "I's gwine hab er white man dis time so's not slip up lak I done dat fust time I mos got married. Er white minister ain't gwine put no hoodoo on me, end Mr. Hyde he always lak de way I fry cakes." So by Mr. Hyde she was married. The Grays were all there, of course, with Justice and Mrs. Davis, and the Hyde family came in, so altogether it was a most stylish occasion, "wid no black trash er hangin' round ter eat up de cake."

Ellen, who is now married to Mr. Perkins and lives in Boston, sees Hallie each time she goes down to Washington. One of Hallie's children is named for her, in the hope, as its mother wrote Ellen, that it might grow up just like her, "de lubliest young lady wid de mos beautiful hair." Mrs. Perkins is decidedly blonde! The last time she saw her she asked how they were getting along, and Hallie said they were all doing nicely, "ceptin' fer de house. I feels lak we got ter move; der's er coffin factory on one side end er billiard-room on de oder side, end all day dey keeps er nailin' end er hammerin' on de coffins, end all night dey keeps er clickin' at de billiard-balls lak dey wuz er nailin' coffins fer dey souls; but John he say we better stay dere, fer ef we does de chillons, wid de nailin' ob de coffins end de clickin' ob de balls, is boun' ter grow up in de fear ob de Lord end de Debbil."

To Hallie John's word is law!

THE SECRET

By C. A. Price

"THE love of God! *The love of God!*" I said,—
And at the words through all my being went
A sudden shudder of light; the firmament
Not otherwise seems riven by the red
Jagg'd lightning-flash that quivers overhead
When for an instant heaven and earth are blent.
So for a dazzling space my heart was rent,
And I beheld—beheld—but all had fled.

Had fled! nor has returned; yet on my way
Along the pave or through the clanging mart,
Sometimes a stranger's eye falls full on mine;
"You too?" We have no speech, we make no sign,
But something seems to pass from heart to heart,
And I am full of gladness all that day.

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THE BEST-SELLER

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"IT would be very wonderful! I'm not denying that. But I'm not at all sure it wouldn't be wrong for you to do it." Mrs. Bradlaw looked across the room at her husband doubtfully.

Henry Bradlaw smiled down at her from his slender height. He had learned the trick of smiling down upon his world long since. A world that admired and praised, but sparingly rewarded, perhaps deserved a little his genial Olympian scorn. The touch of disdain in his look now was intended only for the world and not at all for Mrs. Bradlaw. He had taken whatever the world chose to give, very simply—inadequate royalties without murmuring, and generous reviews as a sign that at least a handful of readers could recognize honest work when they met with it. Through it all he had been helped by the firm support of his wife, whose applause he discounted on the theory of love's blindness, but whose comradeship he found necessary to a courageous scorn of Demos. They had fronted the world together.

"Why wrong?" he asked, stroking his thin moustache. "Every one writes to sell—or to be read, anyhow. Why shouldn't one write to be read by a hundred thousand people instead of five thousand?"

"Of course, if they don't choose to like good things—if they're too ignorant and dull to appreciate them, it isn't your fault, my dear." Ellen Bradlaw, though her drawing-room and her gown were both a little threadbare, was loyal to the past.

"Oh, you've always been magnificent about it, Ellen dear, and no doubt the country has been good for the children to grow up in; but the fact is that I've always written as if the world were made up of intellectuals. Both of us know that it isn't. Besides, really intellectual men and women seldom buy books—they borrow them from their friends."

Mrs. Bradlaw's fine eyes clouded, though her lips smiled. "I know. It's true about the children. They're very expensive—the darlings! Mildred ought to go to Miss Dawkins's next year, and Billy's school-bills are frightful as it is."

"And the mortality in clothes is correspondingly diminished, I seem to observe. That thing you have on, for example, must go back—let me see!" Henry Bradlaw crossed the room and quizzically surveyed the frock.

"To 'First Fruits,' if you must know," she responded laughingly. "That doesn't matter."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, where delicate stencilling had begun to show of late. "But it does matter!" he exclaimed. "If you think I don't know how hard life has been for you, you can't credit me with much sense. As a matter of fact, it is more on your account than the children's that I've made up my mind to do a book, at last, to catch the public of readers. I'll give it to them, this time—what they want."

Mrs. Bradlaw caressed the thin hand that dropped, after a nervous gesture, within her reach. "I'm quite happy, you know, my dear," she said; "and the great public seems to like such dreadful things!"

"Then I'll give them—dreadful things," he mocked her.

"But what will *your* public say?"

"I don't care a hang what they say. They haven't any right to object, indeed, since they don't pay Bill's expenses at St. Ethelbert's without depriving you of clothes. They're not 'good providers,' as our neighbors phrase it. And how can I provide if they won't?"

"You do provide quite sufficiently, Henry dear; you have provided. What's

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more, I think people are beginning to appreciate you properly at last. That young man in *The New Earth*, for example, wrote very nicely about you. I quite liked him, I remember, when he came to see you. It's a good deal, after all, to have disciples of that kind. They don't hesitate about putting you where you belong—at the very top."

Mr. Bradlaw sat down beside his wife and took her hand in his. A boyish look gleamed in his faded eyes, though he composed his lean features otherwise to gravity. "Yes. There's something pleasant about the odor of incense; but it isn't all beer and skittles, being a god, as the Europeanized Chief of the Assassins remarked when his devotees *would* worship him during dinner. That young man hopes to write unpopular novels, too, and so he praises mine. Nobody reads me except ambitious tyros and over-educated spinsters."

"Nonsense, Henry. Everybody acknowledges that you've done things that will last."

"Quite so." Henry Bradlaw made a wide, despairing gesture. "They are so sure of it that they bequeath the pleasure of reading my stories to their grandchildren. Meanwhile——!"

"Meanwhile we do very well, even if we are poor."

"On the contrary, we're doing rather badly. I had a talk to-day with Speedwell."

"Oh, you didn't tell me."

"I happened to meet him at the Athenæum, so I broached my plan over luncheon."

"Did he agree?" Mrs. Bradlaw's gentle face sharpened expectantly. "Of course, all publishers are mercenary creatures. They'd let you sell your soul for the sake of a market."

Mr. Bradlaw smiled. "Not so bad as that. On the contrary, Speedwell tried to persuade me that it wasn't for the good of my art to be popular. You and he are remarkably like-minded."

"Very sensible of him."

"No doubt. It gives tone to his list to have one or two authors who don't sell: it shows that he is well established and can afford some luxuries. But he agreed that my craving for royalties, though deplorable, has some justification. I told him flatly that I was going to do it; and I am. Art can go hang! You and the children come first."

Though he spoke boldly, there was a wistful undertone in Henry Bradlaw's voice that did not escape his wife. She was not a connoisseur of imagined types like her husband; but she was a clever woman, and had studied one type so profoundly for twenty years that she was not to be misled by chivalrous and domestic bravado. She understood that he was determined on selling his birthright of rare talent to provide herself and her children with the pottage of luxury. They had done very well, as she had said, even though the cost of education in a land of free schools was a little appalling: for herself, she was quite content to be shabby in order that her husband might produce the work for which he was predestined and their boy and girl have the sort of training proper for intellectual aristocrats. She rebelled at having Henry make what both of them—and all of the elect besides, for that matter—could not fail to regard as the great refusal. At the same time, she realized the limitations of her power. If Henry Bradlaw's conscience was driving him to damnation, her interference would be futile. The habit ingrained through generations of following the lead of duty, for good or for evil, was so strong in his blood that no resistance from her could prevent him. If he felt that he ought to write a "best-seller" he would do it, going down to destruction bravely and gayly for her sake.

Mrs. Bradlaw sighed. She would at least register her opinion. "You know quite well, Henry, that I'd be sorry all my days to have you do what isn't best for you—sorry on my own account and on the children's too. Neither William nor Mildred has been brought up to expect more than we can properly give them."

"Oh, they're good children." Mr. Bradlaw rose nervously and paced the floor. "They don't demand motor-cars imperiously. At the same time it's a bit difficult for Bill at school, I've discovered. I wormed it out of him during his last holidays. You see, when I went up there last year, an injudicious master talked about me to the boys and persuaded them that I was only a little lower

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than the immortals. I refused to make a speech, of course, but my identity leaked out afterwards. Apparently the boys jumped to the conclusion that a man so praised by a popular master must be exceedingly rich, and they began to wonder why Bill was kept so poor. Their logic can't be accused. They decided that I must be stingy; to be the son of a stingy parent is a disgrace; *ergo* Bill has suffered. He doesn't mind being hard up, as I make it out, but he is bitter about the stain on the family honor. A boy would mind that more than anything. I owe it to him to write for popular consumption and make him opulent in tennis-rackets and pocket-money. Don't you see?"

"It's too ridiculous." Mrs. Bradlaw laughed in spite of the tragedy she felt to be imminent. "We'll take Billy away from St. Ethelbert's if need be, but we won't sacrifice your career to the foolishness of a few silly boys."

"No. But we're going to sacrifice it—if it is really a sacrifice—to the greater good of all concerned. I'm inclined to believe that the boys are right—that I've been a stingy brute to be so stiff about the honor of my little name when I ought to have been using my pen for the support of the family." With an upward movement of his hands, expressive of resignation, he stopped his nervous walk and dropped into a chair.

Mrs. Bradlaw felt that she had reached the limit of possibility in direct argument. Evidently Henry could not be moved by any of the considerations that had held him steady against commercialism through the years. He must have dismissed all such appeals before he had come to the point of talking with Speedwell. She could depend on her husband's understanding how little she wished him to put her before his intellectual probity, and she would rest the case. There were other considerations, however, that might be pointed out.

"Have you sufficiently considered," she asked, "just what the dreadful stock in trade of the popular novelist is? The specimens I've read lately are steeped with the doings of vulgar society, or with sentimentality about immoral women in the name of philanthropy; or they deal with shady politics and shadier business. They're dyed deep with local color. Now the fact is, Henry, that you and I know almost nothing about such things. Isn't that so?"

Bradlaw laughed gayly, rose, and crossed the room to his wife. "Most prudent counsellor!" he jeered, bowing low to kiss her hand. "As if I hadn't been devouring cheap novels all my life! Of course I know nothing whatever about such things, but I do know precisely what I must get up. I shall begin my education immediately."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you and I must go into the world and see the kind of thing the public wants. Then I'll describe it. We must look at cabaret shows and the gilded hotels where wicked business men bribe politicians. We must see virtue triumphing over vice on the East Side and vice triumphing over virtue on upper Fifth Avenue. I think, perhaps, I'd better leave the red blood that flows on the great plains and in the forests for a second novel. The field is vast!"

"It strikes me," said Mrs. Bradlaw meditatively, "that this investigation will cost more than Billy's school."

"No doubt it will. I'm quite prepared for that. The point is that we can prospectively afford it. Now that I've quite made up my mind to sell, don't you see, it will be perfectly safe for us to invest our savings in experience. We can easily keep afloat till I get the first payment on the book. I mean, we can plunge—be as extravagant as we please."

Mrs. Bradlaw looked doubtful. "But if we don't know what to count on?"

"That's just what we do know, my dear. I've sold badly, always, but I've seen the semi-annual statements of real authors. I regret to say that Beeston had the bad taste to get one framed after he made his first big hit; it used to hang in what he appropriately called his 'shop.' I know within five thousand dollars how much we ought to be getting from Speedwell twelve months hence. It will take me six months to do the book."

"I don't like to have you do it." Mrs. Bradlaw's resistance was beaten down to this thin objection. Then she laughed. "I know I croak hoarsely, like a raven, Henry, but that's my nature. It will be wonderful, of course, to have the money, as I said."

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"That's the right spirit." Henry Bradlaw swayed gently on his thin legs and smiled down at his wife. "We'll be money-grubbers for a change; we'll disgrace ourselves by a few books and then stop writing altogether. If future critics don't have sufficient acumen to distinguish the good from the bad, so much the worse for them. Just between ourselves, I may say that I don't believe the total sum of civilization will be greatly altered in any case."

For a moment Mrs. Bradlaw did not reply. She felt too deeply the horror of the sacrifice to join in mockery of it, though her heart went out in wondering admiration of her husband. He must be feeling it, she knew, even more poignantly than she. At length she lifted her eyes to his.

"What shall we do first?" she asked.

"Take a course of Newport, I think," he answered. "You know how eagerly that fat Mrs. Armstrong Fisher has begged us to come to her for exhibition. She'd invite us again if we whistled once, I'm sure."

"As it happens"—there was a touch of unmalicious irony in Mrs. Bradlaw's tone—"I've a note to her on my desk now, full of polite excuses. I didn't bother you with her renewed appeal. But she's really a nice old thing, Henry; I rather like her."

"So much the better. We can go to her with the better grace. From the vantage-point of her villa I can observe things that will be of passionate interest to the ladies of Kalamazoo."

"And afterwards?"

"Oh, afterwards will come places like Atlantic City and some mountain resort of the less fashionable kind. I have it all planned, you see. That sort of thing will be possible with the children, though I regret having them grow familiar with the architecture of the hotels we shall have to live in. It means hotels—many of them, my dear. I'm sorry about that, but I see no other way. At the latter end of the summer we shall have to make a journey through the Middle West, for the sake of——"

"Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradlaw protestingly.

"For the sake of understanding the United States." Bradlaw completed his sentence firmly, though he smiled again. "Perhaps you fail to realize the significance of the Mississippi basin. It is inhabited by millions of readers."

"Oh, I wasn't wishing to suggest anything except that your plans are a little ambitious. For one thing, how can you possibly write when you're travelling about at such a rate?"

Mr. Bradlaw looked puzzled for a moment. "It will be a change of habit for me," he admitted, "but I must somehow do it. I'm sure no really successful author would let the disturbance of travel keep him from work. A contract is a sacred obligation and an admirable stimulus. All popular writers keep two or three on hand, I believe, as incentives to rapid production. I must pretend, for the moment, that I am successful. It will be rather a lark, after all."

"Any one who didn't know, my poor dear, would think that you liked the dreadful prospect." Mrs. Bradlaw rose and stepped towards her husband with outstretched hands. "I can't bear to think of what it all means to you."

Quite simply and soberly Henry Bradlaw took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Don't worry about me; don't pity me, Ellen dear. It's what I deliberately choose. It's what I wish to do as well as what I will to do. In the autumn we'll pack the children off to school and encamp in New York while I complete my education and finish my book. There's a great deal I must see in New York."

"But why can't you imagine it, as you've always been imagining things?" Mrs. Bradlaw wailed, pressing the hands she held close to her bosom.

"Because I can neither imagine the kind of thing that interests the public, nor imagine anything in the way they like. I must paint from life if I'm to be a best-seller at all, only exaggerating every color in my palette. I detest what the populace wants, of course, but I'm not so sure that I ought. A cruel reviewer once called me 'distinguished and sapless.' We must see what six months can do for me."

The end of six months, as a matter of fact, found the Bradlaws back at home once more. They were glad to be in the quiet of the country again, even though the chill of early January was accentuated

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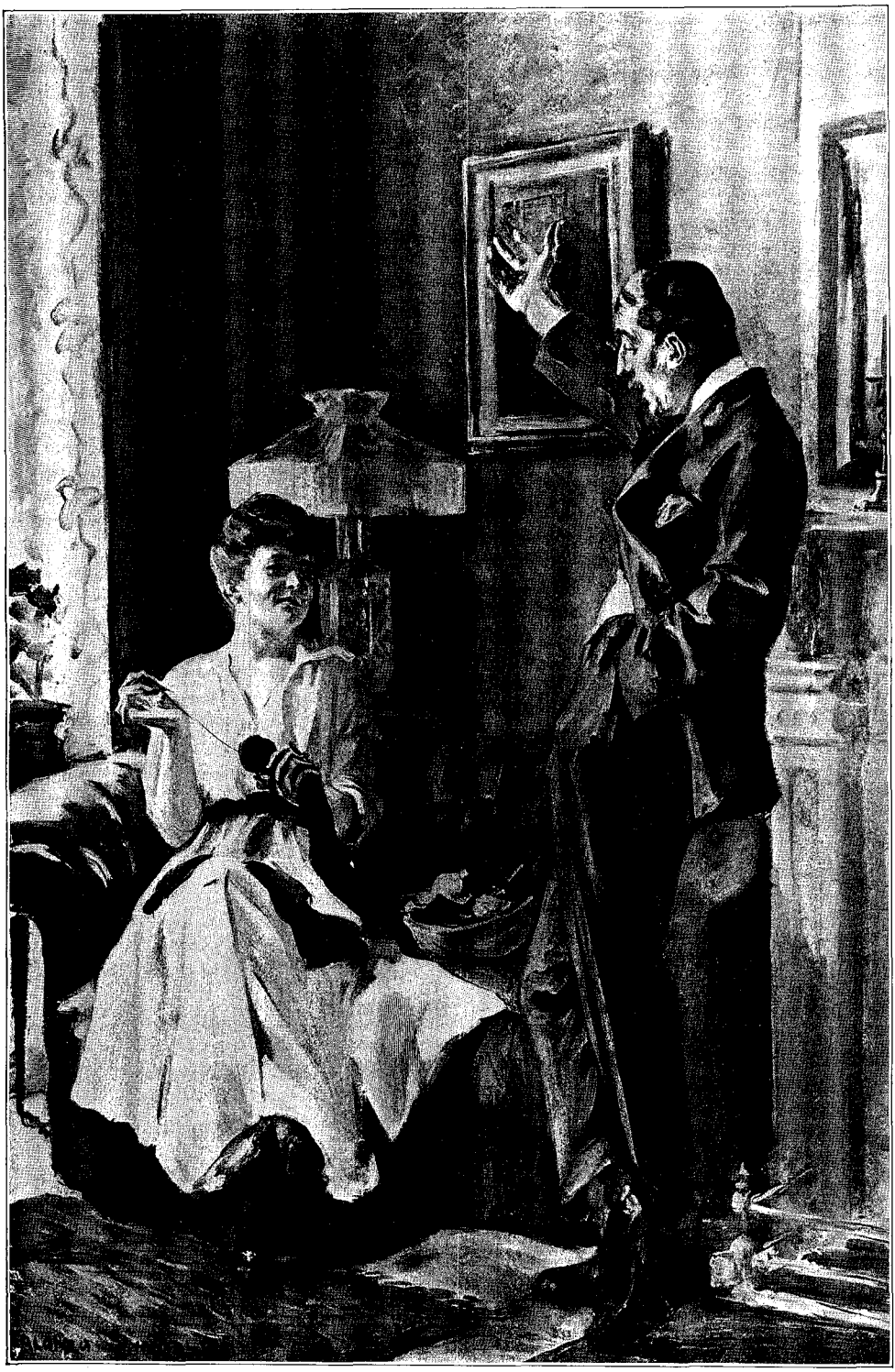

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I mean, we can plunge—be as extravagant as we please."—Page 327.

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by snow-drifts in the garden and they were making shift with a single incompetent servant. They could stay at home for only a few weeks at most, and cared little, in their relief at settling down to normal habits, for the minor discomforts of their sojourn. As soon as arrangements had been made with Speedwell, they planned to be off again—this time to the great Plains and the Coast. The children were happy at school and they themselves foot-loose for further adventures in experience. They were foot-loose of necessity, indeed, since Bradlaw's new manner demanded at least a superficial knowledge of everything that might interest the great public. Red blood and business were to be the key-notes of the next novel.

Meanwhile, they had time to review the experiences of the months that had gone to the making of the book now in Speedwell's hands. The experiences had been various and in many respects surprising. Some of them had been unpleasant—disquieting to lovers of civilization, and of themselves wearisome. Others, less valuable for the novel, had been distinctly pleasant, though from them all they were glad to escape to the snowy peace of their hillside.

Newport, to begin with, had been useless to Bradlaw as far as human material was concerned, though he had garnered unforgettable recollections of its loveliness. The difficulty was that Mrs. Armstrong Fisher had been too careful about the people whom she introduced to her fastidious and distinguished guest. In three weeks the Bradlaws saw nobody at close range who was not eminently respectable, and very few persons who were not in one way or another interesting. Had Bradlaw been looking for material of a kind suited to his earlier books, he would have found the society of Mrs. Fisher's circle genially stimulating; as things were, he was a little disappointed.

Somewhat the same fate had dogged them in their other excursions of the summer. Atlantic City, where Bradlaw had thought to find sensations in their starkest form, was a bewildering spectacle of innocent vulgarity, but nothing more. He could not share the contempt for the crowd expressed by his son and daughter; he was sorry that these people lacked the imagination to amuse themselves in more amusing ways, but he found their vacuity pitiful rather than blameworthy. As for the huge hotel in the White Mountains, to which they next repaired, a small but charming group disclosed itself, which insisted on obscuring for Bradlaw the dreadful creatures whom he had come to study. The remainder of the summer was equally fruitless. The journey into the Middle West gave them all an impression of high temperatures on trains that ran swiftly between towns unaccountably civilized. In no way was the sophistication better marked than by the skill with which the horrors of summer were mitigated. Occasional encounters with old acquaintances or with new-found admirers of Bradlaw's style were so little different from such encounters nearer home that they gave him no sense at all of the new world he was seeking.

Once settled in New York and more determinedly at work on his book, he had for a time grown almost desperate. He wished to see the kind of thing pictured by the most popular novelists—by Beeston, for example, whose stories of virtuous chorus-girls had won him an independent fortune. In the quest of new truths about humanity he shudderingly tasted the puerile gayeties of Broadway and the sobering realities of the slums. He looked up forgotten acquaintances in the hope that their transformations might give him the key to unsuspected mysteries of life; but he found them grown bald or fat, for the most part, and discouragingly true to type. They had nothing to reveal that he did not already know: certainly none of them had a lurid present. It was perverse of life, he often thought, so to shape itself in accustomed visions. He watched in vain for a sensational apocalypse. Though he uncovered both tragedy and comedy, the vice he saw had a way of triumphing over virtue on the East Side and virtue over vice on upper Fifth Avenue.

It was Beeston, after all, who had put Bradlaw into a happier frame of mind. Beeston, the delicacy of whose touch was praised in all publishers' announcements, had casually remarked: "The way to do it is to give it to 'em hot and strong. I've got over caring whether it's exactly right. Nobody else cares, so why should I?" Bradlaw had meditated upon the speech

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and had decided that it was the formula of success. He had been gratified by the discovery, because in the light of it he could embroider as fantastically as he chose—yet do no violence to the rules of the new game he was playing. All he needed from reality was a series of backgrounds—of the approved local color. Life remained what he had always supposed it to be: he had to deal only with a set of conventions.

Sustained and comforted by Beeston's judgment, he wrote rapidly. He had concocted an absurdly sensational plot, through which danced a heroine so completely a creature of mechanical springs and the latest fashions in clothes that he had no difficulty at all about making her obey every whim of his fancy. He surveyed the book, when it was finished, with grim amusement. He was glad to have done with it; and he had come to the country, while Speedwell's staff looked it over, in order to wash his mind clean of its absurdities before he began to gather material for his next venture in popular fiction.

It was the middle of January before a letter from Speedwell summoned him to town. He had for years been accustomed to a more dignified procedure: he had sent his manuscripts to Speedwell and had thought nothing more about them till the meticulous business of proof-reading came upon him. There was always a contract to sign; but that was purely a matter of routine, varied only by the uncertainties of serial publication. Now, as he well understood, the case was different. It was a question of high financial mysteries for which a personal conference was necessary.

In the mood of sober business, then, he journeyed to New York, wishing to make the best bargain he could, yet rather glad that he was able to do the faithful Speedwell a good turn by letting him handle, at last, a book that would be profitable to author and publisher alike. He was to stay two nights, and then come home for a fortnight's relaxation in his own manner before they started westward as the successful novelist and his wife. They could live on their savings for another six months as grandly as they pleased; and after the first semi-annual accounting they would be forever freed from worry about money. It was pleasant to have the end accomplished.

Not more than customarily behind its schedule, the train frisked up the narrow valley on the afternoon of the third day, and deposited Bradlaw at the little station. With a curt nod to the driver, he clambered into one of the two open sleighs that served the village for cabs, and huddled his tall frame to meet the swoop of cold wind from the hill. He had no small-talk to-day for the wizened old man who drove; he was incapable of the dry, elusive badinage in which he had learned to hold his own with his country neighbors. As he opened the gate before his own door and walked up the snowy path, he stooped like an old man, though he marched resolutely.

How, he had been wondering for more than twenty-four hours, was he to tell Ellen? The blow to his own pride was bad enough, but that he could bear. He had been a fool when he had thought to play the knave. No! It was worse than that. He had been justified in doing anything, he still believed, to make life easier for his patient wife. He was not minding, now, because he feared that her confidence in him would be shaken: he had no such selfish alarms. What he had been revolving endlessly in his mind was how to save her from taking to heart his own pain. He shrank from her pity because it would be the expression of her vicarious suffering, and he had thought of no way to soften the blow. The best he could do was to meet the difficulty unhesitatingly.

In the cheerful hall Mrs. Bradlaw was waiting. She looked surprisingly young as she greeted him.

"Oh, I'm so glad to have you back! Tell me about it." Then, when she had held him for a moment at arm's length to look at him, she cried in alarm: "But, Henry dear, you are ill! What is the matter?"

Bradlaw pulled off his heavy coat while he hesitated. Then he straightened himself. He must tell her; he must hurt her, alas! Delay would give no help. "I'm the most miserable of fools, that's all. Speedwell refuses to publish the book."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Bradlaw, alert now and ruffling with solicitude, drew him through the door of the living-

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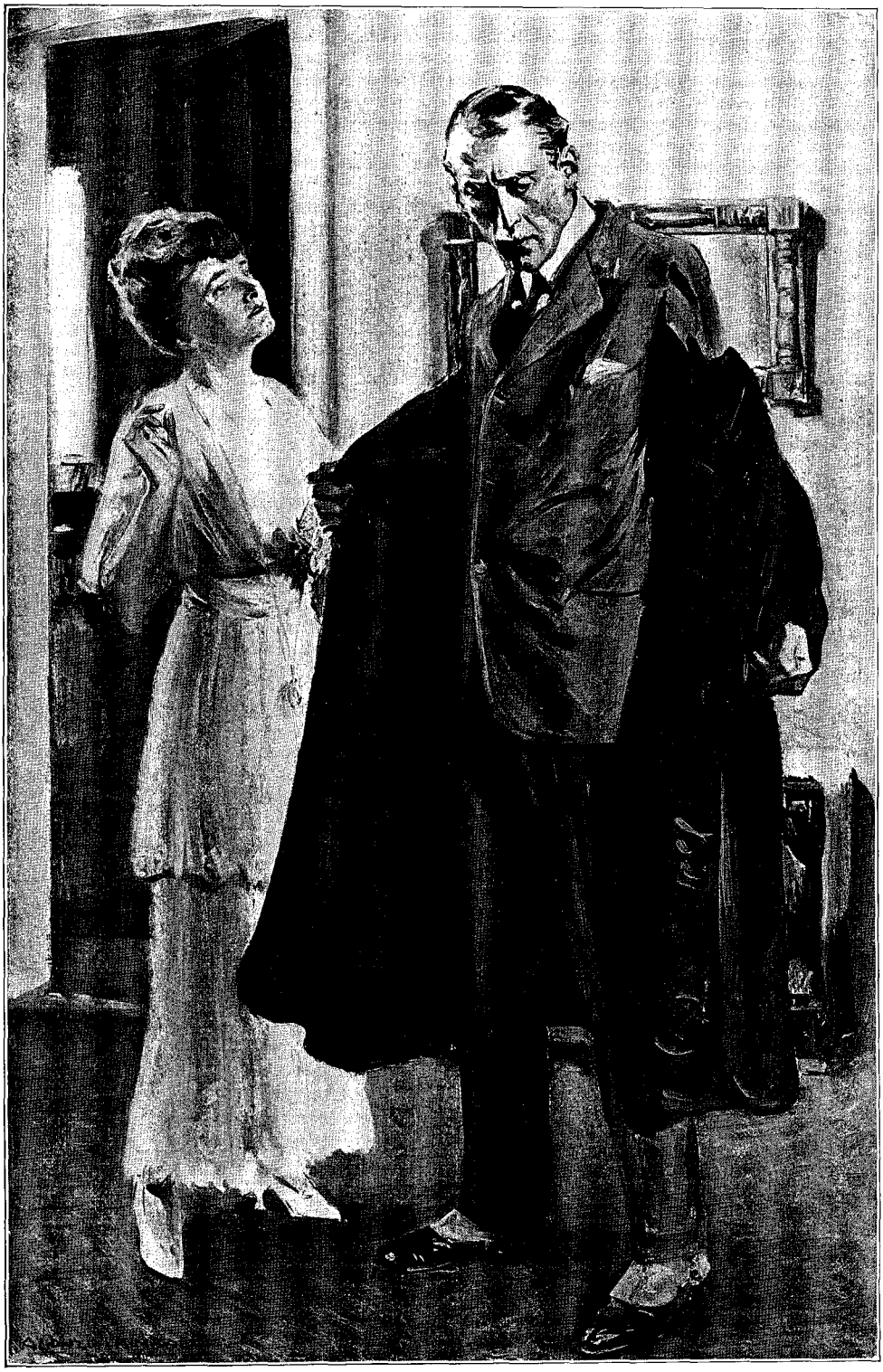

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"But, Henry dear, you are ill! What is the matter?"—Page 331.

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room and shut it. "Why—why, that's impossible."

"Not at all. I dare say he is perfectly right. I've learned my lesson. I shall never again speak contemptuously of a best-seller. I'm not up to their tricks—even their miserable trifling with reality."

"But I don't understand. What has Mr. Speedwell said to you, dearest?"

"He has said"—Bradlaw spoke deliberately, as if trying, himself, to realize the portentous weight of the utterance—"that I have written, not a salable novel, but a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction."

"It can't be. Do you mean to tell me he has dared to say anything like that to you—to *you?*"

Bradlaw smiled grimly. "Gently, gently, my dear. He has said something very like it, even if he phrased it more politely. You forget that I've not been writing as myself, but as somebody quite different—whom I wished to be. Speedwell didn't actually refuse to print the book, of course, but he begged me almost with tears in his eyes to suppress it. What's more, he is perfectly sure that he couldn't sell a copy of it after its true nature was discovered by the public. He and his staff find it impossible and dull, it seems."

"But how can they?" Mrs. Bradlaw was still incredulous. "Didn't you put in everything the public wants? And your style would carry anything!"

"Unfortunately it won't. As a matter of fact, I seem to have failed even in trying to suppress my instinct to write decently. Instead of a jargon that would captivate the masses I have achieved a watery parody of my natural manner—as if I were the victim of paresis. It appears that I have merely given the impression of senile decay. So much for my literary dexterity! The upshot of it is that my book is an utter failure; that I have wasted six months—not to speak of the money."

"You poor boy!" At last Mrs. Bradlaw seemed convinced that the dream palace in which they had been living was a bubble merely. Her look of concern was hard to bear, but it was succeeded by a wholly unaccountable change of expression. Sinking down on a sofa, she began to laugh.

In all his experience of her Bradlaw had never known his wife to pass the verges of hysteria. He felt as helpless as a baby before this odd phenomenon. "Please don't, Ellen—please don't think that things won't be all right," he plunged on desperately. "I shan't let you and the children suffer for my folly. I've arranged everything, I think."

Mrs. Bradlaw checked her laughter and sat upright on the sofa. "As for the book," she said unexpectedly, "I'm rather relieved. If you've thought I've liked the notion of it, ever, you must have considered me a pig. But what do you mean by saying that you've arranged everything? You haven't——?"

"I've agreed to do a set of special articles for *The New Earth*, for one thing, and I've taken on a lot of reviewing. Everybody has been exceedingly kind—even Speedwell. In a year or so I can get back where we were before, and by a little extra work I can even manage about the children. It's only returning to old tricks, of course; quite easy tricks of themselves. I had somehow forgotten the periodicals as a source of income."

"Please sit down here, beside me." Mrs. Bradlaw made room for her husband. "I've something I wish to tell you; but first I wish to say that you're not going to waste your time any longer in doing things that other men can do just as well as you. The series of articles—yes, if they're willing to pay you magnificently. For the rest, you're to write nothing but your own kind of book. The royalties will give Billy an affluent old age, anyhow, even if we're never rich ourselves."

Bradlaw bit his moustache. He was nervous and very humble. "But in the meantime, my dear," he said, "Billy must have his education—not to mention the food and clothing that the rest of us require. Besides, no matter how much one despises doing a thing—and I've never wholly liked the idea of writing rubbish—one doesn't like to find it impossible. We're poorer than we were by six months' extravagance. I've done my rake's progress. Now I shall have to take on anything I can to make up for my folly."

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"No, you won't. Indeed you shan't." Mrs. Bradlaw smiled enigmatically. "I'm proud and glad, for my part, that you can't do the horrid kind of thing your stupid conscience drove you into trying—not that I've much faith in Mr. Speedwell's judgment about what will sell. But haven't you any curiosity at all about the news I have to tell you?"

"Curiosity! Yes, dear. What is the wonderful thing you have to tell me?" Bradlaw was too distraught to pay much heed to his wife's announcement, but with a decent courtesy he turned his face to hers and managed a smile. "Have you been working some miracle while I've been away? You speak of work with the light accent of the wealthy. If we were living the unrealities of sensational fiction—which I can't write—I should suspect that you'd inherited a million or two overnight."

Mrs. Bradlaw's face became grave. "Not quite that, dear. I don't know what it will amount to, but enough, I feel sure, to make us comfortable. The lawyer says that all there is will come to us."

"All there is!" Bradlaw was utterly perplexed. Such things didn't happen in the world he knew; and, besides, there was no one from whom they could inherit. "But, Ellen, it's impossible!" he exclaimed. "Have you been dreaming, or is it some hoax?"

"It's as true as can be. Here"—Mrs. Bradlaw rose quickly and took a letter from the table by a window—"here is what the lawyer says. Please read it. I can scarcely believe, myself, that it isn't a dream; but the letter is tangible and the evidence sound."

"But who would be leaving us money?" asked Bradlaw, taking the letter and scrutinizing it severely.

"Oh, my Uncle Robert—didn't I tell you? Of course I had no notion that the poor old man had any money. It isn't in the family tradition to have money, I'm afraid. And it wouldn't have occurred to me that he might think of us."

"It does seem right enough," said Bradlaw, looking up from the letter. "Did you ever see him?"

"Once—thirty years ago. Mother used to hear from him every year or so, and he wrote to me after she died. But he dropped out of her life when he went to California, and he has never been anything to me but a name."

"Poor old man!" Bradlaw echoed his wife. "He seems to have been quite alone."

"Yes. I suppose I ought to be sorry, but I can't feel real grief. How could I? He chose to be alone, it seems, and he never wrote to me, even when his wife died, though I was all the kin he had. I'm grateful, and I wish he would have let me do something for him. I hope he was happy, that's all, and didn't need me."

"I'm glad for you, my dear." Bradlaw rose and kissed her gravely. "I can't see why you need torture yourself into unnatural grief. I'm especially glad that the money has come, now that I've demonstrated my own incapacity."

"You haven't. How can you, Henry? You've only shown that, possibly, you can't do something not worth your while. I doubt whether you'd be very much good about digging ditches, either."

"It's a bitter pill, however." Bradlaw made a wry face. "You must see that it's humiliating to me. I'm not so proud that I should wish to have you starve just because I can't support you properly, but I'm not yet so meek that I like it."

"Nonsense, my dear Henry." Mrs. Bradlaw spoke sharply. "That's really too American of you. After all," she went on with a change of tone, "nobody can ever accuse you of fortune-hunting, you know."

"I tried to find my pot of gold by chasing a rainbow, of course."

"And haven't we found it?"

"Not till I stopped grubbing, at least." Bradlaw smiled at length. "Oddly enough, the rainbow's end was here at home. It merely shows, again, that I'm a wholly unpractical person. All this makes me wonder whether, after all, the sensation-mongers haven't the right of it. I have never descended to tricks of coincidence in my stories, and here we are, involved in an outrageous case of the illogical happy ending."

"They're rather comfortable—happy endings," commented Mrs. Bradlaw.

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THE WIND IN THE CORN

By E. Sutton

SUMMER silence dreaming downward with the cawing of the crow,
Where the woodlands mount in billows, where the clearings bask and glow,
And the wind, the wind that hovers all the scented hills between,
Ripples the embattled corn-fields, dashes, slashes through the green
Here and thither, yon and hither, as the long leaves slat and slither,
As the breathings fall and rise, as the shadow flows and flies,
Wind from the embattled ages that have come and gone nowhither,
A wind in the corn that cries:
"Oft of old your fathers hearkened in our rustle on the breeze
"To the song of all the future, to the fruitful centuries.
"From the soil whence we were born,
"From the land where ye were born,
"Shall a foeman reap the harvest in the sowers' spite and scorn?"
Oh, eastward out from Shasta to Monadnock and the morn
Cries the wind in the corn!

"Sprang we by the settler's cabin, with the pioneers went forth
"By the wash of Southern rivers, through the lake-land of the North.
"Axe and rifle win our pathway, at their call the wild departs,
"And we wave from furrows hallowed by the blood of warrior hearts.
"Here and thither, yon and hither, wend the fighters keen and lither,
"And the forest falls and dies, and the lurking savage flies.
"Has their hardihood departed like the wind that blows nowhither?
"The wind in the corn that cries;
"Fair and broad the fields they planted; robber hands are overseas.
"What but naked steel ensureth peace to riches like to these?
"From the soil whence we were born,
"From the land where ye were born,
"Shall a sword destroy the harvest in the sowers' spite and scorn?"
Oh, from Lusk to Opelousas and the marish lands forlorn
Cries the wind in the corn!

"We that nerved your fathers' sinews, we that nourished armèd men,
"Shall we feed unwarlike traders when assault intends again?
"Learn from us—our bannered armies marshalled in their long array—
"Naught but trained and ordered legions can abide the fateful day.
"Call them hither, call them thither, lest your manhood shrink and wither,
"Lest your storied empire dies, lest your name, your honor flies—
"Empty name and empty honor—like the wind that blows nowhither,
"The wind in the corn that cries;
"Past are ancient times and simple when each hour could face its need.
"Greatness greatly dealing gathers forces equal to the deed!
"From the soil whence we were born,
"From the land where ye were born,
"Shall the skilful sword be lacking, shall your weakness be a scorn?"
Oh, from Navesink to Napa through the great peaks rent and torn
Cries the wind in the corn!

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WAR IN THE ALPS

A COMPLETE REVIEW OF AUSTRIA'S MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLDS

By Charles Lincoln Freeston, F.R.G.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, AND A MAP

WHEN Italy joined in the great European war, and the cry of "To Vienna!" was added to that of "To Berlin!" a new factor was introduced into the campaign, of a kind which, at the outset, was probably ignored by the world at large. The ultimate collapse of the Austrian Empire it was reasonable to predict; but the new point which had to be considered was that conquest in this case was not merely a matter of military strength alone. Up to that time the geography of the war in the West had been studied simply on its linear value, and the road to Berlin suggested so many miles of ground which the Allies had to win, the obstacles to be triumphed over being millions of fighting men, with the Rhine and its fortresses in the background. For north Germany is entirely flat, and mountains were hardly taken into account, although, of course, the Vosges did occasionally figure in the official despatches.

If the invasion of Austria, however, had only been a matter of miles and the strength or weakness of its military forces, she might well have trembled at the onslaught of the Italians. But she had the Alps. Without these, in fact, she might almost have laid down her arms forthwith, but what nature had provided in the way of mountain defense was worth legions of men. Already the value of lofty strongholds had been demonstrated by the way in which even the Carpathians so long prevented the Russians from descending into Hungary; to any one, therefore, familiar with the geography of Austria it was obvious that Austria, with the much more formidable Alps at her back, might maintain the struggle for a much longer period than would have been possible if armies and men had alone to be considered.

The course which events may have followed, the heights which may have been lost and won, ere these lines appear in print, even the ablest of military experts would be unable to predict; but as one who knows Austria by road from end to end I may usefully review the country in its topographical aspects in order to make clear the gigantic nature of the task which Italy undertook, so far as land forces were concerned. Any one of the mountain passes hereafter to be mentioned may be, or may already have been, the scene of fighting fiercely sustained; any one may have been used for the passing of Austrian troops to some point of attack or defense; while some of them, perhaps, owing to their position, or the nature of the ground, may have been securely held from the start and left entirely outside the line of Italian strategy. For several years past, however, Austria has been strengthening her frontier defenses, and not always by means which are visible to the eye, while even if these defenses have been successfully overcome there remain innumerable internal obstacles to be borne down by Italian prowess ere the tale of conquest will be complete. [See map, p. 348.]

The whole of Austria, in a word, is Alpine. Hungary itself is mostly flat, as also is Bohemia; but any one who will glance at a map which is colored according to the nature of the territory will see at once that Austria proper is literally packed with mountain ranges from the western frontier to Vienna, and from extreme north to south, save for a portion of the two provinces of Trentino and Istria, which are essentially Italian in character, and the recovery of which formed the basis of Italy's *casus belli*. These Alpine ranges extend, in fact, over an area which is vastly greater than that of the Swiss Alps, and include many more practicable highroads at considerable altitudes than

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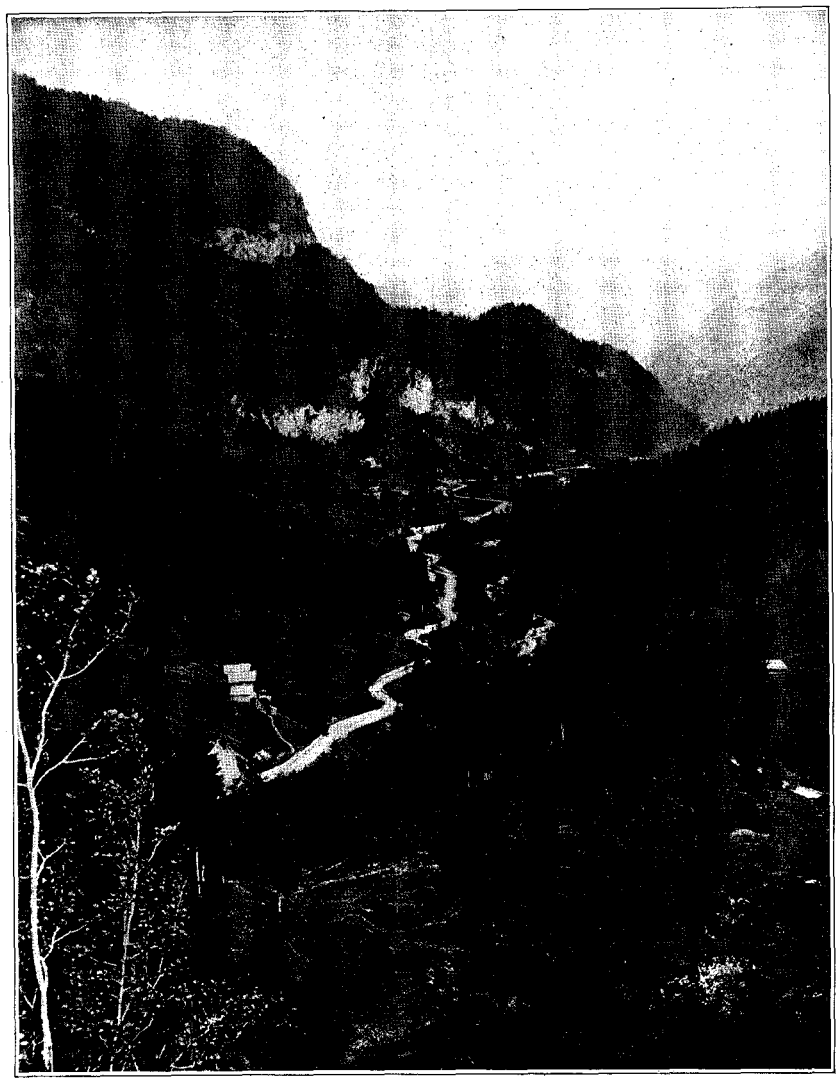

The Della Mauria road, seen from above.

have ever been built in the republic. As with any other Alpine country, there are certain depressions which are crossed by rough bridle-paths, and combats may even take place on heights that have no paths at all; but for the purposes of this article the word "pass" may be taken to indicate a route over which a road, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is actually built; for such, from the military point of view, is the first essential to progress. Napoleon I designed his great mountain highways in order that his armies of invasion might march with the least possible delay; and it may be said at once that in no country in Europe has the Napoleonic idea been carried out to the same degree as in Austria, though after an interval of over a hundred years. Not all her mountain roads, however, are of first-class quality or design; some have good surfaces, but, as to gradients, were not engineered on modern lines, while there are a number of cross-roads, particularly in the east, which can only be described as vile to a degree which imagination itself could not

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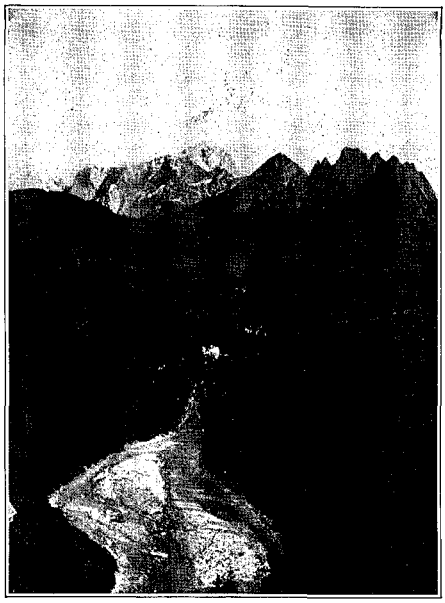
picture, and of which only actual driving could reveal the difficulties and even horrors.

There are in round numbers about fifty Alpine highways in Austria, and though, with a trifling exception, I have crossed them all, I am at a loss to know whether to discuss them according to their height, their quality, or their position; perhaps the last-named classification will on the whole be the most useful. The Italian attack, of course, began with the double object of forcing a wedge northward and simultaneously working down to Istria on the southeast and Trentino on the southwest. The first step was comparatively easy, for the fine highroad known as the Via Ampezzo, which runs in an almost straight line from the Adriatic at Venice to Toblach in the Pusterthal, is nearly all Italian soil. It was not difficult, therefore, to pass troops by this road up to the Austrian frontier,

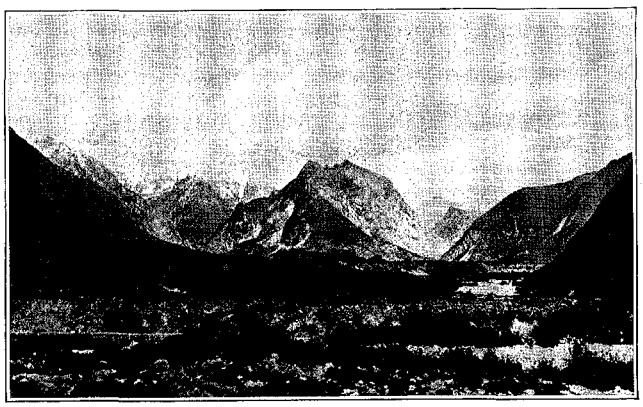


The Julian Alps near Tarvis (Predil Pass route).

A gorge of the Isonzo River (Predil Pass route).

only five miles south of Cortina, to which other forces could also be conveyed from Udine by way of the Della Mauria Pass, which is all inside the Italian border. This latter route is practically unknown to travellers, but I once crossed it when seeking a short cut to Trieste, and it impressed itself on my memory by the fine view which is afforded of the ribbon road in the valley below soon after crossing the summit from the Cortina side.

Cortina itself was soon occupied, but roughly parallel with the whole line of road from Udine stands the great barrier



In the Isonzo Valley (south side of the Predil Pass).

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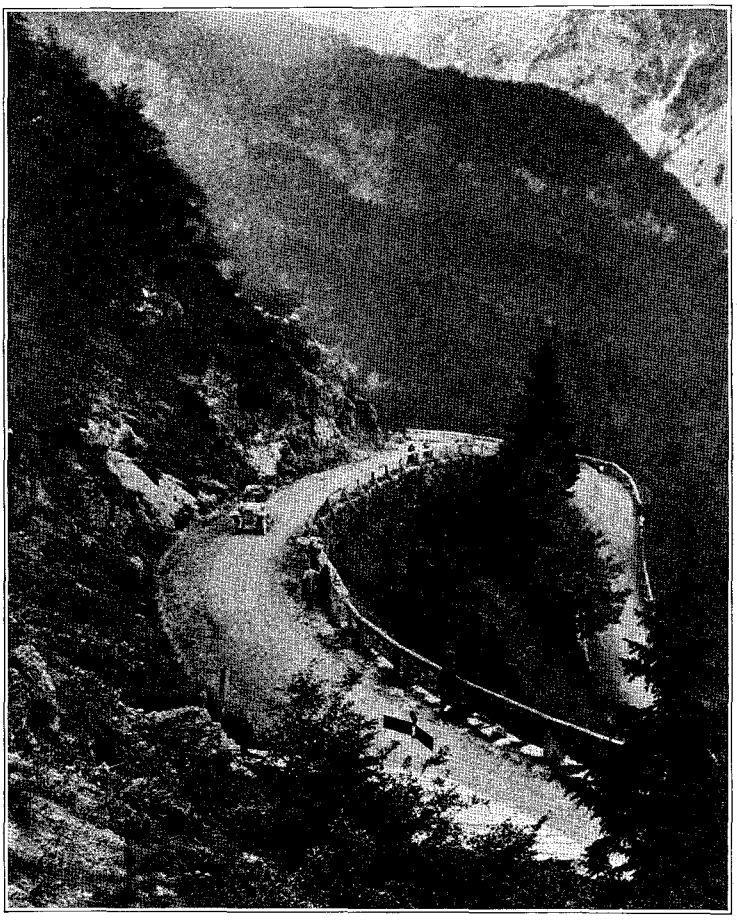
of the Carnic Alps, which are only crossed by a road through Pontebba to Tarvis, on the north side of the Predil Pass, and by the rough Monte Croce Pass (5,354 feet) to Innichen in the Pusterthal. This, however, also succumbed to Italian attacks. Farther east are the Julian Alps, over which a fine road runs alongside the Isonzo River and crosses the range by means of the Predil Pass (3,792 feet). This is a fairly easy climb, with scenery of surprising beauty considering its remoteness from more familiar Alpine territory. At the same time, it is strongly fortified. Photographing, of course, is strictly forbidden, but when I crossed this pass a couple of years ago I secured a number of views of the road alongside the Isonzo.



Near the summit of the Loibl Pass.

In Istria itself, south of Trieste, the roads are most narrow and very tortuous; but there is one pass on the way to Fiume, namely, Monte Maggiore, which is well engineered on the whole. The conquest of the district round Trieste was not only of importance in respect of wresting back a lost province, but also from the fact that it was inevitable as the first stage upon an attempt to reach Vienna by way of Klagenfurt. Besides the Predil Pass, however, which reaches this town through Villach, there is an alternative road through Laibach and thence over the Karawanken Alps. Here, however, is situated a very formidable pass in the shape of the Loibl, which, though only 4,494 feet in height, has gradients of great severity. It is

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wildly picturesque, being enclosed by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, and in one respect is entirely unique, for it is the only mountain road in Europe which is ultra-steep yet engineered in windings. A serpentine road is usually cut according to a definite mathematical scale, amounting

From a photograph, copyright by C. L. Freeston.

Cortina village and the Ampezzo road.

to no more, in the case of the modern roads of Tyrol, than a maximum gradient of 8 per cent, while the most wonderful zigzag road in the world, the Stelvio, does not exceed 10 per cent although it was built ninety odd years ago. The Loibl, on the other hand, though it has thirteen "hairpin" corners, shows a gradient of 28½ per cent at the ninth bend on the south side, while the sixth is 26½, the eighth 25½, the tenth 26½, the eleventh 24½, and the twelfth 23½ per cent. On the north side also there are several steep "hairpins," one of which is 26½ per cent. The Little Loibl Pass which immediately follows embodies a steep descent of from 19 to 15 per cent. The only way to avoid this severe journey is by making a détour through Volkermarkt over the Seebergḧhe, also known as the Seelander Sattel (3,989 feet). This is a modern road, of fine surface, with beautifully designed curves.

If the Ampezzo Pass (5,065 feet) between Cortina and Toblach were gained, there is a fine road along the Pusterthal to Lienz, and fairly level ground to Klagenfurt along the valley of the Drau, but just south of this road are several passes of greater or less difficulty. The Gailberg (3,180 feet) is easy, but the Wurzen (3,515 feet) is very steep, while the Kreuzberg (3,595 feet) is one of the worst roads in Austria. It is of a type which is peculiar to the country, so far as European roads are concerned. Roads are usually divided into good or bad according to the way in which their crust is laid and maintained, and the usual alternative, after exhausting the various degrees of quality in crust, is the soft, or "dirt," road—in other words, a road which has never been properly built at all. In Austria, however, there are several passes on by-routes over which roads

Rock tunnel on the Turracher Pass, Austria's worst Alpine road.

of a sort have been made, but as they are off the beaten track, and not expected to carry much traffic, they are surfaced entirely out of consideration for horses. So steep are the gradients that no horse-

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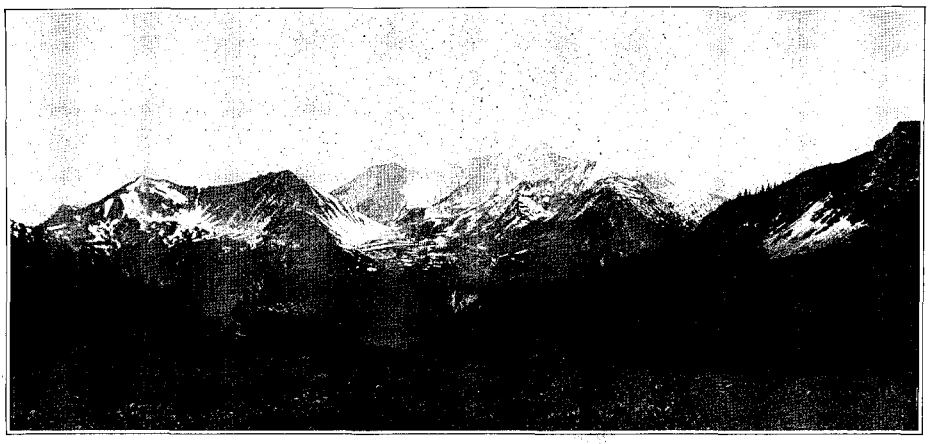
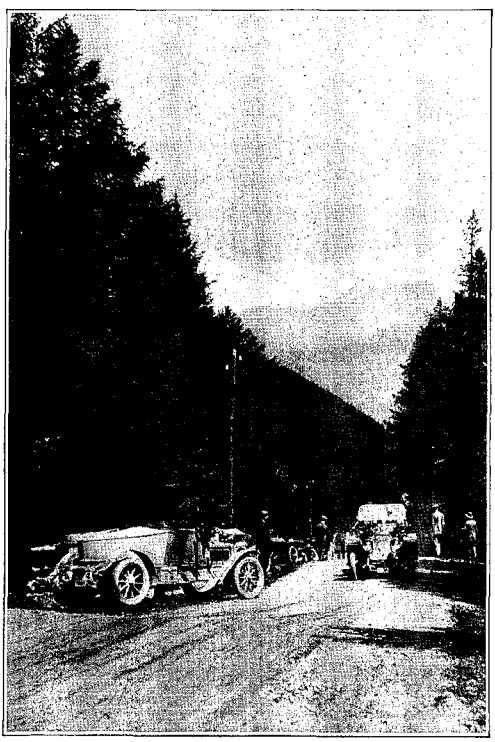


View near the summit of the Tauern Pass.

driven vehicle can make progress without frequent halts, and the special feature of passes of the type in question is that every few yards the road is intercepted by a deep gully to afford a foothold. Possibly these gullies are also intended to carry off water; but whether that be so or not the ascent and descent of a road like the Kreuzberg, and others hereafter to be mentioned, are simply purgatory to any form of vehicle other than a slow cart. On the ascent, a motor-car has to move as fast as it is possible owing to the severity of the gradients, which means, of course, that it cannot afford to slow down at the obstructions; as each gully is crossed, therefore, the passengers are bounced out of their seats and literally hang on for dear life.



The summit of the famous Katschberg.

Nor is the descent any better. However slowly one goes down, with brakes hard on as each gully is reached, it is impossible to let the car slip into the depression without every one on board receiving a terrific jar.

North of Villach is the Turracher Pass, which may safely be described as the worst road of all. It is approached by a defile so narrow that there is hardly room for a vehicle to pass between the banks, while the gradient at this point is as steep as one in three. As the road is overhung with trees it follows that in wet weather the surface is slippery, which is the last thing in the circumstances that a driver would desire. Then follows a rise to no less a height than 5,784 feet, intercepted the whole way

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with deep gullies, while the gradients are of appalling steepness. Troops may conceivably pass up and down this road, but I doubt if any commander of an artillery column would dare to tackle it.

Once Klagenfurt is reached, there is nothing difficult in the way of crossing the Carinthian Alps and proceeding by the direct road through Friesach, rising to 3,297 feet, or over the Obdacher Sattel (3,100 feet) to Leoben and Bruck, and on to Vienna. The Semmering Pass (3,215 feet) has also to be crossed, it is true, before the capital is reached, but it is a broad and easy road. An alternative road between Klagenfurt and Bruck by way of Graz also provides good going, but in the rhomboid bounded by the two routes named are several cross-routes of the most difficult kind. The road over the Stubalpe (5,090 feet) is very picturesque, but of the Kreuzberg type as regards surface. The second time I crossed this pass I took the trouble to count the transverse gullies; they totalled over 300! Almost as bad, though not so long-drawn, is a neighboring pass, the Pack (3,825 feet), while the Radl Pass, though of no great height, is also extremely rough.

Mautendorf Castle, on the Tauern Pass.

Before considering other roads by which the Italians might reach Vienna, I may deal with a highly important cross-route over which Austrian battalions may conceivably march from Salzburg to the Pusterthal, or on to Villach. Between these points stands the mighty barrier of the Unter Tauern Alps, and of Austrian main routes which are not of the secondary type the road across this range is the most difficult in the whole country. Unlike the majority of the really great passes, the Tauern (5,702 feet) and the Katschberg (5,383 feet) are ancient roads, dating, in fact, from Roman times. As a result, though they are well maintained and of good surface—especially the Tauern—they are not engineered in windings, but merely follow the natural contours of the valley; inevitably, therefore, they are very steep. The Tauern has a maximum gradient of 23 per cent, while the Katschberg is even steeper, and just before the summit is attained there is an awkward rise of 27.9 per cent. It is natural, of course, to encounter this sort of thing on a rough by-road, but, save on the Loibl, there is nothing so severe to be found on good roads of first importance. By way of comparison it may be mentioned that even the great Stelvio itself nowhere exceeds 10 per cent. And though one has gained a knowledge of these figures from repeated journeys over these roads in the ordinary touring way, they are mentioned here because they must of necessity have a military bearing where the quick transit of troops is concerned, and also in respect of the dragging of artillery, the progress of motor transports, and the movements of staff cars.

So far we have considered the approaches to Vienna from the nearest points of the Italian frontier, meanwhile assuming the capture of Trieste and the Istrian province. The obstacles, whether geographical or military, which bar the way to advances from other directions are very much more formidable. Three courses could be followed, either singly or conjointly. The first is to capture Trent, from the Venice side or from the south; the second is to work from Milan to Bozen by way of the Aprica, Tonale, and Mendel Passes, and then ascend the lower stages of the Brenner Pass and so reach the Pusterthal; while a third plan would be for

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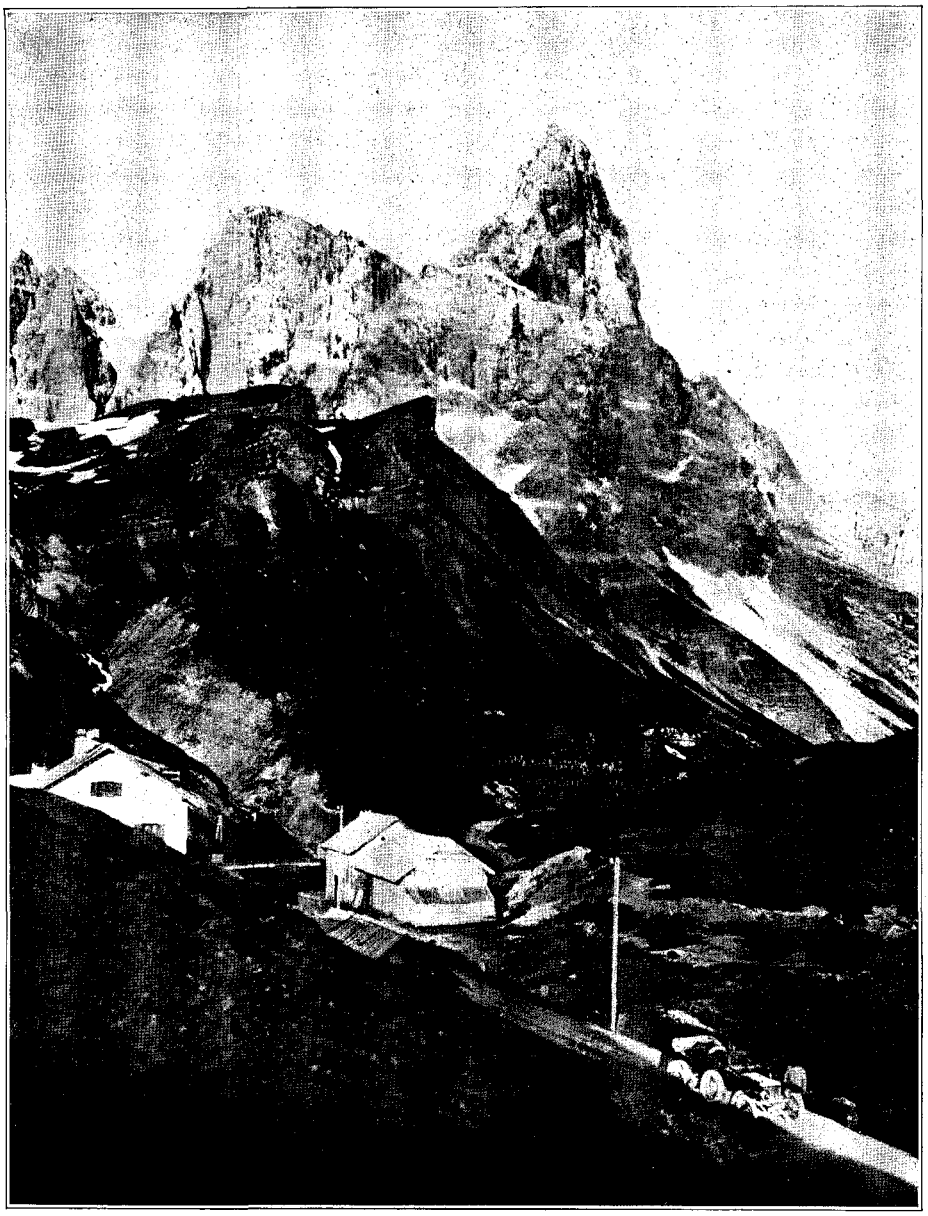

Summit of the Rolle Pass (evening).

Italy to use her own half of the Stelvio Pass, descend the Austrian side, and head for Innsbruck either by way of Meran, the Jaufen Pass, and the Brenner Pass, or cross the Reschen-Scheideck Pass to Landeck and then proceed along the valley of the Inn. Once Innsbruck were reached by either of these means, the next objective would be Salzburg, by way of the Thurn Pass or alternatively by the Strub Pass. From Salzburg there is a direct highroad to Vienna, or the other main road could be joined at Bruck through the Pass Lueg, the Mandling Pass, and the Schober Pass; or alternatively the hilly road through the Salzkammergut could be followed to Ischl,

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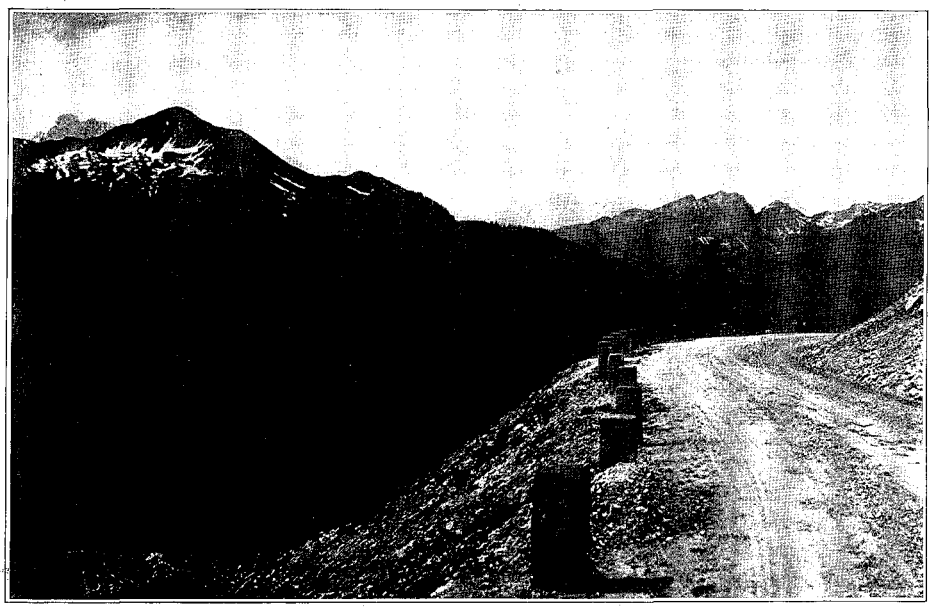

A typical corner on the Falzarego Pass.

thus linking up with the Schober by way of the Pötschen Pass.

Now, the first course is much more of a military matter than a geographical, for the only mountain road that enters into the situation is the Fugazza Pass (3,820 feet) which leads from Vicenza to Rovereto, and is mostly on the Italian side of the border. The roads, on the other hand, which lead from the large towns of Verona and Brescia are practically flat; nevertheless they are strongly fortified on the Austrian side. Mountain roads, however, are a much more important factor in the second of the three courses named. Quite early in the campaign the Italians crossed their own pass, the Aprica (3,875 feet), and invaded Austria at the summit of the Tonale Pass (6,146 feet). This is a good road on the whole and very picturesque at a point where it commands a view of the Presanella peaks; but it also has a fortress hereabouts—namely, at Strino. If I may obtrude the mention of a personal adventure I may add that I have seen the inside of the fort in question. In the year 1900, I had ascended the pass on the Italian side, and had not noticed the presence of a fort at all; but when I crossed the pass in the opposite direction in 1909 I stopped to photograph the Presanella glaciers, quite ignorant of the fact that there was a fort just round the next corner. Then I continued my journey to the summit, but was stopped at the custom-house, which is in telephonic communication with Strino, and was obliged to descend the winding road with three soldiers on board. At the fort itself I found a squad of infantry drawn up across the road with fixed bayonets pointed at the tires. A couple of officers came out, and after preliminary interrogations conducted my travelling companion and myself to a guard-room, where we were asked to develop a couple of photographs. These proved to be innocent enough, and we were allowed to resume our journey, after apologies for the detention; but as a matter of fact a sentry had told the officers that he had actually seen me photographing the fortress itself, although it lay behind my back, out of view, the whole time that I was using my camera.

Near the foot of the Tonale there is a cross-route to Trent over the somewhat difficult pass of Madonna di Campiglio (5,413 feet), and its continuation over the Buco di Vela Pass (1,640 feet), while the Mendel (4,475 feet), which leads directly to Bozen, is a good but winding road. Between Trent and Bozen the road is

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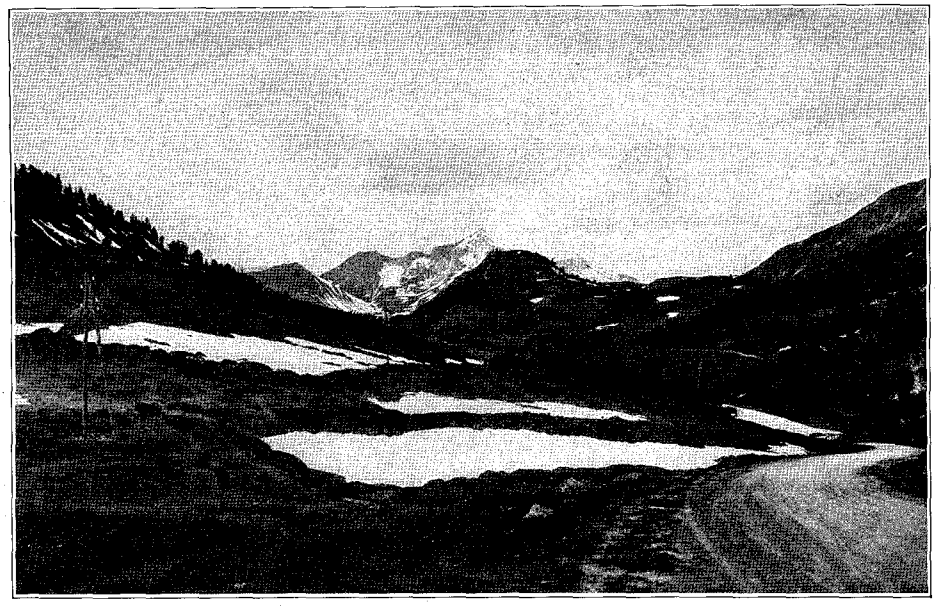

Near the summit of the Pordoi Pass.

entirely flat. Two vital considerations stand in the way of the farther advance of an invading force. The first is the fact that at the junction of the southern part of the Brenner Pass with the Pusterthal is Austria's greatest fortress, at Franzensfeste. It stands at the mouth of the Brixener Klause defile, and therefore commands not only the oldest Alpine road—the Brenner—but the Pusterthal as well.

The second consideration is the fact that the great Dolomite ranges fill up the whole territory between the Bozen-Trent road and the frontier line, and are equally formidable whether invaded from the west or from Italian territory itself on the east. A glance at the map will show how closely the series of five passes—the Broccone (5,305 feet), the Gobera (3,339 feet), the Rolle (6,424 feet), the Pordoi (7,382 feet), and the Falzarego (6,912 feet)—adjoin the frontier line. In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of June, 1913, I was privileged to describe this route, and also the new Jaufen, and need only say, therefore, that, having made three further journeys over these passes since that date, I am more than ever amazed at their high quality of surface and the degree of scientific skill which was brought to bear in their construction, while familiarity, moreover, does but emphasize their manifold beauties. Ever since they were built, however, they have been regarded by the Austrians as of immense strategic importance, both from their position and also their great height.

As for the two connecting links between Bozen and the quintet of passes just named, the Karer Pass (5,765 feet) may be described as a ravine-like road, which it would be extremely difficult to take by force, while the San Lugano (3,599 feet) is of a more open character. None of these Dolomitic roads, it may be added, had any visible fortresses up to June of last year, but it may be taken for granted that concealed fortifications have been prepared, while there are points innumerable where artillery could be posted on the heights so as to dominate long stretches of road.

As for the third course, although it starts from the western frontier, it offers this measure of advantage to the Italians, that half of the great Stelvio Pass (9,041 feet) is in Italy itself, and an attack could be made downward, which is a very different thing from scaling a great height. There are points, nevertheless, on either side where artillery could be posted to command the marvellous windings of this

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The giant Ortler from the Stelvio Pass.

world-famous road between the summit and Trafoi, while lower down, at Gomagoi, a fortress has stood for many years past, and the valley between this point and the foot of the pass is extremely narrow.

If, however, the Stelvio were conquered throughout, the road would be easy as far as Meran, while if the Jaufen Pass (6,869 feet) were next secured the Brenner road (4,458 feet) might also be expected to fall, as this route would leave Franzensfeste aside, and there would be no great obstacle in the way of reaching Innsbruck. Between Meran, however, and the foot of the Jaufen there is an old narrow road where much fighting in the Tyrolese struggle for independence of over a hundred years ago took place. The alternative route to Innsbruck from the Stelvio over the Reschen-Scheideck Pass (4,901 feet) is mostly good, but is so close to Bavaria that German troops could be brought

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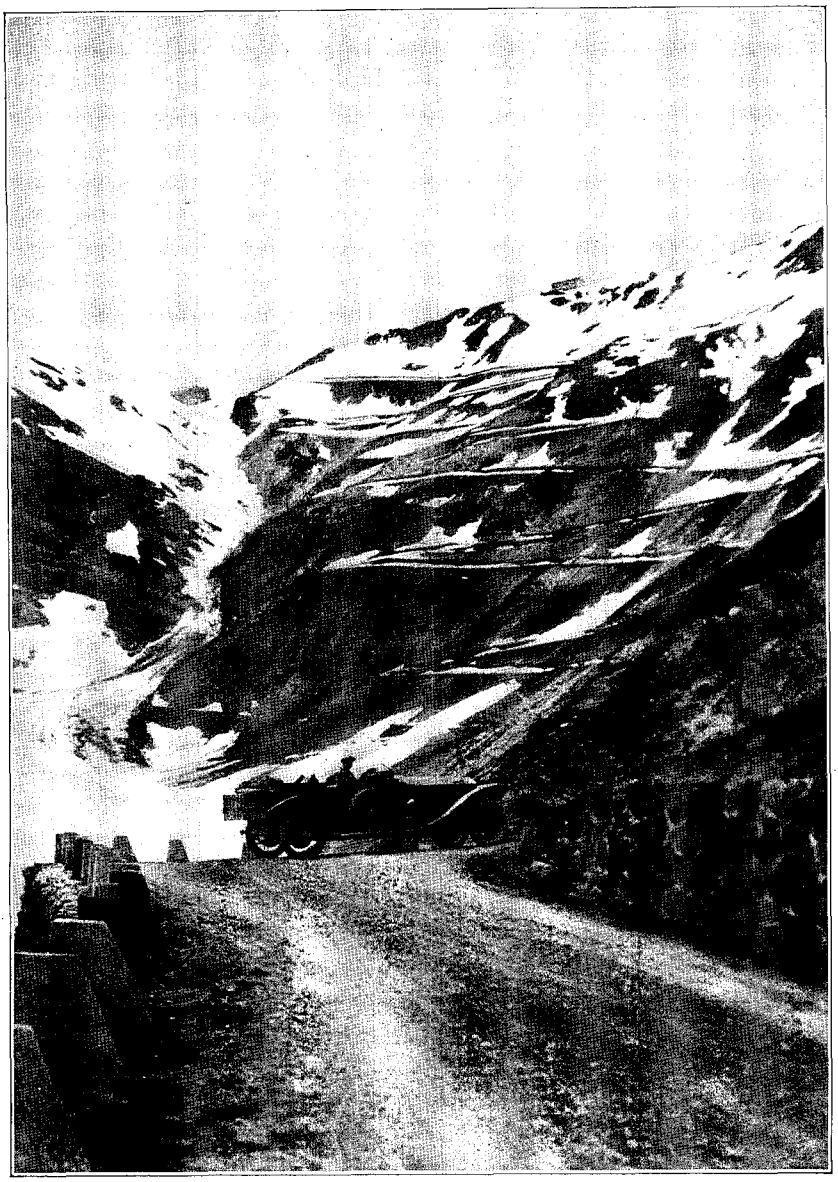

Remarkable view of the spiral stairway of the Stelvio Pass.
(Taken after a record snowfall, June, 1914.)

thither to the assistance of the Austrians over the Fern (3,969 feet), the Griesen (3,265 feet), and the Scharnitz (3,870 feet) Passes.

In order to make entirely complete this review of Austrian Alpine carriage-roads it is necessary to mention several others, for no man, as I have said, can foresee what is likely to assume prominence or not in the campaign. In the Kitzbühel Alps the Thurn Pass (4,176 feet) crosses the boundary of Tyrol and the Salzburg province, and is a fine, well-graded road. To the east of this lies the Strub Pass (2,225 feet), with memories of fighting in the war of independence, while the Lueg Pass, south of Salzburg city, is really a rocky defile, six miles long, at a low eleva-

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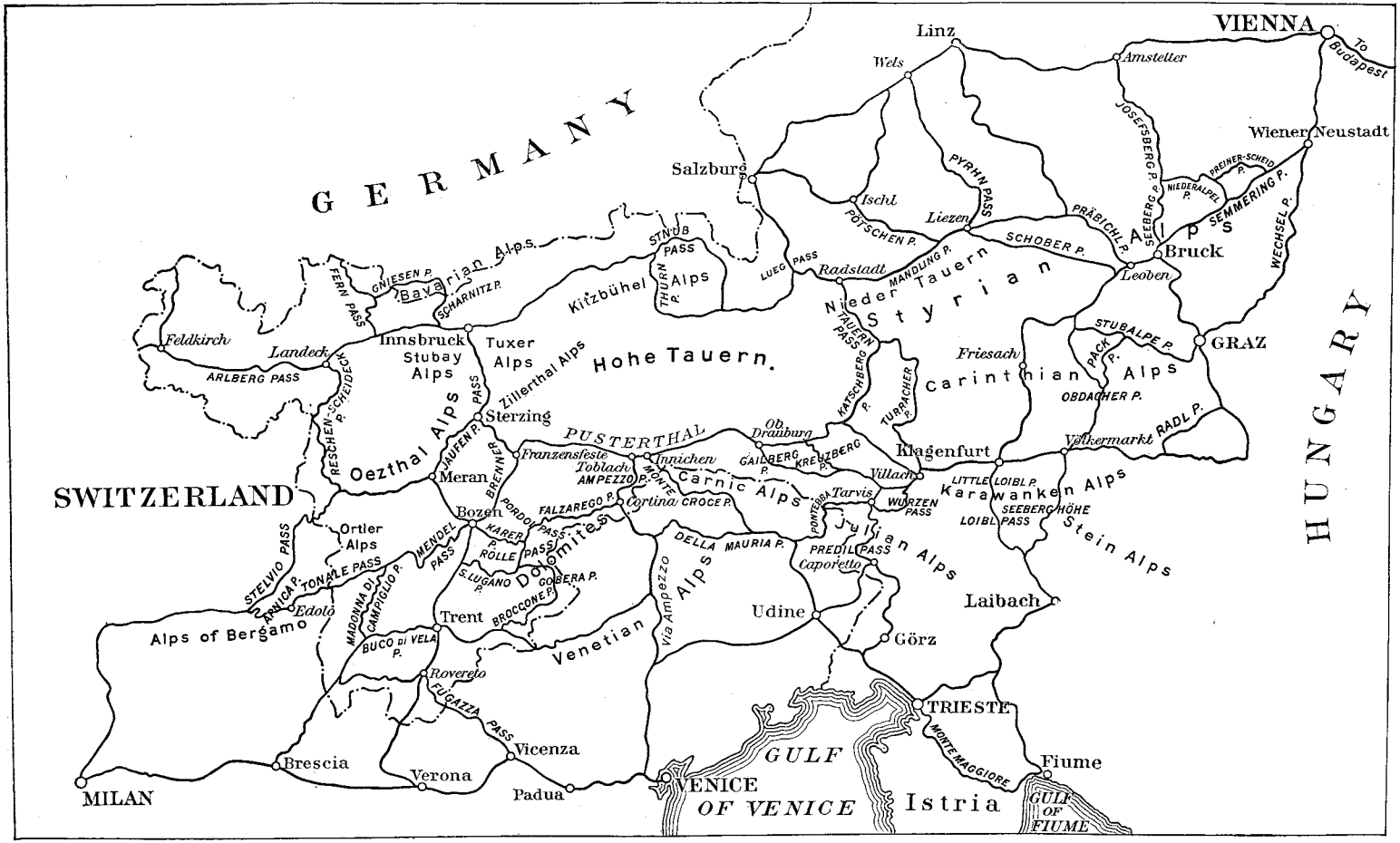

Map of Austria's mountain strongholds.

[The Alpine passes are indicated by italic capitals, thus: *GOBERA P.* The frontiers are indicated thus: — · — · —]

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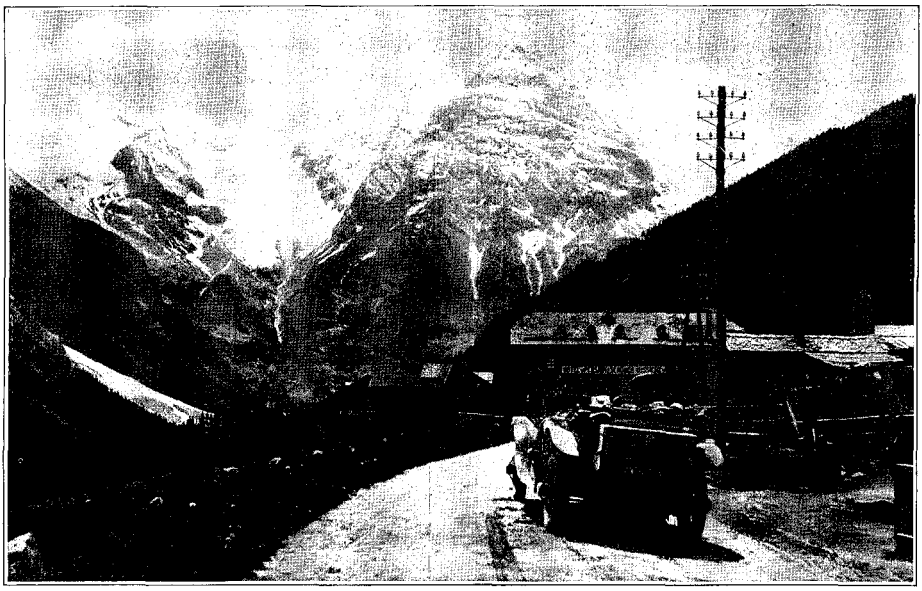

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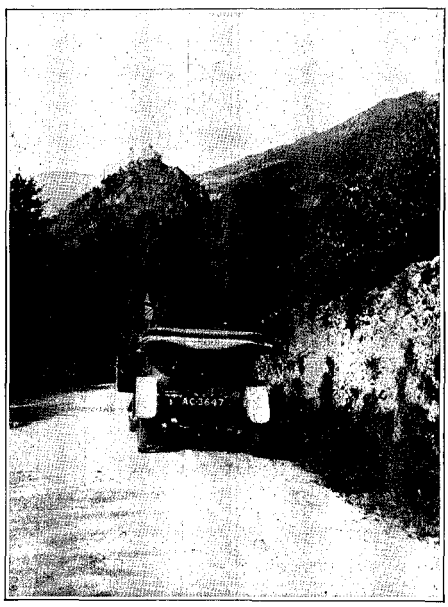
Trafoi, on the Stelvio Pass (taken June, 1914).

tion, and still another scene of earlier combats. The Pötschen Pass (3,257 feet) is a fairly steep road passing the well-known lake of Aussee and continuing to Liezen, while converging to that town from the foot of the Tauern Pass is the Mandling Pass, which is unnoticeable as such, being part and parcel of the main road. At one time, however, it was fortified. Three passes, moreover, connect the garrison towns of Wels and Linz with the main Vienna road: the Pyhrn (3,100 feet) is fairly steep; the Schober, or Walderhöhe, Pass (2,775 feet) is not difficult; but the Präblich (4,067 feet) is very steep. Several passes are to be found to the north of the Semmering road—namely, the Seeberg (4,114 feet), the Preiner-Scheid (3,510 feet), the Niederalpel (4,002 feet), and the Josefsberg. The first and third of these are very difficult roads, being intercepted with gullies and occasional abrupt ridges, but the other roads named are good. On the direct road from Wiener-Neustadt to Graz is the Wechsel Pass, a much-visited resort, though the road is bad and rather steep. The only mountain road which still remains to be mentioned is the great Arlberg Pass (5,912 feet) on the extreme northwest of Austria, but, owing to its remoteness, and the fact that it links up with Swiss and therefore neu-



On the Brenner Pass near Klausen.

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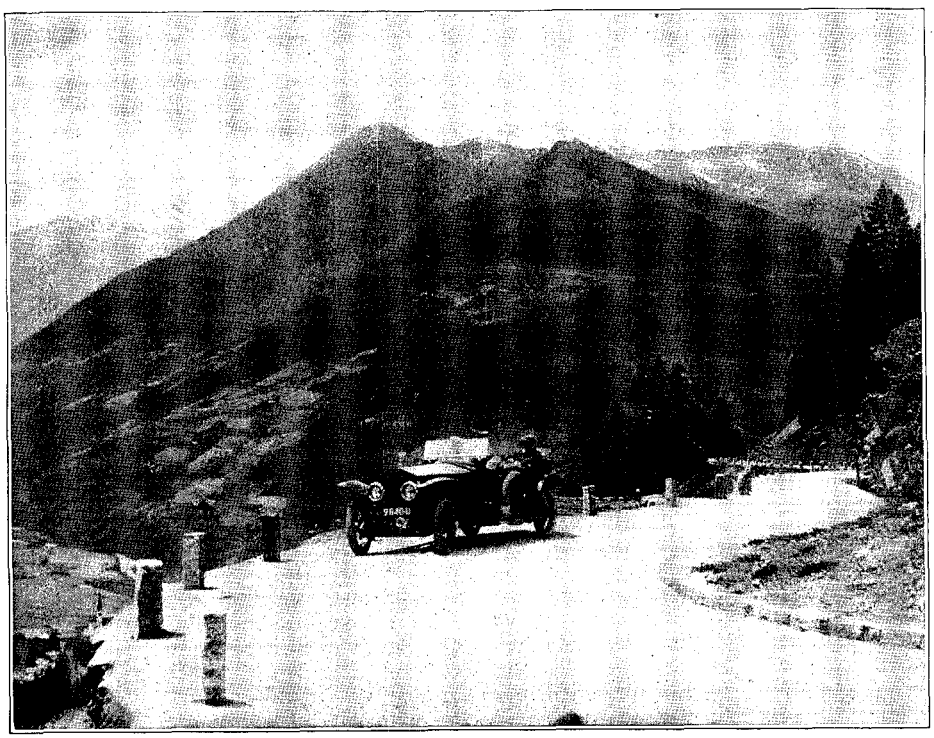
tral territory, it is hardly likely to be disturbed.

Other things besides roads, it need hardly be said, enter into a scheme of strategy, and nothing more so than the railroad in the case of more or less level country; but the cardinal factor of the region of which I have given this sweeping summary is the presence of large tracts of territory which are innocent of any railroads whatsoever, the only lines of communication being laid over mountain passes. That the military operations are therefore intensified in difficulty is only too clear, especially if it be borne in mind that sixteen of the passes named are over 5,000 feet in height, and indeed average no less than 6,086 feet.

It may be thought, perhaps, that the motor-car assumes somewhat undue prominence in the photographs reproduced herewith, but I must beg the reader to remember that it is only by the "auto" that I have gained, or any one could gain, a detailed knowledge of the fifty-two passes above named. Three years in succession, from 1912 to 1914, I made a tour embracing the whole length and breadth of Austria, as well as journeying to Budapest and Prague, and had several times visited Tyrol in previous years. When I crossed the mighty Stelvio for the fourth time, in June, 1914, the snowfall had been the heaviest on record, and clothed the heights in stupendous beauty, such as had never before been witnessed in the memory of living man. Unknown, however, to me at the time was the fact that an Austrian archduke had been assassinated the day before at Serajevo, nor did I learn the news until I had descended to the plains. And this I mention because in Milan the crime, though deplored as such, was deemed a blessing in disguise, and it was thought that a menace to the peace of Europe had been removed. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! we all know only too well how the tragedy was destined to plunge Europe knee-deep in blood.

Of this "world war" the Austro-Italian conflict is a mere phase, but in the æsthetic sense it is the most poignant of



On the Jaufen Pass, St. Leonhart side (June, 1914).

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all, and could only be paralleled in horror if Switzerland or Italy were invaded. Austria must pay the full penalty for having made itself a willing servitor of Prussian autocracy; but to the travellers of many nations who have explored the Alps from end to end the thought that one vast section is resounding to the clash of arms, and hills and valleys of transcendent beauty are being laid waste, is nothing if not an abiding grief. Germany made war against humanity, and incidentally against man's noblest monuments at Rheims and Louvain, but in the grim struggle among the Alps it is great nature itself which is being outraged.

A typical village in the Pusterthal.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MISTRESS

By Robert Bridges

Poet Laureate of Great Britain

We watched the wintry moon
  Suffer her full eclipse,
Riding at night's high noon
  Beyond the earth's ellipse.

The conquering shadow quell'd
  Her splendour in its robe:
And darkling we beheld
  A dim and lurid globe.

Yet felt thereat no dread,
  Nor waited we to see
The sullen dragon fled,
  The heav'nly Queen go free.

So if my heart of pain
  One hour o'ershadow thine,
I fear for thee no stain,
  Thou wilt come forth and shine:

And far my sorrowing shade
  Will slip to empty space
Invisible, but made
  Happier for that embrace.

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Drawn by John Frost.

"I have at least one very important thing to say to her."—Page 356.

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A QUESTION OF BIGNESS

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FROST

"IS Mr. Trowbridge awake yet?"

The division superintendent at Bolton was speaking to the porter of Trowbridge's private car, who had opened the rear door in response to the man's knock.

The porter grinned.

"No, sah, he ain't wuk up yet." He rolled his eyes. "I raickon when he does, yo all 'll heah him."

The superintendent understood. When the president of the Midland system should arise from his slumbers he would expect to find himself rolling along the shores of Lake Michigan, some two hundred odd miles from the siding on which the "Rambler" stood at this moment.

But No. 5 from the east, to which the private car had been attached, went no farther than Bolton; passengers bound westward of this point took the train only at the risk of missing connections with an express due to leave ten minutes after the scheduled arrival of No. 5. The company didn't guarantee the conjunction, but, as a matter of fact, the west-bound flyer was held up a matter of twenty minutes until the train from the east was reported forty-five minutes later out of Fort River. Then it was sent on its way, Trowbridge or no Trowbridge—who, by the way, would be obliged to wait on the Bolton siding until a through train picked up his car at 9.31 A. M.

Bolton was one of two lines of the Midland system, which radiated out from a point in Ohio to Chicago. The Bolton route was the longer and was not used by the crack limited trains, although it had plenty of traffic for all that—especially freight. The president went over it infrequently. Every one, from the loneliest switch-tender to the division superintendent, had joined to make the journey auspicious, but a freight wreck had spoiled everything.

Now the superintendent himself was at the door to make what verbal amends he could. And he was in an extremely uncertain frame of mind. Up forward they were busy in the kitchen; smoke was coming out the roof vent-pipe; the steward was arranging a table with a place for one in the library.

"He's alone then, porter?" The superintendent sighed with relief.

Before the man could reply, a hoarse, rather gruff voice came down through the car. An instant later it was followed by a tall figure with gray, grizzled head—Trowbridge. He was clad in velvet slippers and a long green dressing-gown.

"What the devil's this, Peter? Where are we?"

The superintendent stepped slightly forward.

"Mr. Trowbridge——"

The president's brows wrinkled, then his face assumed a more pleasing aspect.

"Hello, Weston—good morning. What's up?"

"No. 5 was held up by a freight wreck last night; we held No. 12 twenty minutes and then had to let her go."

Trowbridge nodded.

"That was right, Weston. Don't you suppose we could reduce our freight wrecks on this line from ten to, say, four or five a year?" There was an abstracted note in his voice, so pronounced that the superintendent felt it safe to ignore the question, and was beginning a recital of the details of the accident when a gesture interrupted him.

"Bolton—what sort of a place is it now, Weston? Pretty much alive—manufacturing—stores—?" Before the man could reply his superior went on: "I don't know whether you know it, Weston, but Bolton is my home town; I grew up here."

Weston smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Trowbridge, I guess every one in Bolton knows that; we're all mighty proud of it, too."

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Trowbridge glanced at the man a trifle sharply, but Weston's features revealed nothing but sincerity.

"Let's see," went on the great man, "it must be twenty"—he frowned thoughtfully—"Jove, it's almost thirty years since I left here. Bolton was pretty much of a village then. I've often thought of coming back and looking it over, but never had the time. I don't suppose I'd know a soul now, or they'd know me."

Weston laughed.

"They know you by reputation, all right. I should say that you and William Hardy——"

"William Hardy—Bill Hardy?" The president broke in with greater animation than he had yet shown. "Bill Hardy, eh? Well, I guess I'd know him—" Trowbridge smiled. "I fancy he'd know me. We were very good friends once upon a time."

The subordinate spoke with an undercurrent of emphasis.

"I should think you might find it worth your while, sir, to see him again."

"Yes." Trowbridge stood, absently playing with the tassels of the cord about his waist. "Bill Hardy—I don't suppose he's crossed my mind in fifteen years; yet he was a good friend of mine. What is he now, Weston? What is he doing?"

"Why, he's the president of the Bolton Savings-Bank."

"Savings-bank?" Trowbridge's voice began to show flagging interest. "Not a very important institution, is it? I don't think I ever heard of it."

"Well"—the superintendent raised his eyebrows—"I don't suppose it is big, but it's done a lot for the poor people of Bolton. You wouldn't call it a bank, exactly; that is, it does everything for people; it gets them to save, shows them what to do with their money after they've saved it. Oh, Hardy is always thinking up all sorts of ways for depositors to better themselves, to get along."

"Sort of a paternal arrangement?" smiled Trowbridge.

"I suppose you'd call it that," Weston replied. "So far as that goes, he's sort of a father to the whole city. He was the one who chiefly organized the Bolton Hospital and got it going. He got up the Working Man's Club, the biggest organization in the country, I understand. He—why, Mr. Trowbridge, when the mill workers have got a kick against their employers, or the employers are sore at the mill workers, none of them goes to the other direct; they go to William Hardy. He organized the municipal water and light company; Bolton gets its electricity and water cheaper and better than any city of the United States——"

"Good heavens!" Trowbridge raised his hands playfully. "Is he worth much money?"

Weston shook his head.

"No, he's in very moderate circumstances. He's given to the city and the people the most valuable thing he had—his time."

Trowbridge turned away.

"You can breakfast with me, Weston, can't you? My secretary was taken sick just before I left, so I'm alone. Then after, I think I'll get you to show me over the city, now I'm here. I should rather like to meet this man Hardy, as you suggest. Sit down and I'll join you when I'm dressed."

He moved to his stateroom and gave himself up to his valet, while Weston waited, sitting a bit uneasily on the edge of one of the sumptuous chairs.

Breakfast was soon finished and Trowbridge, now that his interest in the city was rekindled, was impatient to begin his visit. Scores of old associations, persons who were once a part of his life, flooded a mind long abandoned utterly to the intense struggle which had won him control of a great railroad and made him a strong figure in the financial circles of the country.

Mostly he talked of William Hardy, the man who had stayed home and yet apparently had succeeded in ways that Trowbridge could recognize if he could not appreciate. He could not quite understand, now he thought, how this old friend of his youth could have slipped so completely from his mind—that is to say, as a living personality.

"I think, Weston," he said at length, "that if you'll take me to Hardy's place, I'll let you go on and clean up the details of that wreck."

The superintendent took the dismissal as consideration to a busy man, and such

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indeed it was. He appeared to have no feeling that his chief's interest in this visit would suffer because of the change.

Hardy was in his office when the two arrived at the modest little bank building. A clerk offered to take in their names, but Trowbridge shook his head, turning at the same time to Weston.

"I am going in alone and I don't want to be announced. Thank you, Weston, for your kindness—good morning."

The railroad man walked down the aisle to the frosted door in the rear and, without knocking, opened it slightly. Then he pushed it wider, walked in, and closed the door.

A great, big figure was bending over a table in the middle of the room, either hand holding a corner of a large sheet of printed figures. Trowbridge caught an impression of a great shock of bristling gray hair, a head suited to the large body, a face beautiful in its suggestions of manly strength, vigor, and kindliness. The eyes that rose to Trowbridge were the bluest blue, snapping with health and vitality. There were lines in the big, rugged face, but they were lines which carried out in minutest detail the rugged, sympathetic, indomitable personality of the man.

The two were about the same age, fifty odd, and as they stood facing each other they represented the two important types of success which man may obtain in this life, two men whose ways had differed and whose ideals, instincts, and trends of thought, perhaps, were not akin, but who nevertheless, in the midst of it all, stood upon the common ground of stature attained. Both caught this before they spoke. Hardy was the first to move. He advanced from the table. As he drew near he paused just an instant. The eyes of both were filled with uncertainty. Then Hardy's brilliant smile leaped across his face.

"By George," he cried, "this is wonderful! Hello, Sam!"

Trowbridge threw back his head, his teeth gleaming through his grizzled mustache.

"Hello, Bill!"

It was as though the mantle of time had dropped from both of them, for the ring of their voices was the same old ring, the look in their eyes the same, and the smile. The railroad man withdrew his hand from Hardy's grasp and placed both hands upon the big shoulders.

"Bill," he said, "I'm not going to waste time trying to explain why I haven't seen you before, why I let you slip out of my life—although, come to think, you've a little to answer there yourself."

"We've both been busy men, Sam; yet I've watched your advance foot by foot."

"That's more than I can say of you," rejoined the railroad man grimly. "A fact which I begin to believe has been my loss. Well, I'm going to atone. I pull out of here about eleven, so sit down and tell me everything."

"Nonsense!" The banker closed his desk with a snap. "Now that we've got you here in Bolton, we're going to keep you for a while. We've all been looking forward to this visit for years. Come on."

There was no resisting his genial forcefulness. With Hardy's arm linked through his, he was led out the door and into the various manifestations of life as they had developed in this city. In the hours that followed, Trowbridge came to be very much inspired, not so much by his impressions of Bolton—which struck him as being nearer to Utopia than any place he had ever seen—but because of the influence, personality, and effort of William Hardy, which were everywhere and in everything reflected.

It wasn't that Hardy spoke of himself particularly in connection with these things. As a matter of fact, it was exceptional when he departed from the use of the first person plural. Yet even had not Trowbridge been equipped with the testimony of his division superintendent, it is doubtful if a man of his keen perceptions would have failed to catch the strong, if unquestioned, autobiographical note.

The great, indomitable personality of the man was the thing that impressed Trowbridge. The thing stood out everywhere they went, whatever they did, ranging from a weekly luncheon of the board of trade and inspection of various bureaus, institutions, and works of public utility, to a tour of districts that had started out to be slums but had been deflected into more impressive channels. Trowbridge had abandoned any idea of an early train.

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In fact, when he began to think of Chicago he found nothing more promising than a six-o'clock express, which he gave up in deference to Hardy's appeal to come to his house to dine.

The railroad man, as a matter of fact, was rather curious about Hardy's wife, an interest quickened by his friend's frequent allusions to her, couched always in terms of admiration, and which at times struck the guest as almost reverential.

She was from the East, and the two had met while she was on a visit here. Trowbridge particularly desired to see her, however, because of a certain decision which he had formed concerning this man. He had no doubt at all that Hardy was lost here. He was going to remedy this, not alone because of his friend, if truth be told—although this figured in some part—but more because he felt the need of just such a man in New York. Big as he was in Bolton, Trowbridge decided he would be still bigger in a greater sphere; the only point of doubt was the way in which the woman would figure there.

A man is an adaptable creature; Trowbridge was enough of a student of human nature to know that a woman is far from being as much so. So, thus doubting, he decided to withhold the good news till he had been able to see and study her.

By the time dinner had been finished he felt that he owed her an apology. She would do, there was no question about that. A woman of poise and innate refinement, a large, graceful woman whose beauty of nature was revealed in a sweet, strong, mobile face, and eyes infinite in their change of expression, she was in every way, Trowbridge decided, a perfect mate for the man who had so thoroughly taken possession of him.

As it turned out, the railroad man who had come rather in a spirit of patronage remained with no emotion of this sort, whatever else he may have felt. It was with something of pleasure, in sooth, that he found opportunity to be alone with her when, as the two men sat with their cigars, the woman smiling at them over the coffee-cups, a call came, a call for personal assistance, which Hardy felt he must answer.

"It will only be three-quarters of an hour at the most," he said, rising uncertainly. Trowbridge laughed.

"You go on and stay as long as you want, Bill. I want to talk to your wife." He puffed on his cigar, glancing significantly at the man. "I have at least one very important thing to say to her."

Mrs. Hardy laughed a trifle nervously, for she believed that certain remarks of Trowbridge's, in the course of the dinner—the hidden meaning of which her husband had missed—were illuminating as applied to what the man had just said.

He lost no time in confirming her suspicion, for no sooner had the door closed on Hardy, and the two were seated in the library, than he turned to her, speaking in his abrupt way.

"Mrs. Hardy, I am wondering how you'll like living in New York."

He watched her closely, curious as to how she would receive the implication of what was in his mind.

"New York?" she replied, not really so puzzled as she appeared.

He settled back.

"Yes. I'm going to take William out of Bolton and make a big man of him. I want him in New York—in our financial and banking department. He's too big to stay here. His place is in a larger sphere."

If he expected her face to lighten he was disappointed. Instead, she was regarding him with uneasy eyes.

"You understand, it will be the big opportunity of his life, don't you?" he added, as she did not speak.

"How long have you thought of this?" she asked at length, and her voice was a bit hard and dry.

"Well, frankly," he chuckled, "it occurred to me not fifteen minutes after I saw him, but I made my decision just now." He paused. "I rather thought you would be pleased."

She ignored this.

"Have you intimated anything to Will? Then don't," she added, as he shook his head negatively.

Trowbridge half-arose in his chair, and then sank back.

"You quite astonish me, Mrs. Hardy," he said. "It isn't possible——"

"That I don't wish you to make a big man of my husband?" she interrupted, smiling now. "Pardon me for taking the question out of your mouth, but before

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you asked it, I wanted you to have the full benefit of my point of view——"

He signified assent, and she continued.

"You see, I regard William Hardy as a big man now, bigger than most men in the things that count most, or ought to count most. That is the way I feel." She paused a moment, as though gathering breath.

"There are big things in life, yes, and to the man who can develop and handle and direct them we give honor—and justly. But there are little things, too—little things, seemingly unimportant now, that some one has to do, and do well, because in the next generation they'll be the big things. And if there were no one to do this minor service for life and humanity—" She raised her eyebrows and glanced at him keenly. "Mr. Trowbridge, as you look back, what little thing in your life was it, do you think, that gave you your first big impulse?"

The railroad man leaned back, frowning, in thought. She laughed.

"You don't have to think as hard as all that, do you?"

"No." His answer was a bit rueful. "I don't, as a matter of truth." He sat forward suddenly. "So Bill has been telling tales, eh?"

She studied his face a moment, but the smile was still in his eyes, so she smiled, too.

"No," she replied, slowly shaking her head; "Will hasn't been telling tales. I don't think I have to tell you that. As a matter of fact, I don't think he has ever spoken of you except in the way of commenting upon your progress as he read of it in the newspapers, and rejoicing in it. . . . Oh, of course," she paused, "there was an occasional reminiscence—there would be, naturally. But no tales, none."

He laughed.

"Then you were shooting into the bush to see if a rabbit would run out."

"I knew merely," she rejoined quickly, "that you and Will had been close friends up to the time you were both verging upon manhood." Her eyes gleamed proudly. "I didn't have to know more to know that you owe him something, a good deal."

"I see." He nodded. "Well, you're right, I do. Now I look back, I don't have to think hard, as you say, to realize that Bill Hardy was a pretty big influence in my life."

"That was what I meant," she interjected eagerly. "I didn't mean to recall to you any specific instance——"

"As a matter of fact," he broke in, "there was a specific instance. I'm not going to tell it," he hastened to say, "because—well, because I had managed to forget it in the past ten years. Now," he glanced at her grimly, "it is quite clear again."

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

He shrugged and made a little gesture.

"You needn't be. It won't do me a bit of harm; quite the other way, no doubt. The whole point is that, much as Bill has done here, he can do more in a bigger sphere."

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"Because I know the man."

"But you've always known the man, Mr. Trowbridge. And now, when you say he can do bigger things in a bigger field, all you mean is that you believe you can put him in a place where he'll make more money than he has made here. Money—isn't that all?"

"Money—importance—influence," he replied.

"But money first," she persisted.

"Yes, naturally."

She arose and stood facing him.

"I suppose it has occurred to you that Will is getting on in years, as we all are. I have enough faith in him to believe, given a proper time to become acquainted with the details of what you would wish him to do, that he would succeed. I know he would, just as you do. And I know, too, that if you speak to him, as you say you intend doing, that he will be flattered by your belief in him and that he will accept the opportunity you offer—not because of this, however, nor because of the prospects of greater income, but because he will see, as you see, greater influence, greater importance. But not the same sort. He will see in increased prestige greater ability to do good, he will regard prospects of larger income merely as giving him more abundant power and a wider field. But you say you know him—then you know how he would sink himself in his new work, the hours of night

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as well as of the day he would give to it——"

"I know," was the enthusiastic reply; "he is the very man I want."

"He is the man *you* want," she rejoined dryly; "he will grind away in your mill with the strength of ten men—and the ability, too. But how about the man *I* want, and that every one here who needs him—and there are hundreds such—wants? Where will he be when he stops grinding out money at the mill and thinks of employing the importance and the influence you speak of? Which, by the way," she added, "will not be the sort of importance and influence he wanted at all."

"That is a narrow view to take of it," he answered patiently.

She walked to the table and around it, and then resumed her chair before replying.

"No, it isn't narrow," she said at length. "It is *you* who are narrow. You are measuring everything in terms of gold."

"I wonder if you would be offended if I were to say you lack ambition for your husband and were holding him back?" His voice was still pleasant but there was a little ring in it.

She started as though he had delivered an unexpected blow. She waited as though expecting him to say more, but he had finished, apparently.

Then she struck back.

"Isn't it just possible that your term, 'ambition,' is more comprehensive than you think?"

He nodded.

"Possibly. Anyway, I am not going to quarrel with you over terms. The point I want you to consider is this: your husband, a man with fine mental equipment, big, clean poise—a man who makes most of the other men I know look like—thirty cents——"

"A new discovery?" She smiled mockingly.

With a wave of his hand he bore on.

"No. But that doesn't signify one way or the other. Bill Hardy is the man with ten talents—and what has he done with them? Buried them in Bolton."

Before answering, she pondered upon his words a moment, and then spoke musingly, as though to herself.

"Has he buried them? I wonder! A man's environment is his world, and it isn't the size of one's world that so matters, after all; it is what one does in it. To do good in a big, if simple, way, to have a helpful hand ever extended to any one, to every one, who needs help in whatever way; to have true friends, whose love means something; to know that each day, through books, through experience of life, that one is increasing always in knowledge; and, above all, to so live as to be at peace with one's self, and to know your life is full—it is a big ambition, Mr. Trowbridge. And the attainment of it means a fight well waged. I don't wish to be complacent, or smug—that is not it at all—but you put me on the defensive."

"Suppose all persons thought as you do?" he persisted. "The world wouldn't get very far."

"You don't mean that," she chided.

"Not precisely," he admitted. "What I mean is, that there are plenty of fellows who can do and be what you say in an humble, backwater environment, but there are few enough who can achieve these and other things in the larger and more important and more influential atmosphere. Hardy is one of these few. He's in the wrong place. I want him in the right place, that's all."

She rushed into her reply.

"No man who has lived as William Hardy has lived could by any possibility be in the wrong place. He has been too true to himself not to know where he belongs." Her face flushed and her voice was tinged with bitterness. "Who are you to say that my husband has been lost in this city of fifty thousand inhabitants, which sends out into the world each year its scores of young men, which has its problems of life and living no less acute than any great city? Who are you, who is any one, to say what is big and what is small in this world? Who will presume to anticipate the future summing up of what we, to whom this age has been intrusted, have stood for and accomplished? Isn't it possible that in the final reckoning the ideals and works of some man whom the world now ignores, or deems beneath notice, will be found to have been no less potent, no less constructive than the acts

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of statesmen, or the manipulations of captains of industry?"

The two looked at each other in silence. She had been very eloquent. Now she bore on:

"I say to you, Mr. Trowbridge, that this is the way to judge William Hardy's life, now and in the future, and I say to you, too, that, wealthy as you are, and as powerful in many ways, yet in the deep, real things, the things that count now and in eternity, the things that mean something to humanity and the things that mean something to one's inner self, William Hardy is a bigger man than you are."

He laughed, but was flushing.

"Well—thanks."

"If you don't understand what I mean," she said, a trifle sharply, "then I am sure I can have nothing more to say—except this: that before you set me down as a fanatic, an idealist, a dull, unimaginative plodder of quiet places, I want you to know that in this little city there are homes, many of them, which are the happier to-night and every night because of what he has done and said and been. There are clean lives, more honorable lives, decent, helpful, inspiring lives being lived not only in Bolton, but throughout this country, because of him. There are wealthy men in this city, men of *great* wealth, men whose power and influence extend throughout the State, but when you compare them with William Hardy, where are they? Oh," she ran on, seeing a slight smile, "you think that is wifely pride." She tossed her hands. "Well, I don't ask you to accept my words. Go out of here and ask—ask the first man, woman, or child you meet."

"I don't have to do that," he replied gently. "I know it already. That's the reason I want him."

She twisted her hands helplessly.

"Then I haven't said anything to convince you?"

He regarded her with hard, shrewd eyes.

"I don't know; let's see about that."

Something seemed to tell her what was coming, and she braced herself to meet it.

"You have been pretty closely associated with the work Bill has been doing, haven't you?"

There was no appeal in the glance she sent at him.

"Yes," she said simply.

"You have lived your lives almost as one——"

"Absolutely as one, Mr. Trowbridge."

"Yes, he told me that. You—" he hesitated a second—"let us face the cold, hard fact, Mrs. Hardy—you feel that you share everything with him, his thoughts, his work, his whole life; you feel that here in Bolton he needs you—that you are indispensable——?"

"I hope I am."

"And you feel, perhaps, you wouldn't be——"

She arose abruptly.

"You needn't say anything more, Mr. Trowbridge. I understand—understand perfectly. You think I have been speaking from selfish motives——"

He looked at her without replying.

"You think that in his new life in New York, in the press of affairs, in the distractions of business and social interests, I should lose my place in his life—at least you surmise that I have been speaking to you from a selfish view-point, with all this in mind. I don't ask you to believe that you do me an injustice; I doubt, big as you are, you are big enough for that."

"I don't say that your attitude was a conscious one, Mrs. Hardy. I don't think it was. I merely ask you, honestly, if there isn't the possibility that your position was dictated by the instinct, as it were, of self-preservation. Not," he added, "that I do not feel that you too would enjoy increased power to do your work through his larger success."

She stood before him with regal dignity.

"I am not afraid of William Hardy—so far as his relations with me are concerned—no matter where he is, or what he does. But, as I said, I don't ask you to believe this, because I know you can't. In any event, I cannot argue further. You have quite disarmed me." She glanced at him. "And you will speak to him as you said?"

His jaws squared.

"I most certainly shall," was his reply.

"Very well"—she turned to go—"I have nothing more to say. I assure you that by neither word, look, nor deed shall I do anything to interfere with his judgment upon the thing you intend to pro-

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pose to him. Will is coming now; I hear his step on the porch. I shall go to my room in a very few minutes. No one will interrupt you."

As the sound of Hardy's key fumbling in the latch came to them, the woman walked out into the hall and Trowbridge, settling down in his chair, lighted a cigar. He glanced after her as she went out. She had a magnificent carriage and figure, and despite her gray hair the vigor of youth was hers. A compelling personality, he decided, and a remarkably quick and intelligent mind. His gaze wandered about the library, so restful, so homelike, with its air of having developed with the persons who occupied it. The Trowbridge house on Fifth Avenue, as he now saw it, was a place from which to go somewhere, to Europe, to the country place in Long Island, to Tuxedo—anywhere. His wife was abroad now. He recalled that she had not written him in three weeks, nor he her. Well—a real wife, one of the old-fashioned sort, such as Hardy had, such as his mother had been, was a rare thing these days. His thoughts would have wandered on further, but Hardy's big, fresh personality was filling the apartment.

"Well, Sam," he spoke in his joyous, laughing voice, "that was a shame to leave you this way—after all these years. But, by George, it was all in a good cause. Well, how have you been getting on? Do you know, Sam, I always hoped you two would meet sometime."

"Yes?" Trowbridge laughed. "Oh, we've been getting on famously—I think we talked every minute, didn't we, Mrs. Hardy?"

She didn't reply.

"Will," she said, after a brief silence, "I am going to leave you to chat with Mr. Trowbridge. You must have a lot to say——"

"Nothing that I don't want you to hear," interpellated her husband.

"Oh, certainly," she smiled. "I know that. But I'm rather tired and I have some correspondence—if you don't mind——?"

"Tired!" He was at her side. "That's a new one from you—you're not sick?"

She laughed at him.

"No, you old goose, certainly not." She rumpled his shock of hair playfully, nodded slightly to Trowbridge, and left the room.

"A wonderful woman, Sam," said Hardy, advancing to a chair and picking up a cigar. "I wish you could get to know her better."

Trowbridge smiled a trifle grimly.

"I think I've got to know her pretty well," he said. He took out his watch. "Bill, we've got a lot to say—and my car is picked up at eleven o'clock."

Hardy stretched himself in his chair and smiled across the table at his old chum.

When Mary Hardy reached her room at the head of the stairs, she didn't go to her desk as she intended. Instead, she threw herself upon a divan in the window alcove, staring vacantly toward the half-opened door leading to the hall through which came the sound of the men's voices. She had not meant to leave the door ajar, but somehow she had been unable to close it. Now she lay with that indistinct murmur drifting from below, straining her ears tensely to catch some drift of what was being said. It was torture. It seemed to her that she would scream if the suspense continued. She arose and stole quietly to the head of the stairs, catching clearly now the quick, staccato tone of Trowbridge's voice and the bluff, full-lunged replies of her husband.

She had a right to listen; their happiness, their very lives were at stake—yet something in her conscience made her shut the words out of her ears, made her turn and flee guiltily to her room. She closed the door tightly and began pacing the apartment with a measured step, thinking. Was Samuel Trowbridge right? He was a keen man, a man undoubtedly of marvellous powers of perception. Had he read her better than she had read herself? Had selfishness dominated her attitude in the interview down-stairs with this man? If this were so, she was willing now to know it. For it was her husband's future that was in the scales and she would sooner die than know that she had decided the balance with false weight.

Her thoughts went back over all the years, years out of which William Hardy's great, vital, compelling personality arose and swept over her in a strong resurgent tide. Yet withal she could see, could feel

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the part she had played. He was an enthusiastic man, unthinking in his ardor when fully enlisted. She had helped him here because she had been able to temper his zeal, giving him at important times that clearness of vision so necessary to his success in great undertakings. This was the truth; it would be unjust to herself to blink it. And there had been little, sharp corners in his character, a few, that had needed smoothing and rounding—necessarily so in his life and in the life of every man of his sort who has been obliged to make himself in the midst of a stormy, hard-fighting, give-and-take youth. From her, therefore, had come some, at least, of the softening, refining influence that, yes, that made him all that he was to-day. Some good woman, perhaps, has done the same for every good and worthy man. Some other woman might have done it for William Hardy—perhaps. She felt she had a right to this reservation. At all events, she had been the woman in this case.

And through all she had stood shoulder to shoulder with him. Well—admitted; yet all this did not dispose of Trowbridge's charge, rather gave countenance to it, in fact. She could see that. And she did love it all—the life they had laid out between them—the knowledge that like him she was living in utter fulness, justifying her being in the eyes of God and the world and herself.

Ah, it was bitter to think of giving it all up! Yet again, that was selfish, selfish if there was truth in what Trowbridge had said about her husband's larger life and larger usefulness. And who was she, after all, to say that there was not truth in it? There might well be. Well, as a matter of fact, was there not truth? The hidden voice rang this question in her ears persistently. Knowing William Hardy as she did, wasn't that man down-stairs right? Hadn't the time come for her to stand aside?—the time that sooner or later comes into the lives of all? Possibly, probably. All right; she could be brave. There would be no word from her—not a syllable.

She groaned aloud and, throwing herself down upon the couch, buried her burning face in her hands.

The passage of time meant nothing to her, and it seemed but a few minutes when she caught her husband's voice calling to her.

"Mary! Sam is going."

There seemed no unusual note in his voice. She dabbed hastily at her hair and hurried down. Trowbridge was in the hall, watching her gravely as she descended the stairs. And she fancied she caught a mocking light in his cold gray eyes.

"If you don't mind, Mary, I'm going to ride to the station with Sam. The cab will bring me back directly."

"Why, of course, you must go." She put out her hand, facing the railroad man with brave eyes.

"Good night, Mr. Trowbridge."

He smiled slightly.

"Can't it be 'Sam'?" he asked. "It sounds queer to have Bill Hardy's wife mistering me. And then, you know," he added, "I expect we shall see more of each other in the future than in the past."

Her breath caught, but she smiled.

"Good night, Sam," she said.

They were gone. As the door closed, a great sob escaped her, and she stood in the hallway, staring vacantly without tangible thought.

She was still there when her husband returned. He caught her in his arms and spun her around, peering playfully at the side of her face.

"Have your ears been burning, girl?" he asked. "When I came in a while ago I fancied Sam and I were to talk of old times. Well," he laughed, "we did. But most of the time we talked of you——"

"Of me——!"

"Yes, of you, Mary. You must have made quite an impression. He asked me endless questions about your—I suppose I should say *our* work. He—by George!—he even went into our life and our affairs. Talk about Bob Steelton as a cross-examiner! Well"—he led her into the library and threw himself into a chair—"do you know, Mary, that between us we discovered that my life here in Bolton had been pretty nearly as much you as me? I mean outside the home——"

"William!"

"It's true. By George, it's true!" He shook his head doggedly.

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She smiled, standing erect and rigid.

"I am glad you think so, William——"

"And Sam Trowbridge," he supplemented, "saw it, too."

She looked at him curiously. Was he paving the way for what he had to say? It was precisely the tactful way in which he would approach it. But she wanted no evasion.

"William"—she eyed him sternly—"what I want you to tell me is what Sam Trowbridge said to you about yourself; I want every detail."

Hardy frowned.

"Well, the fact is," he said thoughtfully, "I don't recall anything very specific, except, of course, he was very flattering, handsomely so—" He hesitated.

"Will, what else? Go on," she said sharply.

"The fact is, Mary, he—he wants us to spend next month with him at his country house in Long Island—and—and, do you know, I've got an idea, sort of a fancy, that you don't like him and won't go."

She came close to him.

"Is that all—every single thing?"

"Everything." He regarded her curiously. "Certainly, my dear girl. Why?"

Her arms were around him now.

"Nothing, honey; only I was startled when you said I didn't like him. Why, Will, I just love Samuel Trowbridge."

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXXIII

PEREMPTORILY ordered by the doctor to the sea, but with instructions to avoid for the present all excitement, sunlight, and color, Derek and his grandmother repaired to a spot well known to be gray, and Nedda went home to Hampstead. This was the last week in July. A fortnight spent in the perfect vacuity of an English watering-place restored the boy wonderfully. No one could be better trusted than Frances Freeland to preserve him from looking on the dark side of anything, more specially when that thing was already not quite nice. Their conversation was therefore free from allusion to the laborers, the strike, or Bob Tryst. And Derek thought the more. The approaching trial was hardly ever out of his mind. Bathing, he would think of it; sitting on the gray jetty looking over the gray sea, he would think of it. Up the gray cobbled streets and away on the headlands, he would think of it. And, so as not to have to think of it, he would try to walk himself to a standstill. Unfortunately the head will continue working when the legs are at rest. And when he sat opposite to her at meal-times, Frances Freeland would gaze piercingly at his forehead and muse: 'The dear boy looks much better, but he's getting a little line between his brows—it *is* such a pity!' It worried her, too, that the face he was putting on their little holiday together was not quite as full as she could have wished—though the last thing in the world she could tolerate were really fat cheeks, those signs of all that her stoicism abhorred, those truly unforgivable marks of the loss of 'form.' He struck her as dreadfully silent, too, and she would rack her brains for subjects that would interest him, often saying to herself: 'If only I were clever!' It was natural he should think of dear Nedda, but surely it was not that which gave him the little line. He must be brooding about those other things. He ought not to be melancholy like this and let anything prevent the sea from doing him good. The habit—hard-learned by the old, and especially the old of her particular sex—of not wishing for

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the moon, or at all events of not letting others know that you are wishing for it, had long enabled Frances Freeland to talk cheerfully on the most indifferent subjects whether or no her heart were aching. One's heart often did ache, of course, but it simply didn't do to let it interfere, making things uncomfortable for others. And once she said to him: "You know, darling, I think it would be so nice for you to take a little interest in politics. They're very absorbing when you once get into them. I find my paper most enthralling. And it really has very good principles."

"If politics did anything for those who most need things done, Granny—but I can't see that they do."

She thought a little, then, firming her lips, said:

"I don't think that's quite just, darling, there are a great many politicians who are very much looked up to—all the bishops, for instance, and others whom nobody could suspect of self-seeking."

"I didn't mean that politicians were self-seeking, Granny; I meant that they're comfortable people, and the things that interest them are those that interest comfortable people. What have they done for the laborers, for instance?"

"Oh, but, darling! they're going to do a great deal. In my paper they're continually saying that."

"Do you believe it?"

"I'm sure they wouldn't say so if they weren't. There's quite a new plan, and it sounds most sensible. And so I don't think, darling, that if I were you I should make myself unhappy about all that kind of thing. They must know best. They're all so much older than you. And you're getting quite a little line between your eyes."

Derek smiled.

"All right, Granny; I shall have a big one soon."

Frances Freeland smiled, too, but shook her head.

"Yes; and that's why I really think you ought to take interest in politics."

"I'd rather take interest in you, Granny. You're very jolly to look at."

Frances Freeland raised her brows.

"I? My dear, I'm a perfect fright nowadays."

Thus pushing away what her stoicism and perpetual aspiration to an impossibly good face would not suffer her to admit, she added:

"Where would you like to drive this afternoon?"

For they took drives in a small victoria, Frances Freeland holding her sunshade to protect him from the sun whenever it made the mistake of being out.

On August the fourth he insisted that he was well and must go back home. And, though to bring her attendance on him to an end was a grief, she humbly admitted that he must be wanting younger company, and, after one wistful attempt, made no further bones. The following day they travelled.

On getting home he found that the police had been to see little Biddy Tryst, who was to be called as a witness. Tod would take her over on the morning of the trial. Derek did not wait for this, but on the day before the assizes repacked his bag and went off to the Royal Charles Hostel at Worcester. He slept not at all that night, and next morning was early at the court, for Tryst's case would be the first. Anxiously he sat watching all the queer and formal happenings that mark the initiation of the higher justice—the assemblage of the gentlemen in wigs; the sifting, shifting, settling of clerks, and ushers, solicitors, and the public; the busy indifference, the cheerful professionalism of it all. He saw little Mr. Pogram come in, more square and rubbery than ever, and engage in conclave with one of the bewigged. The smiles, shrugs, even the sharp expressions on that barrister's face; the way he stood, twisting round, one hand wrapped in his gown, one foot on the bench behind; it was all as if he had done it hundreds of times before and cared not the snap of one of his thin, yellow fingers. Then there was a sudden hush; the judge came in, bowed, and took his seat. And that, too, seemed so professional. Haunted by the thought of him to whom this was almost life and death, the boy was incapable of seeing how natural it was that they should not all feel as he did.

The case was called and Tryst brought in. Derek had once more to undergo the torture of those tragic eyes fixed on him. Round that heavy figure, that mournful, half-brutal, and half-yearning face,

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the pleadings, the questions, the answers buzzed, bringing out facts with damning clearness, yet leaving the real story of that early morning as hidden as if the court and all were but gibbering figures of air. The real story of Tryst, heavy and distraught, rising and turning out from habit into the early haze on the fields, where his daily work had lain, of Tryst brooding, with the slow, the wrathful incoherence that centuries of silence in those lonely fields had passed into the blood of his forebears and himself. Brooding, in the dangerous disproportion that enforced continence brings to certain natures, loading the brain with violence till the storm bursts and there leap out the lurid, dark insanities of crime. Brooding, while in the air flies chased each other, insects crawled together in the grass, and the first principle of nature worked everywhere its sane fulfilment. They might talk and take evidence as they would, be shrewd and sharp with all the petty sharpness of the Law; but the secret springs would still lie undisclosed, too natural and true to bear the light of day. The probings and eloquence of justice would never paint the picture of that moment of maniacal relief, when, with jaw hanging loose, eyes bulging in exultation of revenge, he had struck those matches with his hairy hands and let them flare in the straw, till the little red flames ran and licked, rustled and licked, and there was nothing to do but watch them lick and burn. Nor of that sudden wildness of dumb fear that rushed into the heart of the crouching creature, changing the madness of his face to palsy. Nor of the recoil from the burning stack; those moments empty with terror. Nor of how terror, through habit of inarticulate, emotionless existence, gave place again to brute stolidity. And so, heavily back across the dewy fields, under the larks' songs, the cooings of pigeons, the hum of wings, and all the unconscious rhythm of ageless Nature. No! The probings of Justice could never reach the truth. And even Justice quailed at its own probings when the mother-child was passed up from Tod's side into the witness-box and the big laborer was seen to look at her and she at him. She seemed to have grown taller; her pensive little face and beautifully fluffed-out corn-brown hair had an eerie beauty, perched up there in the arid witness-box, as of some small figure from the brush of Botticelli.

"Your name, my dear?"

"Biddy Tryst."

"How old?"

"Ten next month, please."

"Do you remember going to live at Mr. Freeland's cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you remember the first night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you sleep, Biddy?"

"Please, sir, we slept in a big room with a screen. Billy and Susie and me; and father behind the screen."

"And where was the room?"

"Down-stairs, sir."

"Now, Biddy, what time did you wake up the first morning?"

"When father got up."

"Was that early or late?"

"Very early."

"Would you know the time?"

"No, sir."

"But it was very early; how did you know that?"

"It was a long time before we had any breakfast."

"And what time did you have breakfast?"

"Half past six by the kitchen clock."

"Was it light when you woke up?"

"Yes, sir."

"When father got up, did he dress or did he go to bed again?"

"He hadn't never undressed, sir."

"Then did he stay with you or did he go out?"

"Out, sir."

"And how long was it before he came back?"

"When I was puttin' on Billy's boots."

"What had you done in between?"

"Helped Susie and dressed Billy."

"And how long does that take you generally?"

"Half an hour, sir."

"I see. What did father look like when he came in, Biddy?"

The mother-child paused. For the first time it seemed to dawn on her that there was something dangerous in these questions. She twisted her small hands before her and gazed at her father.

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The judge said gently:

"Well, my child?"

"Like he does now, sir."

"Thank you, Biddy."

That was all; the mother-child was suffered to step down and take her place again by Tod. And in the silence rose the short and rubbery report of little Mr. Pogram blowing his nose. No evidence given that morning was so conclusive, actual, terrible as that unconscious: "Like he does now, sir." That was why even Justice quailed a little at its own probings.

From this moment the boy knew that Tryst's fate was sealed. What did all those words matter, those professional patterings one way and the other; the professional jeers: 'My friend has told you this' and 'My friend will tell you that.' The professional steering of the impartial judge, seated there above them all; the cold, calculated rhapsodies about the heinousness of arson; the cold and calculated attack on the characters of the stone-breaker witness and the tramp witness; the cold and calculated patter of the appeal not to condemn a father on the evidence of his little child; the cold and calculated outburst on the right of every man to be assumed innocent except on overwhelming evidence such as did not here exist. The cold and calculated balancing of pro and con; and those minutes of cold calculation veiled from the eyes of the court. Even the verdict: 'Guilty'; even the judgment: 'Three years' penal servitude.' All nothing, all superfluity to the boy supporting the tragic gaze of Tryst's eyes and making up his mind to a desperate resort.

"Three years' penal servitude!" The big laborer paid no more attention to those words than to any others spoken during that hour's settlement of his fate. True, he received them standing, as is the custom, fronting the image of Justice, from whose lips they came. But by no single gesture did he let any one see the dumb depths of his soul. If life had taught him nothing else, it had taught him never to express himself. Mute as any bullock led into the slaughtering-house, with something of a bullock's dulled and helpless fear in his eyes, he passed down and away between his jailers. And at once the professional noises rose, and the professional rhapsodists, hunching their gowns, swept that little lot of papers into their pink tape, and, turning to their neighbors, smiled, and talked, and jerked their eyebrows.

XXXIV

THE nest on the Spaniard's Road had not been able to contain Sheila long. There are certain natures, such as that of Felix, to whom the claims and exercise of authority are abhorrent, who refuse to exercise it themselves and rage when they see it exercised over others, but who somehow never come into actual conflict with it. There are other natures, such as Sheila's, who do not mind in the least exercising authority themselves, but who oppose it vigorously when they feel it coming near themselves or some others. Of such is the kingdom of militancy. Her experience with the police had sunk deep into her soul. They had not, as a fact, treated her at all badly, which did not prevent her feeling as if they had outraged in her the dignity of woman. She arrived, therefore, in Hampstead seeing red even where red was not. And since, undoubtedly, much real red was to be seen, there was little other color in the world or in her cheeks those days. Long disagreements with Alan, to whom she was still a magnet but whose Stanley-like nature stood firm against the blandishments of her revolting tongue, drove her more and more toward a decision the seeds of which had, perhaps, been planted during her former stay among the breezy airs of Hampstead.

Felix, coming one day into his wife's study—for the house knew not the word drawing-room—found Flora, with eyebrows lifted up and smiling lips, listening to Sheila proclaiming the doctrine that it was impossible not to live 'on one's own.' Nothing else—Felix learned—was compatible with dignity, or even with peace of mind. She had, therefore, taken a back room high up in a back street, in which she was going to live perfectly well on ten shillings a week; and, having thirty-two pounds saved up, she would be all right for a year, after which she would be able to earn her living. The principle she purposed to keep before her eyes was that

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of committing herself to nothing which would seriously interfere with her work in life. Somehow, it was impossible to look at this girl, with her glowing cheeks and her glowing eyes, and her hair frizzy from ardor, and to distrust her utterances. Yes! She would arrive, if not where she wanted, at all events somewhere; which, after all, was the great thing. And in fact she did arrive the very next day in the back room high up in the back street, and neither Tod's cottage nor the house on the Spaniard's Road saw more than flying gleams of her.

Another by-product, this, of that little starting episode, the notice given to Tryst! Strange how in life one little incident, one little piece of living stress, can attract and gather round it the feelings, thoughts, actions of people whose lives run far and wide away therefrom. But episodes are thus potent only when charged with a significance that comes from the clash of the deepest instincts.

During the six weeks which had elapsed between his return home from Joyfields and the assizes, Felix had much leisure to reflect that if Lady Malloring had not caused Tryst to be warned that he could not marry his deceased wife's sister and continue to stay on the estate—the lives of Felix himself, his daughter, mother, brother, brother's wife, their son and daughter, and in less degree of his other brothers, would have been free of a preoccupation little short of ludicrous in proportion to the face value of the cause. But he had leisure, too, to reflect that in reality the issue involved in that tiny episode concerned human existence to its depths—for, what was it but the simple, all-important question of human freedom? The simple, all-important issue of how far men and women should try to rule the lives of others instead of trying only to rule their own, and how far those others should allow their lives to be so ruled? This it was which gave that episode its power of attracting and affecting the thoughts, feelings, actions of so many people otherwise remote. And though Felix was paternal enough to say to himself nearly all the time, 'I can't let Nedda get further into this mess!' he was philosopher enough to tell himself, in the unfatherly balance of his hours, that the mess was caused by the fight best of all worth fighting—of democracy against autocracy, of a man's right to do as he likes with his life if he harms not others; of 'the Land' against the fetterers of 'the Land.' And he was artist enough to see how from that little starting episode the whole business had sprung—given, of course, the entrance of the wilful force called love. But a father, especially when he has been thoroughly alarmed, gives the artist and philosopher in him short shrift.

Nedda came home soon after Sheila went, and to the eyes of Felix she came back too old and thoughtful altogether. How different a girl from the Nedda who had so wanted 'to know everything' that first night of May! What was she brooding over, what planning, in that dark, round, pretty head? At what resolve were those clear eyes so swiftly raised to look? What was going on within, when her breast heaved so, without seeming cause, and the color rushed up in her cheeks at a word, as though she had been so far away that the effort of recall was alone enough to set all her veins throbbing. And yet Felix could devise no means of attack on her infatuation. For a man cannot cultivate the habit of never interfering and then suddenly throw it over; least of all when the person to be interfered with is his pet and only daughter.

Flora, not of course in the swim of those happenings at Joyfields, could not be got to take the matter very seriously. In fact—beyond what concerned Felix himself and poetry—the matter that she did take seriously had yet to be discovered. Hers was one of those semi-detached natures particularly found in Hampstead. When exhorted to help tackle the question, she could only suggest that Felix should take them all abroad when he had finished 'The Last of the Laborers.' A tour, for instance, in Norway and Sweden, where none of them had ever been, and perhaps down through Finland into Russia.

Feeling like one who squirts on a burning haystack with a garden syringe, Felix propounded this scheme to his little daughter. She received it with a start, a silence, a sort of quivering all over, as of an animal who scents danger. She wanted to know when, and being told—'not before the

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middle of August,' relapsed into her preoccupation as if nothing had been said. Felix noted on the hall table one afternoon a letter in her handwriting, addressed to a Worcester newspaper, and remarked thereafter that she began to receive this journal daily, obviously with a view to reports of the coming assizes. Once he tried to break through into her confidence. It was August Bank Holiday, and they had gone out onto the heath together to see the people wonderfully assembled. Coming back across the burnt-up grass, strewn with paper bags, banana peel, and the cores of apples, he hooked his hand into her arm.

"What is to be done with a child that goes about all day thinking and thinking and not telling anybody what she is thinking?"

She smiled round at him and answered:

"I know, Dad. She *is* a pig, isn't she?"

This comparison with an animal of proverbial stubbornness was not encouraging. Then his hand was squeezed to her side and he heard her murmur:

"I wonder if all daughters are such beasts!"

He understood well that she had meant: 'There is only one thing I want—one thing I mean to have—one thing in the world for me now!'

And he said soberly:

"We can't expect anything else."

"Oh, Daddy!" she answered, but nothing more.

Only four days later she came to his study with a letter, and a face so flushed and troubled that he dropped his pen and got up in alarm.

"Read this, Dad! It's impossible! It's not true! It's terrible! Oh! What am I to do?"

The letter ran thus, in a straight, boyish handwriting:

"Royal Charles Hostel,
Worcester, Aug. 7th.

"My Nedda,

"I have just seen Bob tried. They have given him three years' penal. It was awful to sit there and watch him. He can never stand it. It was awful to watch him looking at *me*. It's no good. I'm going to give myself up. I must do it. I've got everything ready; they'll have to believe me and squash his sentence. You see, but for me it would never have been done. It's a matter of honour. I can't let him suffer any more. This isn't impulse. I've been meaning to do it for some time, if they found him guilty. So in a way, it's an immense relief. I'd like to have seen you first, but it would only distress you, and I might not have been able to go through with it after. Nedda, darling, if you still love me when I get out, we'll go to New Zealand, away from this country where they bully poor creatures like Bob. Be brave! I'll write to-morrow, if they let me.

"Your

"Derek."

The first sensation in Felix on reading this effusion was poignant recollection of the little lawyer's look after Derek had made the scene at Tryst's committal and of his words: 'Nothing in it, is there?' His second thought: 'Is this the cutting of the knot that I've been looking for?' His third, which swept all else away: 'My poor little darling! What business has that boy to hurt her again like this!'

He heard her say:

"Tryst told me himself he did it, Dad! He told me when I went to see him in the prison. Honour doesn't demand what isn't true! Oh, Dad, help me!"

Felix was slow in getting free from the cross currents of reflection. "He wrote this last night," he said dismally. "He may have done it already. We must go and see John."

Nedda clasped her hands. "Ah! Yes!"

And Felix had not the heart to add what he was thinking: 'Not that I see what good he can do!' But, though sober reason told him this, it was astonishingly comforting to be going to some one who could be relied on to see the facts of the situation without any of that 'flimflam' with which imagination is accustomed to surround them. "And we'll send Derek a wire for what it's worth."

They went at once to the post-office, Felix composing this message on the way: 'Utterly mistaken chivalry you have no right await our arrival Felix Freeland.' He handed it to her to read, and passed it under the brass railing to the clerk, not without the feeling of shame due from one

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who uses the word chivalry in a post-office.

On the way to the tube station he held her arm tightly, but whether to impart courage or receive it he could not have said, so strung-up in spirit did he feel her. With few words exchanged they reached Whitehall. Marking their card 'Urgent,' they were received within ten minutes.

John was standing in a high, white room, smelling a little of papers and tobacco, and garnished solely by five green chairs, a table, and a bureau with an immense number of pigeonholes, whereat he had obviously been seated. Quick to observe what concerned his little daughter, Felix noted how her greeting trembled up at her uncle and how a sort of warmth thawed for the moment the regularity of his brother's face. When they had taken two of the five green chairs and John was back at his bureau, Felix handed over the letter. John read it and looked at Nedda. Then taking a pipe out of his pocket, which he had evidently filled before they came in, he lighted it and reread the letter. Then, looking very straight at Nedda, he said:

"Nothing in it? Honour bright, my dear!"

"No, Uncle John, nothing. Only that he fancies his talk about injustice put it into Tryst's head."

John nodded; the girl's face was evidence enough for him.

"Any proof?"

"Tryst himself told me in the prison that he did it. He said it came on him suddenly, when he saw the straw."

A pause followed before John said:

"Good! You and I and your father will go down and see the police."

Nedda lifted her hands and said breathlessly:

"But, Uncle! Dad! Have I the right? He says—honour. Won't it be betraying him?"

Felix could not answer, but with relief he heard John say:

"It's not honorable to cheat the law."

"No; but he trusted me or he wouldn't have written."

John answered slowly:

"I think your duty's plain, my dear. The question for the police will be whether or not to take notice of this false confession. For us to keep the knowledge that it's false from them, under the circumstances, is clearly not right. Besides being, to my mind, foolish."

For Felix to watch this mortal conflict going on in the soul of his daughter—that soul which used to seem, perhaps even now seemed, part of himself; to know that she so desperately wanted help for her decision, and to be unable to give it, unable even to trust himself to be honest—this was hard for Felix. There she sat, staring before her; and only her tight-clasped hands, the little movements of her lips and throat, showed the struggle going on in her.

"I couldn't, without seeing him; I *must* see him first, Uncle!"

John got up and went over to the window; he, too, had been affected by her face.

"You realize," he said, "that you risk everything by that. If he's given himself up, and they've believed him, he's not the sort to let it fall through. You cut off your chance if he won't let you tell. Better for your father and me to see him first, anyway." And Felix heard a mutter that sounded like: 'Confound him!'

Nedda rose. "Can we go at once, then, Uncle?"

With a solemnity that touched Felix, John put a hand on each side of her face, raised it, and kissed her on the forehead.

"All right!" he said. "Let's be off!"

A silent trio sought Paddington in a taxi-cab, digesting this desperate climax of an affair that sprang from origins so small.

In Felix, contemplating his daughter's face, there was profound compassion, but also that family dismay, that perturbation of self-esteem, which public scandal forces on kinsmen, even the most philosophic. He felt exasperation against Derek, against Kirsteen, almost even against Tod, for having acquiesced passively in the revolutionary bringing-up which had brought on such a disaster. War against injustice; sympathy with suffering; chivalry! Yes! But not quite to the point whence they recoiled on his daughter, his family, himself! The situation was impossible! He was fast resolving that, whether or no they saved Derek from this quixotry, the boy should

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not have Nedda. And already his eyes found difficulty in meeting hers.

They secured a compartment to themselves and, having settled down in corners, began mechanically unfolding evening journals. For after all, whatever happens, one must read the papers! Without that, life would indeed be insupportable! Felix had bought Mr. Cuthcott's, but, though he turned and turned the sheets, they seemed to have no sense till these words caught his eyes: "Convict's tragic death! Yesterday afternoon at Worcester, while being conveyed from the assize court back to prison, a man named Tryst, sentenced to three years' penal servitude for arson, suddenly attacked the warders in charge of him and escaped. He ran down the street, hotly pursued, and, darting out into the traffic, threw himself under a motor-car going at some speed. The car struck him on the head, and the unfortunate man was killed on the spot. No reason whatever can be assigned for this desperate act. He is known, however, to have suffered from epilepsy, and it is thought an attack may have been coming on him at the time."

When Felix had read these words he remained absolutely still, holding that buff-colored paper before his face, trying to decide what he must do now. What was the significance—exactly the significance of this? Now that Tryst was dead, Derek's quixotic action had no meaning. But had he already 'confessed'? It seemed from this account that the suicide was directly after the trial; even before the boy's letter to Nedda had been written. He must surely have heard of it since and given up his mad idea! He leaned over, touched John on the knee, and handed him the paper. John read the paragraph, handed it back; and the two brothers stared fixedly at each other. Then Felix made the faintest movement of his head toward his daughter, and John nodded. Crossing to Nedda, Felix hooked his arm in hers and said:

"Just look at this, my child."

Nedda read, started to her feet, sank back, and cried out:

"Poor, poor man! Oh, Dad! Poor man!"

Felix felt ashamed. Though Tryst's death meant so much relief to her, she felt first this rush of compassion; he himself, to whom it meant so much less relief, had felt only that relief.

"He said he couldn't stand it; he told me that. But I never thought— Oh! Poor man!" And, burying her face against his arm, she gave way.

Petrified, and conscious that John at the far end of the carriage was breathing rather hard, Felix could only stroke her arm till at last she whispered:

"There's nobody now for Derek to save. Oh, if you'd seen that poor man in prison, Dad!"

And the only words of comfort Felix could find were:

"My child, there are thousands and thousands of poor prisoners and captives!"

In a truce to agitation they spent the rest of that three hours' journey, while the train rattled and rumbled through the quiet, happy-looking land.

XXXV

It was tea-time when they reached Worcester, and at once went up to the Royal Charles Hostel. A pretty young woman in the office there informed them that the young gentleman had paid his bill and gone out about ten o'clock; he had left his luggage. She had not seen him come in. His room was up that little staircase at the end of the passage. There was another entrance that he might have come in at. The 'Boots' would take them.

Past the hall stuffed with furniture and decorated with the stags' heads and battle-prints common to English county-town hotels, they followed the 'Boots' up five red-carpeted steps, down a dingy green corridor, to a door at the very end. There was no answer to their knock. The dark little room, with striped walls, and more battle-prints, looked out on a side street and smelled dusty. On a shiny leather sofa an old valise, strapped-up ready for departure, was reposing with Felix's telegram, unopened, deposited thereon. Writing on his card, "Have come down with Nedda. F. F.," and laying it on the telegram, in case Derek should come in by the side entrance, Felix and Nedda rejoined John in the hall.

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To wait in anxiety is perhaps the hardest thing in life; tea, tobacco, and hot baths perhaps the only anodynes. These, except the baths, they took. Without knowing what had happened, neither John nor Felix liked to make inquiry at the police station, nor did they care to try and glean knowledge from the hotel people by questions that might lead to gossip. They could but kick their heels till it became reasonably certain that Derek was not coming back. The enforced waiting increased Felix's exasperation. Everything Derek did seemed designed to cause Nedda pain. To watch her sitting there, trying resolutely to mask her anxiety, became intolerable. At last he got up and said to John:

"I think we'd better go round there," and, John nodding, he added: "Wait here, my child. One of us'll come back at once and tell you anything we hear."

She gave them a grateful look and the two brothers went out. They had not gone twenty yards when they met Derek striding along, pale, wild, unhappy-looking. When Felix touched him on the arm, he started and stared blankly at his uncle.

"We've seen about Tryst," Felix said: "You've not done anything?"

Derek shook his head.

"Good! John, tell Nedda that, and stay with her a bit. I want to talk to Derek. We'll go in the other way." He put his hand under the boy's arm and turned him down into the side street. When they reached the gloomy little bedroom Felix pointed to the telegram.

"From me. I suppose the news of his death stopped you?"

"Yes." Derek opened the telegram, dropped it, and sat down beside his valise on the shiny sofa. He looked positively haggard.

Taking his stand against the chest of drawers, Felix said quietly:

"I'm going to have it out with you, Derek. Do you understand what all this means to Nedda? Do you realize how utterly unhappy you're making her? I don't suppose you're happy yourself——"

The boy's whole figure writhed.

"Happy! When you've killed some one you don't think much of happiness—your own or any one's!"

Startled in his turn, Felix said sharply: "Don't talk like that. It's monomania."

Derek laughed. "Bob Tryst's dead—through me! I can't get out of that."

Gazing at the boy's tortured face, Felix grasped the gruesome fact that this idea amounted to obsession.

"Derek," he said, "you've dwelt on this till you see it out of all proportion. If we took to ourselves the remote consequences of all our words we should none of us survive a week. You're overdone. You'll see it differently to-morrow."

Derek got up to pace the room.

"I swear I would have saved him. I tried to do it when they committed him at Transham." He looked wildly at Felix. "Didn't I? You were there; you heard!"

"Yes, yes; I heard."

"They wouldn't let me then. I thought they mightn't find him guilty here—so I let it go on. And now he's dead. You don't know how I feel!"

His throat was working, and Felix said with real compassion:

"My dear boy! Your sense of honour is too extravagant altogether. A grown man like poor Tryst knew perfectly what he was doing."

"No. He was like a dog—he did what he thought was expected of him. I never meant him to burn those ricks."

"Exactly! No one can blame you for a few wild words. He might have been the boy and you the man by the way you take it! Come!"

Derek sat down again on the shiny sofa and buried his head in his hands.

"I can't get away from him. He's been with me all day. I see him all the time."

That the boy was really haunted was only too apparent. How to attack this mania? If one could make him feel something else! And Felix said:

"Look here, Derek! Before you've any right to Nedda you've got to find ballast. That's a matter of honour, if you like."

Derek flung up his head as if to ward off a blow. Seeing that he had riveted him, Felix pressed on, with some sternness:

"A man can't serve two passions. You must give up this championing the weak

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and lighting flames you can't control. See what it leads to! You've got to grow and become a man. Until then I don't trust my daughter to you."

The boy's lips quivered; a flush darkened his face, ebbed, and left him paler than ever.

Felix felt as if he had hit that face. Still, anything was better than to leave him under this gruesome obsession! Then, to his consternation, Derek stood up and said:

"If I go and see his body at the prison, perhaps he'll leave me alone a little!"

Catching at that, as he would have caught at anything, Felix said:

"Good! Yes! Go and see the poor fellow; we'll come, too."

And he went out to find Nedda.

By the time they reached the street Derek had already started, and they could see him going along in front. Felix racked his brains to decide whether he ought to prepare her for the state the boy was in. Twice he screwed himself up to take the plunge, but her face—puzzled, as though wondering at the boy's neglect of her—stopped him. Better say nothing!

Just as they reached the prison she put her hand on his arm:

"Look, Dad!"

And Felix read on the corner of the prison lane those words: 'Love's Walk'!

Derek was waiting at the door. After some difficulty they were admitted and taken down the corridor where the prisoner on his knees had stared up at Nedda, past the courtyard where those others had been pacing out their living hieroglyphic, up steps to the hospital. Here, in a whitewashed room on a narrow bed, the body of the big laborer lay, wrapped in a sheet.

"We bury him Friday, poor chap! Fine big man, too!" And at the warder's words a shudder passed through Felix. The frozen tranquillity of that body!

As the carved beauty of great buildings, so is the graven beauty of death, the unimaginable wonder of the abandoned thing lying so quiet, marvelling at its resemblance to what once lived! How strange this thing, still stamped by all that it had felt, wanted, loved, and hated, by all its dumb, hard, commonplace existence! This thing with the calm, pathetic look of one who asks of his own fled spirit: Why have you abandoned me?

Death! What more wonderful than a dead body—that still perfect work of life, for which life has no longer use! What more mysterious than this sight of what still is, yet is not!

Below the linen swathing the struck temples, those eyes were closed through which such yearning had looked forth. From that face, where the hair had grown faster than if it had been alive, death's majesty had planed away the aspect of brutality, removed the yearning, covering all with wistful acquiescence. Was his departed soul coherent? Where was it? Did it hover in this room, visible still to the boy? Did it stand there beside what was left of Tryst the laborer, that humblest of all creatures who dared to make revolt—serf, descendant of serfs, who, since the beginning, have hewn wood, drawn water, and done the will of others? Or was it winged, and calling in space to the souls of the oppressed?

This body would go back to the earth that it had tended, the wild grass would grow over it, the seasons spend wind and rain forever above it. But that which had held this together—the inarticulate, lowly spirit, hardly asking itself why things should be, faithful as a dog to those who were kind to it, obeying the dumb instinct of a violence that in his betters would be called 'high spirit,' where—Felix wondered—where was it?

And what were they thinking—Nedda and that haunted boy—so motionless? Nothing showed on their faces, nothing but a sort of living concentration, as if they were trying desperately to pierce through and see whatever it was that held this thing before them in such awful stillness. Their first glimpse of death; their first perception of that terrible remoteness of the dead! No wonder they seemed to be conjured out of the power of thought and feeling!

Nedda was first to turn away. Walking back by her side, Felix was surprised by her composure. The reality of death had not been to her half so harrowing as the news of it. She said softly:

"I'm glad to have seen him like that; now I shall think of him—at peace; not as he was that other time."

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Derek rejoined them, and they went in silence back to the hotel. But at the door she said:

"Come with me to the cathedral, Derek; I can't go in yet!"

To Felix's dismay the boy nodded, and they turned to go. Should he stop them? Should he go with them? What should a father do? And, with a heavy sigh, he did nothing but retire into the hotel.

XXXVI

It was calm, with a dark-blue sky, and a golden moon, and the lighted street full of people out for airing. The great cathedral, cutting the heavens with its massive towers, was shut. No means of getting in; and while they stood there looking up the thought came into Nedda's mind: Would they refuse to bury poor Tryst because he had killed himself? Would they refuse to bury that unhappy one? Surely, the more unhappy and desperate he was, the kinder they ought to be to him!

They turned away down into a little lane where an old, white, timbered cottage presided ghostly at the corner. Some church magnate had his garden back there; and it was quiet, along the waving line of a high wall, behind which grew sycamores spreading close-bunched branches, whose shadows, in the light of the corner lamps, lay thick along the ground this glamourous August night. A chafer buzzed by, a small black cat played with its tail on some steps in a recess. Nobody passed.

The girl's heart was beating fast. Derek's face was so strange and strained. And he had not yet said one word to her. All sorts of fears and fancies beset her till she was trembling all over.

"What is it?" she said at last. "You haven't—you haven't stopped loving me, Derek?"

"No one could stop loving you."

"What is it, then? Are you thinking of poor Tryst?"

With a catch in his throat and a sort of choked laugh he answered:

"Yes."

"But it's all over. He's at peace."

"Peace!" Then, in a queer, dead voice, he added: "I'm sorry, Nedda. It's beastly for you. But I can't help it."

What couldn't he help? Why did he keep her suffering like this—not telling her? What was this something that seemed so terribly between them? She walked on silently at his side, conscious of the rustling of the sycamores, of the moonlit angle of the church magnate's house, of the silence in the lane, and the gliding of their own shadows along the wall. What was this in his face, his thoughts, that she could not reach! And she cried out:

"Tell me! Oh, tell me, Derek! I can go through anything with you!"

"I can't get rid of him, that's all. I thought he'd go when I'd seen him there. But it's no good!"

Terror got hold of her then. She peered at his face—very white and haggard. There seemed no blood in it. They were going down-hill now, along the blank wall of a factory; there was the river in front, with the moonlight on it and boats drawn up along the bank. From a chimney a scroll of black smoke was flung out across the sky, and a lighted bridge glowed above the water. They turned away from that, passing below the dark pile of the cathedral. Here couples still lingered on benches along the river-bank, happy in the warm night, under the August moon! And on and on they walked in that strange, miserable silence, past all those benches and couples, out on the river-path by the fields, where the scent of haystacks, and the freshness from the early stubbles and the grasses webbed with dew, overpowered the faint reek of the river mud. And still on and on in the moonlight that haunted through the willows. At their footsteps the water-rats scuttled down into the water with tiny splashes; a dog barked somewhere a long way off; a train whistled; a frog croaked. From the stubbles and second crops of sun-baked clover puffs of warm air kept stealing up into the chillier air beneath the willows. Such moonlit nights never seem to sleep. And there was a kind of triumph in the night's smile, as though it knew that it ruled the river and the fields, ruled with its gleams the silent trees that had given up all rustling. Suddenly Derek said:

"He's walking with us! Look! Over there!"

And for a second there did seem to Nedda a dim, gray shape moving square

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and dogged, parallel with them at the stubble edges. Gasping out:

"Oh, no; don't frighten me! I can't bear it to-night!" she hid her face against his shoulder like a child. He put his arm round her and she pressed her face deep into his coat. This ghost of Bob Tryst holding him away from her! This enemy! This uncanny presence! She pressed closer, closer, and put her face up to his. It was wonderfully lonely, silent, whispering, with the moongleams slipping through the willow boughs into the shadow where they stood. And from his arms warmth stole through her! Closer and closer she pressed, not quite knowing what she did, not quite knowing anything but that she wanted him never to let her go; wanted his lips on hers, so that she might feel his spirit pass, away from what was haunting it, into hers, never to escape. But his lips did not come to hers. They stayed drawn back, trembling, hungry-looking, just above her lips. And she whispered:

"Kiss me!"

She felt him shudder in her arms, saw his eyes darken, his lips quiver and quiver, as if he wanted them to, but they would not. What was it? Oh, what was it? Wasn't he going to kiss her—not to kiss her? And while in that unnatural pause they stood, their heads bent back among the moongleams and those willow shadows, there passed through Nedda such strange trouble as she had never known. Not kiss her! Not kiss her! Why didn't he? When in her blood and in the night all round, in the feel of his arms, the sight of his hungry lips, was something unknown, wonderful, terrifying, sweet! And she wailed out:

"I want you—I don't care—I want you!" She felt him sway, reel, and clutch her as if he were going to fall, and all other feeling vanished in the instinct of the nurse she had already been to him. He was ill again! Yes, he was ill! And she said:

"Derek—don't! It's all right. Let's walk on quietly!"

She got his arm tightly in hers and drew him along toward home. By the jerking of that arm, the taut look on his face, she could feel that he did not know from step to step whether he could stay upright. But she herself was steady and calm enough, bent on keeping emotion away, and somehow getting him back along the river-path, abandoned now to the moon and the bright, still spaces of the night and the slow-moving, whitened water. Why had she not felt from the first that he was overwrought and only fit for bed?

Thus, very slowly, they made their way up by the factory again into the lane by the church magnate's garden, under the branches of the sycamores, past the same white-faced old house at the corner, to the high street where some few people were still abroad.

At the front door of the hotel stood Felix, looking at his watch, disconsolate as an old hen. To her great relief he went in quickly when he saw them coming. She could not bear the thought of talk and explanation. The one thing was to get Derek to bed. All the time he had gone along with that taut face; and now, when he sat down on the shiny sofa in the little bedroom, he shivered so violently that his teeth chattered. She rang for a hot bottle and brandy and hot water. When he had drunk he certainly shivered less, professed himself all right, and would not let her stay. She dared not ask, but it did seem as if the physical collapse had driven away, for the time at all events, that ghostly visitor, and, touching his forehead with her lips—very motherly—so that he looked up and smiled at her—she said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I'll come back after a bit and tuck you up," and went out.

Felix was waiting in the hall, at a little table on which stood a bowl of bread and milk. He took the cover off it for her without a word. And while she supped he kept glancing at her, trying to make up his mind to words. But her face was sealed. And all he said was:

"Your uncle's gone to Becket for the night. I've got you a room next mine, and a tooth-brush, and some sort of comb. I hope you'll be able to manage, my child."

Nedda left him at the door of his room and went into her own. After waiting there ten minutes she stole out again. It was all quiet, and she went resolutely back down the stairs. She did not care who saw her or what they thought. Probably they took her for Derek's sister; but even if they didn't she would not have cared.

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It was past eleven, the light nearly out, and the hall in the condition of such places that await a morning's renovation. His corridor, too, was quite dark. She opened the door without sound and listened, till his voice said softly:

"All right, little angel; I'm not asleep."

And by a glimmer of moonlight, through curtains designed to keep out nothing, she stole up to the bed. She could just see his face, and eyes looking up at her with a sort of adoration. She put her hand on his forehead and whispered: "Are you comfy?"

He murmured back: "Yes, quite comfy."

Kneeling down, she laid her face beside his on the pillow. She could not help doing that; it made everything seem holy, cuddley, warm. His lips touched her nose. Her eyes, for just that instant, looked up into his, that were very dark and soft; then she got up.

"Would you like me to stay till you're asleep?"

"Yes; forever. But I shouldn't exactly sleep. Would you?"

In the darkness Nedda vehemently shook her head. Sleep! No! She would not sleep!

"Good night, then!"

"Good night, little dark angel!"

"Good night!" With that last whisper she slipped back to the door and noiselessly away.

XXXVII

It was long before she closed her eyes, spending the hours in fancy where still less she would have slept. But when she did drop off she dreamed that he and she were alone upon a star, where all the trees were white, the water, grass, birds, everything, white, and they were walking arm in arm, among white flowers. And just as she had stooped to pick one—it was no flower, but—Tryst's white-banded face! She woke with a little cry.

She was dressed by eight and went at once to Derek's room. There was no answer to her knock, and in a flutter of fear she opened the door. He had gone—packed, and gone. She ran back to the hall. There was a note for her in the office, and she took it out of sight to read. It said:

"He came back this morning. I'm going home by the first train. He seems to want me to do something.

"Derek."

Came back! That thing—that gray thing that she, too, had seemed to see for a moment in the fields beside the river! And he was suffering again as he had suffered yesterday! It was awful. She waited miserably till her father came down. To find that he, too, knew of this trouble was some relief. He made no objection when she begged that they should follow on to Joyfields. Directly after breakfast they set out. Once on her way to Derek again, she did not feel so frightened. But in the train she sat very still, gazing at her lap, and only once glanced up from under those long lashes.

"Can you understand it, Dad?"

Felix, not much happier than she, answered:

"The man had something queer about him. Besides Derek's been in, don't forget that. But it's too bad for you, Nedda. I don't like it; I don't like it."

"I can't be parted from him, Dad. That's impossible."

Felix was silenced by the vigor of those words.

"His mother can help, perhaps," he said.

Ah! If his mother would help—send him away from the laborers, and all this!

Up from the station they took the field paths, which cut off quite a mile. The grass and woods were shining brightly, peacefully in the sun; it seemed incredible that there should be heartburnings about a land so smiling, that wrongs and miseries should haunt those who lived and worked in these bright fields. Surely in this earthly paradise the dwellers were enviable, well-nourished souls, sleek and happy as the pied cattle that lifted their inquisitive muzzles! Nedda tried to stroke the nose of one—grayish, blunt, moist. But the creature backed away from her hand, snuffling, and its cynical, soft eyes with chestnut lashes seemed warning the girl that she belonged to the breed that might be trusted to annoy.

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In the last fields before the Joyfields crossroads they came up with a little, square, tow-headed man, without coat or cap, who had just driven some cattle in and was returning with his dog, at a 'dot-here dot-there' walk, as though still driving them. He gave them a look rather like that of the bullock Nedda had tried to stroke. She knew he must be one of the Malloring men, and longed to ask him questions; but he, too, looked shy and distrustful, as if he suspected that they wanted something out of him. She summoned up courage, however, to say: "Did you see about poor Bob Tryst?"

"I 'eard tell. 'E didn' like prison. They say prison takes the 'eart out of you. 'E didn't think o' that." And a smile twisted the little man's lips that to Nedda seemed strange and cruel, as if he actually found pleasure in the fate of his fellow. All she could find to answer was:

"Is that a good dog?"

The little man looked down at the dog trotting alongside with drooped tail, and shook his head:

"'E's no good wi' beasts—won't touch 'em!" Then, looking up sidelong, he added surprisingly:

"Mast' Freeland 'e got a crack on the head, though!" Again there was that satisfied resentment in his voice and the little smile twisting his lips. Nedda felt more lost than ever.

They parted at the crossroads and saw him looking back at them as they went up the steps to the wicket gate. Amongst a patch of early sunflowers, Tod, in shirt and trousers, was surrounded by his dog and the three small Trysts, all apparently engaged in studying the biggest of the sunflowers, where a peacock butterfly and a bee were feeding, one on a gold petal, the other on the black heart. Nedda went quickly up to them and asked:

"Has Derek come, Uncle Tod?"

Tod raised his eyes. He did not seem in the least surprised to see her, as if his sky were in the habit of dropping his relatives at ten in the morning.

"Gone out again," he said.

Nedda made a sign toward the children.

"Have you heard, Uncle Tod?"

Tod nodded and his blue eyes, staring above the children's heads, darkened.

"Is Granny still here?"

Again Tod nodded.

Leaving her father in the garden, Nedda stole up-stairs and tapped on Frances Freeland's door.

She, whose stoicism permitted her the one luxury of never coming down to breakfast, had just made it for herself over a little spirit-lamp. She greeted Nedda with lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, my darling! Where *have* you come from? You must have my nice cocoa! Isn't this the most perfect lamp you ever saw? Did you ever see such a flame? Watch!"

She touched the spirit-lamp and what there was of flame died out.

"Now, isn't that provoking? It's really a splendid thing, quite a new kind. I mean to get you one. Now, drink your cocoa; it's beautifully hot."

"I've had breakfast, Granny."

Frances Freeland gazed at her doubtfully, then, as a last resource, began to sip the cocoa, of which, in truth, she was badly in want.

"Granny, will you help me?"

"Of course, darling. What is it?"

"I do so want Derek to forget all about this terrible business."

Frances Freeland, who had unscrewed the top of a little canister, answered:

"Yes, dear, I quite agree. I'm sure it's best for him. Open your mouth and let me pop in one of these delicious little plasmon biscuits. They're perfect after travelling. Only," she added wistfully, "I'm afraid he won't pay any attention to me."

"No, but you could speak to Aunt Kirsteen; it's for her to stop him."

One of her most pathetic smiles came over Frances Freeland's face.

"Yes, I could speak to her. But, you see, I don't count for anything. One doesn't when one gets old."

"Oh, Granny, you do! You count for a lot; every one admires you so. You always seem to have something that—that other people haven't got. And you're not a bit old in spirit."

Frances Freeland was fingering her rings; she slipped one off.

"Well," she said, "it's no good thinking about that, is it? I've wanted to give you this for ages, darling; it *is* so uncom-

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fortable on my finger. Now, just let me see if I can pop it on!"

Nedda recoiled.

"Oh, Granny!" she said. "You *are*—!" and vanished.

There was still no one in the kitchen, and she sat down to wait for her aunt to finish her up-stairs duties.

Kirsteen came down at last, in her inevitable blue dress, betraying her surprise at this sudden appearance of her niece only by a little quivering of her brows. And, trembling with nervousness, Nedda took her plunge, pouring out the whole story—of Derek's letter; their journey down; her father's talk with him; the visit to Tryst's body; their walk by the river; and of how haunted and miserable he was. Showing the little note he had left that morning, she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh, Aunt Kirsteen, make him happy again! Stop that awful haunting and keep him from all this!"

Kirsteen had listened, with one foot on the hearth in her favorite attitude. When the girl had finished she said quietly:

"I'm not a witch, Nedda!"

"But if it wasn't for you he would never have started. And now that poor Tryst's dead he would leave it alone. I'm sure only you can make him lose that haunted feeling."

Kirsteen shook her head.

"Listen, Nedda!" she said slowly, as though weighing each word. "I should like you to understand. There's a superstition in this country that people are free. Ever since I was a girl your age I've known that they are not; no one is free here who can't pay for freedom. It's one thing to see, another to feel this with your whole being. When, like me, you have an open wound, which something is always inflaming, you can't wonder, can you, that fever escapes into the air. Derek may have caught the infection of my fever—that's all! But I shall never lose that fever, Nedda—never!"

"But, Aunt Kirsteen, this haunting is dreadful. I can't bear to see it."

"My dear, Derek is very highly strung, and he's been ill. It's in my family to see things. That'll go away."

Nedda said passionately:

"I don't believe he'll ever lose it while he goes on here, tearing his heart out. And they're trying to get me away from him. I know they are!"

Kirsteen turned; her eyes seemed to blaze.

"They? Ah! Yes! You'll have to fight if you want to marry a rebel, Nedda!"

Nedda put her hands to her forehead, bewildered.

"You see, Nedda, rebellion never ceases. It's not only against this or that injustice, it's against all force and wealth that takes advantage of its force and wealth. That rebellion goes on forever. Think well before you join in."

Nedda turned away. Of what use to tell her to think when 'I won't—I can't be parted from him!' kept every other thought paralyzed. And she pressed her forehead against the cross-bar of the window, trying to find better words to make her appeal again. Out there above the orchard the sky was blue, and everything light and gay, as the very butterflies that wavered past. A motor-car seemed to have stopped in the road close by; its whirring and whizzing was clearly audible, mingled with the cooings of pigeons and a robin's song. And suddenly she heard her aunt say:

"You have your chance, Nedda! Here they are!"

Nedda turned. There in the doorway were her uncles John and Stanley coming in, followed by her father and Uncle Tod.

What did this mean? What had they come for? And, disturbed to the heart, she gazed from one to the other. They had that curious look of people not quite knowing what their reception will be like, yet with something resolute, almost portentous, in their mien. She saw John go up to her aunt and hold out his hand.

"I dare say Felix and Nedda have told you about yesterday," he said. "Stanley and I thought it best to come over."

Kirsteen answered:

"Tod, will you tell Mother who's here?"

Then none of them seemed to know quite what to say, or where to look, till Frances Freeland, her face all pleased and anxious, came in. When she had kissed them they all sat down. And Nedda, at the window, squeezed her hands tight together in her lap.

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"We've come about Derek," John said.

"Yes," broke in Stanley. "For goodness' sake, Kirsteen, don't let's have any more of this! Just think what would have happened yesterday if that poor fellow hadn't providentially gone off the hooks!"

"Providentially!"

"Well, it was. You see to what lengths Derek was prepared to go. Hang it all! We shouldn't have been exactly proud of a felon in the family."

Frances Freeland, who had been lacing and unlacing her fingers, suddenly fixed her eyes on Kirsteen.

"I don't understand very well, darling, but I am sure that whatever dear John says will be wise and right. You must remember that he is the eldest and has a great deal of experience."

Kirsteen bent her head. If there was irony in the gesture, it was not perceived by Frances Freeland.

"It can't be right for dear Derek, or any gentleman, to go against the law of the land or be mixed up with wrong-doing in any way. I haven't said anything, but I *have* felt it very much. Because—it's all been not quite nice, has it?"

Nedda saw her father wince. Then Stanley broke in again:

"Now that the whole thing's done with, do, for Heaven's sake, let's have a little peace!"

At that moment her aunt's face seemed wonderful to Nedda; so quiet, yet so burningly alive.

"Peace! There is no peace in this world. There is death, but no peace!" And, moving nearer to Tod, she rested her hand on his shoulder, looking, as it seemed to Nedda, at something far away, till John said:

"That's hardly the point, is it? We should be awfully glad to know that there'll be no more trouble. All this has been very worrying. And now the cause seems to be—removed."

There was always a touch of finality in John's voice. Nedda saw that all had turned to Kirsteen for her answer.

"If those up and down the land who profess belief in liberty will cease to filch from the helpless the very crust of it, the cause will be removed."

"Which is to say—never!"

At those words from Felix, Frances Freeland, gazing first at him and then at Kirsteen, said in a pained voice:

"I don't think you ought to talk like that, Kirsteen dear. Nobody who's at all nice means to be unkind. We're all forgetful sometimes. I know *I* often forget to be sympathetic. It vexes me dreadfully!"

"Mother, don't defend tyranny!"

"I'm sure it's often from the best motives, dear."

"So is rebellion."

"Well, I don't understand about that, darling. But I do think, with dear John, it's a great pity. It will be a dreadful drawback to Derek if he has to look back on something that he regrets when he's older. It's always best to smile and try to look on the bright side of things and not be grumbly-grumbly!"

After that little speech of Frances Freeland's there was a silence that Nedda thought would last forever, till her aunt, pressing close to Tod's shoulder, spoke.

"You want me to stop Derek. I tell you all what I've just told Nedda. I don't attempt to control Derek; I never have. For myself, when I see a thing I hate I can't help fighting against it. I shall never be able to help that. I understand how you must dislike all this; I know it must be painful to you, mother. But while there is tyranny in this land, to laborers, women, animals, anything weak and helpless, so long will there be rebellion against it, and things will happen that will disturb you."

Again Nedda saw her father wince. But Frances Freeland, bending forward, fixed her eyes piercingly on Kirsteen's neck, as if she were noticing something there more important than that about tyranny!

Then John said very gravely:

"You seem to think that we approve of such things being done to the helpless!"

"I know that you disapprove."

"With the masterly inactivity," Felix said suddenly, in a voice more bitter than Nedda had ever heard from him, "of authority, money, culture, and philosophy. With the disapproval that lifts no finger—winking at tyrannies lest worse befall us. Yes, *we*—brethren—we—and so we shall go on doing. Quite right, Kirsteen!"

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"No. The world is changing, Felix, changing!"

But Nedda had started up. There at the door was Derek.

XXXVIII

DEREK, who had slept the sleep of the dead, having had none for two nights, woke thinking of Nedda hovering above him in the dark; of her face laid down beside him on the pillow. And then, suddenly, up started that thing, and stood there, haunting him! Why did it come? What did it want of him? After writing the little note to Nedda, he hurried to the station and found a train about to start. To see and talk with the laborers; to do something, anything that might prove that this tragic companion had no real existence! He went first to the Gaunts' cottage. The door, there, was opened by the rogue-girl, comely and robust as ever, in a linen frock, with her sleeves rolled up, and smiling broadly at his astonishment.

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Derek; I'm only here for the week-end, just to tiddy up a bit. 'Tis all right in London. I wouldn't come back here, I wouldn't—not if you was to give me—" and she pouted her red lips.

"Where's your father, Wilmet?"

"Over in Willey's Copse cuttin' stakes. I hear you've been ill, Mr. Derek. You do look pale. Were you very bad?" And her eyes opened as though the very thought of illness was difficult for her to grasp. "I saw your young lady up in London. She's very pretty. Wish you happiness, Mr. Derek. Grandfather, here's Mr. Derek!"

The face of old Gaunt, carved, cynical, yellow, appeared above her shoulder. There he stood, silent, giving Derek no greeting. And with a sudden miserable feeling the boy said:

"I'll go and find him. Good-by, Wilmet!"

"Good-by, Mr. Derek. 'Tis quiet enough here now; there's changes."

Her rogue face twinkled again, and, turning her chin, she rubbed it on her plump shoulder, as might a heifer, while from behind her Grandfather Gaunt's face looked out with a faint, sardonic grin.

Derek, hurrying on to Willey's Copse, caught sight, along a far hedge, of the big dark laborer, Tulley, who had been his chief lieutenant in the fighting; but, whether the man heard his hail or no, he continued along the hedgeside without response and vanished over a stile. The field dipped sharply to a stream, and at the crossing Derek came suddenly on the little 'dot-here dot-there' cowherd, who, at Derek's greeting, gave him an abrupt "Good day!" and went on with his occupation of mending a hurdle. Again that miserable feeling beset the boy, and he hastened on. A sound of chopping guided him. Near the edge of the coppice Tom Gaunt was lopping at some bushes. At sight of Derek he stopped and stood waiting, his loquacious face expressionless, his little, hard eye cocked.

"Good morning, Tom. It's ages since I saw you."

"Ah, 'tis a proper long time! You 'ad a knock."

Derek winced; it was said as if he had been disabled in an affair in which Gaunt had neither part nor parcel. Then, with a great effort, the boy brought out his question:

"You've heard about poor Bob?"

"Yaas; 'tis the end of *him*."

Some meaning behind those words, the unsmiling twist of that hard-bitten face, the absence of the 'sir' that even Tom Gaunt generally gave him, all seemed part of an attack. And, feeling as if his heart were being squeezed, Derek looked straight into his face.

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Matter! I don' know as there's anything the matter, exactly!"

"What have I done? Tell me!"

Tom Gaunt smiled; his little, gray eyes met Derek's full.

"'Tisn't for a gentleman to be held responsible."

"Come!" Derek cried passionately. "What is it? D'you think I deserted you, or what? Speak out, man!"

Abating nothing of his stare and drawl, Gaunt answered:

"Deserted? Oh, dear no! Us can't afford to do no more dyin' for you—that's all!"

"For me! Dying! My God! D'you think I wouldn't have—? Oh! Confound you!"

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"Ay! Confounded us you 'ave! Hope you're satisfied!"

Pale as death and quivering all over, Derek answered:

"So you think I've just been frying fish of my own?"

Tom Gaunt emitted a little laugh.

"I think you've fried no fish at all. That's what I think. And no one else does, neither, if you want to know—except poor Bob. You've fried his fish, sure enough!"

Stung to the heart, the boy stood motionless. A pigeon was cooing; the sappy scent from the lopped bushes filled all the sun-warmed air.

"I see!" he said. "Thanks, Tom; I'm glad to know."

Without moving a muscle, Tom Gaunt answered:

"Don't mention it!" and resumed his lopping.

Derek turned and walked out of the little wood. But when he had put a field between him and the sound of Gaunt's bill-hook, he lay down and buried his face in the grass, chewing at its green blades, scarce dry of dew, and with its juicy sweetness tasting the full of bitterness. And the gray shade stalked out again, and stood there in the warmth of the August day, with its scent and murmur of full summer, while the pigeons cooed and dandelion fluff drifted by. . . .

When, two hours later, he entered the kitchen at home, of the company assembled Frances Freeland alone retained equanimity enough to put up her face to be kissed.

"I'm so thankful you've come back in time to see your uncles, darling. Your uncle John thinks, and we all agree, that to encourage those poor laborers to do things which are not nice is—is—you know what I mean, darling!"

Derek gave a bitter little laugh.

"Criminal, Granny! Yes, and puppyish! I've learned all that."

The sound of his voice was utterly unlike his own, and Kirsteen, starting forward, put her arm round him.

"It's all right, Mother. They've chucked me."

At that moment, when all, save his mother, wanted so to express their satisfaction, Frances Freeland alone succeeded.

"I'm so glad, darling!"

Then John rose and, holding out his hand to his nephew, said:

"That's the end of the trouble, then, Derek?"

"Yes. And I beg your pardon, Uncle John; and all—Uncle Stanley, Uncle Felix; you, Dad; Granny."

They had all risen now. The boy's face gave them—even John, even Stanley—a choke in the throat. Frances Freeland suddenly took their arms and went to the door; her other two sons followed. And quietly they all went out.

Derek, who had stayed perfectly still, staring past Nedda into a corner of the room, said:

"Ask him what he wants, Mother."

Nedda smothered down a cry. But Kirsteen, tightening her clasp of him and looking steadily into that corner, answered:

"Nothing, my boy. He's quite friendly. He only wants to be with you for a little."

"But I can't do anything for him."

"He knows that."

"I wish he wouldn't, Mother. I can't be more sorry than I have been."

Kirsteen's face quivered.

"My dear, it will go quite soon. Love Nedda! See! She wants you!"

Derek answered in the same quiet voice:

"Yes, Nedda is the comfort. Mother, I want to go away—away out of England—right away."

Nedda rushed and flung her arms round him.

"I, too, Derek; I, too!"

That evening Felix came out to the old 'fly,' waiting to take him from Joyfields to Becket. What a sky! All over its pale blue a far-up wind had drifted long, rosy clouds, and through one of them the half-moon peered, of a cheese-green hue; and, framed and barred by the elm-trees, like some roseate, stained-glass window, the sunset blazed. In a corner of the orchard a little bonfire had been lighted, and round it he could see the three small Trysts dropping armfuls of leaves and pointing at the flames leaping out of the smoulder. There, too, was Tod's big figure, motionless, and his dog sitting on

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its haunches, with head poked forward, staring at those red tongues of flame. Kirsteen had come with him to the wicket gate. He held her hand long in his own and pressed it hard. And while that blue figure, turned to the sunset, was still visible, he screwed himself back to look.

They had been in painful conclave, as it seemed to Felix, all day, coming to the decision that those two young things should have their wish, marry, and go out to New Zealand. The ranch of Cousin Alick Morton (son of that brother of Frances Freeland who, absorbed in horses, had wandered to Australia and died in falling from them) had extended a welcome to Derek. What a voyage of happiness—to see together the red sunsets in the Mediterranean, Pompeii, and the dark ants of men swarming in endless band up and down with their coal-sacks at Port Said; to smell the cinnamon gardens of Colombo; and sit up on deck at night and watch the stars and love each other. . . . To part from Nedda! Yet, who could grudge it them? Out there youth and energy would run unchecked. For here youth had been beaten!

On and on the old 'fly' rumbled between the shadowy fields. 'The world is changing, Felix—changing!' Was that defeat of youth, then, nothing? Under the crust of authority and wealth, culture and philosophy—was the world really changing; was liberty truly astir, under that sky in the west all blood; and man rising at long last from his knees before the God of force? The silent, empty fields darkened, the air gathered dewy thickness, and the old 'fly' rumbled and rolled, as slow as fate. Cottage lamps were already lighted for the evening meal. No laborer abroad at this hour! And Felix thought of Tryst, the tragic fellow—the moving, lonely figure; emanation of these solitary fields, shade of the departing land! One might well see him as that boy saw him, silent, dogged, in a gray light such as this now clinging above the hedgerows and the grass!

The old 'fly' turned into the Becket drive. It had grown dark now, save for the half-moon; the last chafer was booming by, and a bat flitting, a little, blind, eager bat, through the quiet trees. He got out to walk the last few hundred yards. A lovely night, silent below her stars—cool and dark, spread above field after field, wood on wood, for hundreds of miles on every side. Night covering his native land. The same silence had reigned out there, the same perfume stolen up, the same starshine fallen, for millions of years in the past, and would for millions of years to come. Close to where the half-moon floated, a slow, narrow, white cloud was passing—curiously shaped. At one end of it Felix could see distinctly the shape of a gleaming skull, with dark sky showing through its eyeholes, cheeks, and mouth. A queer phenomenon; fascinating, rather ghastly! It grew sharper in outline, more distinct. One of those sudden shudders, that seize men from the crown of the head to the very heels, passed down his back. He shut his eyes. And, instead, there came up before him Kirsteen's blue-clothed figure turned to the sunset glow. Ah! Better to see that than this skull above the land! Better to believe her words: 'The world is changing, Felix—changing!'

THE END

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is probably only in science that an exact definition is possible. Science has to do its utmost to conquer and to expel what it terms the Personal Equation; and outside of the strict boundaries of Science, in all the Arts and more especially in the Art of Life, the Personal Equation controls and dominates. Science tries to do without personality, whereas personality is the essential element in every art. So it is that the terms employed in the arts are unscientific—that is to say, their exact content can never be declared with indisputable precision. Every apprentice in science can define *horse-power*, *foot-tons*, *kilowatts;* but no two masters of any art would agree on any definition of *romanticism* and *classicism*, of *realism* and *idealism*, or of *art for art's sake*—these are all of them chameleon terms, changing color while we look at them, meaning all things to all men—or at least meaning different things to different men.

A Sheaf of Definitions

It is all very well to define *soda-water* as "a water which contains no soda," and *lead-pencil* as "a pencil which contains no lead." These definitions contain only one of the necessary facts in each case; and they are therefore inadequate and unsatisfactory. It is scarcely going too far to assert that words can no more be defined in their own language than they can be translated into another language. What are the exact English equivalents of *nuit blanche* and of *chambre noire?* Only by a complex paraphrase can some part of the content of the French be conveyed over into English; and the other parts, often the most significant elements, cannot be transferred completely whatever effort we may make. At most we can succeed in indicating what the foreign term denotes; but we can never make sure that we have also suggested the most of its connotations. After all, there is not a little truth in the saying that "a translated poem is a boiled strawberry," in which condition the fruit is found to have been bereft of most of its special flavor.

Hobbes was as sagacious as was his wont when he declared that "words are the counters of the wise, but the money of the fool." And Lord Morley was equally shrewd when he declared that "most definitions hang between platitude and paradox." If the definition inclines too far toward the platitude, it lacks savor and it is likely to be devoid of point; and if it swings too far over to the precipitous verge of paradox, it awakens distrust as to its soundness. Yet the paradoxical definition is often amusing and it is sometimes stimulating, whereas the platitudinous definition is likely to be pitiably insipid. Thoreau had a fondness for paradox, and yet he came close to the confines of platitude when he defined beauty as "a finer utility whose end we do not see." Mark Twain, on the other hand, escaped from the platitude into the paradox when he defined the classics as "the books that everybody praises and nobody reads."

Yet here is a half-truth so briskly stated as to cause a sharp reaction. A pessimist might be moved to hint that it tended to confirm the definition of a paradox as "a truth which is serving its apprenticeship." And if we attempt an antithetical definition of a platitude it would have to turn on its effort to express anew one of the eternal verities—those verities so old that they often appear old-fashioned, not to say out of date. Perhaps it may be admitted that this more or less complimentary definition would be put forward only by an optimist, resolute in seeing good in all things, even in the platitude foolishly despised by those who affect to consider themselves as the elect. Here there looms before us the need of defining, in their turn, optimist and pessimist; and fortunately a lover of paradox has made the attempt, holding that an optimist is "a man who believes that the devil is dead and that hell is half full of water," whereas a pessimist is merely "a man who has just been talking with an optimist." One of these recalls the Yankee definition of hell recorded in Lowell's preface to the "Biglow Papers," as "a place where they don't bank the fires nights."

This is wit—unless it is rather to be accepted as humor. Wit again is to be dis-

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covered in Hobbes's definition of the papacy as "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." It is wit again which inspired Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism as "puppyism come to maturity" and his description of a conservative as "a man who refuses to look at the new moon out of respect for that ancient institution the old moon." Oddly enough, the same thought has been uttered with equal felicity of phrase by the poet Aubrey de Vere when he contended that a Tory was "a man who wanted to uninvent printing and to undiscover America."

It is to Thackeray, Jerrold's colleague on the staff of *Punch*, that we must look for the clearest definition of a snob, as "one who meanly admires mean things." And yet another aspect of snobbery was once hit off with glancing wit by Emerson; when a friend dismissed a certain woman as a snob, Emerson gently corrected him with the suave explanation that it might rather be said of her that "she is a person having a great sympathy with success."

One of the wittiest of definitions, not too bitterly flavored with paradox, is that which describes a bore as "a person who insists on talking about himself, when you want to talk about yourself." There is cause for regret that this clever saying cannot be credited to its maker; it has a certainty of stroke, and an insight into human frailty, which would have delighted La Rochefoucauld, from whose bitter-sweet aphorisms it would be possible to excerpt more than one definition neither platitudinous nor paradoxical.

FROM these more or less successful efforts to define the snob and the bore there is only a step to the more or less unsuccessful efforts to define the gentleman. The bore and the snob are accusable creatures, plain to the view of all men and reducible to formula. But the gentleman is intangible, and ultimately indefinable. The bore and the snob are revealed by their words and their deeds, whereas the gentleman can prove himself only by his spirit. It is no wonder that the multitudinous definitions shot at this shining mark have failed to pierce the centre, even if one or another may now and again have hit the margin of the target.

The Indefinable Gentleman

One of the more obvious reasons for this diversity of definition is that the word has changed its meaning and is likely to keep on changing it as we advance in civilization. Once upon a time it had a clear and sharply limited legal content recorded by Blackstone in his commentaries; the great lawyer defined a gentleman as one "who bears coat-armor, the grant of which adds gentility to one's family." This is still a fit definition of the *gentilhomme* in France; it is probably not now a fully satisfactory definition of the gentleman in Great Britain; and it never has been an acceptable definition of the gentleman in the United States. To an American there is a pitiful snobbishness in Ruskin's remark that the principles of education propounded by Plato apply only to "the persons we call gentlemen—that is to say, landholders living on slave labor." Yet Ruskin is only putting forth a little more offensively than others an opinion often held in England. This opinion is most concretely expressed in the fabled dialogue between the English lord and the American girl, which begins with his tactful assertion that there are so few gentlemen in America, to which she responded with the question: "But who do you call gentlemen?" And when he explains that gentlemen are "men who do not work," she retorts swiftly: "But we have lots of those in America—only we call them tramps!"

Ruskin was frequent in expressing his own conviction that he was a gentleman himself, although he had no hereditary claim to be so considered, since his father was a wine-dealer. And if there is validity in Barrow's contention that a gentleman is a man characterized by "courage and courtesy," Ruskin's gentility would be put in doubt, since he was lamentably lacking in that delicate regard for the feelings of others which is the essence of courtesy. And Ruskin would plainly be excluded from the class wherein he took pride in placing himself, if we accept the definition suggested by Emerson in his delightful discussion of "Manners": "The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior."

Two other definitions, both due to Englishmen temporarily domiciled in America, deserve to be cited. The first declared that a gentleman is "a man who never breaks any of the unwritten laws." This contains a portion of the truth, no doubt, but it reveals itself as insular, not to term it paro-

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chial. A man might be diligent and scrupulous in keeping the unwritten laws and yet quite capable of breaking the written laws which are binding also on gentlemen. The other Anglo-American definition is credited to Mr. Oliver Herford, and it is to the effect that a gentleman is "a man who never hurts any one's feelings unintentionally." There is a wasp-like sting in the tail of this epigram, not without pertinence, however, since it might easily be the bounden duty of a gentleman intentionally to inflict severe pain while remaining truly a gentleman.

IT is a saying of Confucius that "a gentleman is calm and spacious; the vulgar are always fretting"; but this is a description rather than a definition. Here again the Chinese philosopher is dealing with the external aspects; and a man might abundantly possess calm spaciousness and spacious calmness and nevertheless be void of the essential element without which the gentleman is not. This is an added illustration of the truth once enunciated by an Oxford scholar, H. N. Oxenham: "If at this day the gentleman is the creation of culture rather than of Christianity, that is because it is easier to conform to a conventional standard of good taste than to an inward law." And even if we are led yet a little farther away from the discussion of definitions, it is impossible not to quote here three lines from Tennyson's "Princess" which sum up the case with a felicity as unforgettable as the truth is undeniable:

The Views of Dr. Eliot and Cardinal Newman

> "Kind nature is the best; those manners next
> That fit us like a nature second hand,
> Which are indeed the manners of the great."

In other words, a gentleman is like a poet in that he is born, not made; and like the poet, again, the gentleman has to be made after he is born; he has to learn the unwritten laws so that he may not be in danger of breaking them unintentionally.

Thus it is that the quest for a complete and final definition of the gentleman is forever foredoomed to failure. We are lucky if we carry with us a touchstone for testing the true gold of the true gentleman; and we cannot help being unlucky if we waste time in the vain effort to find a formula for the constituent elements of this touchstone. But since any honest attempt at definition or description may help us to get a little nearer to the central truth, there may be advantage in here quoting two pertinent passages, one recent and American, the other British and half a century old. The first is ex-President Eliot's declaration that "the really cultivated man must be quick of perception, responsive but independent, self-reliant but deferential, loving truth and candor, courageous but gentle, not finished but perfected, not exclusive, sectarian, or partisan." The one comment that this admirable description demands is, that if the man of culture can only obey this counsel of perfection he will stand revealed not only as a man of culture, but also as a gentleman.

The second is to be found in Cardinal Newman's address on "Liberal Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion." It is too long for full quotation here, and the selection of the more salient passages must suffice: "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. . . . He has his eyes open on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. . . . He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. . . . He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. . . . He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. . . . He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. . . . He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization."

THE United States Bureau of Education has turned its attention to rural schools and issued a bulletin of suggestions. The standards are high, and presumably in accord with the latest medical

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theories of sanitation, ventilation, and hygiene. So, the common drinking-cup is an abomination; dry sweeping should not be tolerated; the trees and plants round the schoolhouse should be grouped artistically, and so on. The investigation was evidently scientific, and the proposed requirements tabulated in the bulletin follow precisely and inevitably.

The Standardized Country School

But, after science is satisfied, what is going to happen to the children who attend these renovated country schools? Will they graduate a race of supermen, a monument to the intelligent application of science to education? Or will they get mad somewhere along the line, and complicate the system by insisting on developing individualities that will throw the machine out of gear?

Those trees, now, that must be grouped artistically: what kind of trees are they going to be? Apple-trees are nice. One can climb apple-trees; and sometimes apples grow on them; and they have blossoms in the spring; nor are they inferior to any other trees as a goal in prisoner's base or hide-and-seek. Hickories have decided virtues, too, particularly in the nutting season; and between times they are comfortable, shaggy things with interesting bark which furnishes a home for various disgusting and fascinating insects, which are absolutely essential for an entire line of experiment conducted by every country boy.

And what might grouping trees artistically mean? Kind of a miniature Versailles, where little Anatole, lifting an individual drinking-cup of scientifically pure water from the strictly hygienic font, can turn toward *les belles demoiselles*, with a wave of his elegantly manicured hand, and murmur: "À vos beaux yeux, mes Petites?" I trow not. Grouping trees artistically means putting them where they will not interfere with Tom's view, from his desk, of the cows on yonder hill. Tom finds it inadvisable to put all the allotted time on his academic labors. He has various inventions he is perfecting from time to time, and divers instruments for use in his experiments and researches must be fashioned and tested. No time like the study-hour for these important occupations; and it is unsurpassed, too, as a period for the indulgence of those reflections and meditations with which Tom is accustomed to refresh his mind when it becomes slightly jaded.

Like all fine machines, Tom's mind seems to need considerable rest; and Tom is careful to provide it with enough. His teacher says he is lazy; but the board of education knows better. 'Tis the ventilation is poor, and that causes drowsiness. Very good. Tom is relieved that the fault is not his; but now they come and install some modern apparatus supplying exactly so many cubic feet of oxygen per pupil, and behold, what a burst of efficiency! Tom has no time to himself at all now, no time to think, no time for visions, no time for those satanic machinations which formerly characterized the progress of his education. He is adaptable and docile and does what he is told. He is a model citizen. When he grows up he will not throw papers in the street, and when beggars accost him he will have them arrested. He will be efficient, scientific, successful.

Successful? Well, he will make money and be a producer. Perhaps he will never write poetry nor paint pictures; but, after all, poets and artists are an economic loss, aren't they? Just as Tom has cleared his desk of that unique collection of string, pieces of glass, that enormous dead cockroach, and his very valuable and complete set of hen's teeth, with the inauguration of the new régime, so he has cleared his mind of its illusions and visions of no utilitarian value and many silly aspirations also. If he stays in the country he may become a selectman in time; if he goes to the city they will use him in a bank somewhere. He is standardized and reliable.

But do all Toms become such supermen? Can the future be secured for all children by scientific instruction? Alas, not all. A few are incorrigible. Some of these grow up to be just plain tramps; but usually they are elected president, and pass an old age blasted with criticism and notoriety. It is much easier to conform at once.

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THE FIELD OF ART

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER, N.A.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

NO artist in America was more admired both as a man and a painter than John White Alexander. His influence for good, his unfailing kindliness and appreciation of the work of other painters, his readiness to give his much-needed strength to help others and for the advancement of the cause of American art in general made him a unique figure in the world of art of which he was such a distinguished member. It seemed fitting that this department should give expression to a sense of his loss and appreciation of the man and his work by some of his fellow painters and associates in the National Academy, of which he was long the honored president; and to include Dr. Edward Robinson, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a long-time friend, with whom, as one of the trustees, he co-operated in many ways. Mr. Alexander's beautiful pictures are in many private collections and in the chief museums and many public buildings throughout the country.

OTHERS will write about his art, in which the refinement which was the chief characteristic of his nature found such graceful and sensitive expression in both line and color. Others again will tell of his useful work as president of the National Academy of Design, and of his untiring though disappointed efforts to secure for the city of New York an adequate building for the exhibition of contemporary art, the need of which he saw so clearly and so truly.

As a Servant of the Public

To all that they may say I should like to add a word about his great value as a public servant, as a citizen who, recognizing that he was fitted by training and by natural equipment to be of assistance to his community in developing its higher interests, accepted the responsibilities which he thought such qualifications entailed with the conscientiousness that carried him far beyond the limits of his strength. It was in this capacity that I saw him most frequently and most intimately in the eight or nine years of our association, and during that time I never knew him to decline a duty or a responsibility which he thought he ought to accept, however unimportant it might seem to others or however removed from his own professional work. If he thought he could help, that settled it. As he threw himself heart and soul into whatever he undertook, and did the work well, the number of such calls upon his energy naturally grew to be well-nigh infinite; for, as some one once said to me, "New York is a merciless place; it will take all it can force a man to give, and leave him no pity in return." With him the forcing was too easy a process, and the burden grew to be much heavier than his modicum of strength could bear, but in spite of the advice and warning of his friends he could not be induced to lighten it, and so went on wearing himself out, largely for others. It might be an individual, it might be an institution, it might be a "movement"; whatever it was, if the object appealed to him—and it generally did—he was always ready to give his name, and his name meant himself up to the very limit.

As president of the National Academy he was an *ex officio* trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, a position which might have been regarded as perfunctory, but it certainly was not by him. During the time of his service he was one of the most interested and valuable of our trustees, serving regularly on three important committees, not only by attending their meetings—often when it was too obviously a physical effort for him to do so—but occupying himself with their affairs between whiles, interested especially with all that had to do with the representation of American art in the museum, and all that we could do for our artists by bringing to them examples of the earlier arts. And no one worked more zealously to keep its standard high than he did. With this in view all personal considerations

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were swept aside, although we knew that this was sometimes at a sacrifice.

When I call up his image, the picture that has come to mind most frequently since his death is of the opening of my office door and the appearance of the tall, frail figure, the delicate, intellectual face, too drawn and weary during the last months, with the question: "Are you too busy to talk with me, Robinson?" To a protest that he did not look as though he ought to talk much business just then, would come the reply that he was a little tired, but otherwise all right, and the intimation that nothing further was to be said about his health; whereupon he plunged at once into the matter that had brought him and discussed it until it was settled, or until he had agreed as to how it was to be settled. Those visits were always an inspiration to me as models of a devotion to duty where the flesh was certainly weak, however willing the spirit—to a duty which had no glory or reward except the satisfaction to the man himself for having done his part toward the whole. A city is indeed happy which can count such men among her talented citizens, and would be still happier if Nature would sometimes endow them more equally with her physical and spiritual gifts than she chose to do in his case.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

IN the last ten years of the artistic activities of America no one name has been better known than that of John White Alexander—probably no one name has been so *well* known. As a practitioner he has been very eminent and even more so as a leader. Above all, he has been known as a leader in many different directions. He was an artist of distinguished and personal talent, and in addition he loved action, believed in progress, and was eager to take part in every movement which looked either toward the development of new methods or the promotion of those already in force. He gave his whole heart to his beloved Academy of Design, and yet found time to spare for the numerous societies which sought him as a member and nearly always as an officer. He was president of the National Academy of Design for many years, and at one time or another he was the standard-bearer, as president, of the Society of Mural Painters, the MacDowell Club, the Federation of Fine Arts, and the School Art League. He took particular delight in the latter society and in the opportunity which it afforded for appealing to the children of New York—the awakening of their interest, the laying of solid foundations for a life's interest in the arts. When the children grown older became artists, his sympathy was as ready, and it went out especially to the younger painters, to the men and women whom he accounted as particularly interesting in the present and as eventual Academicians of the future. His all-round sympathy for varying views and methods made him a valuable member of the purchasing committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and extension of sympathy to music and the drama carried him into the activities of the MacDowell Club. He was more than generous with his abundant yet frail vitality, and often when not yet recovered from a sharp fit of illness he went on to the platform to speak for some one of the many causes which he sustained. His effectiveness both upon the platform, in committee, and in daily companionship was greatly enforced by his personality. He was full of a kindly optimism which looked forward unfalteringly to a continuous and progressive headship of the Academy in American art, and he was at all times keenly alert to anything and everything which he believed might honorably conduce toward that headship. He was very genial and withal gentle, for, although he by no means lacked vivacity when aroused, he usually was of a pleasant serenity which many and severe illnesses could not ruffle. In his art, he was quick of observation and rapid of execution. He had a strong decorative sense of line which served him in his portraits as much as in his other works. In fact, a certain distinction which was in his features was reflected also in his canvases both as to line and color.

His Work in Behalf of American Art

His life, save for his illnesses, was happy, successful, and enviable; he was loved by his comrades; and his passing leaves a vacancy which cannot be completely filled.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

AS elegance rather than strength was the note of Mr. Alexander's art, so it was eminently the note of his person. One could not look at his tall, slight figure, his delicate hands, or, above all, at his head, with its high-bred features, pointed beard, and curling mustache, without seeing in him a born

His Physical Aspect and Many Interests

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aristocrat and wishing that he could be painted by Van Dyke.

In his later years, and it was only in those years that I knew him, this elegance was more and more accompanied by an air of fragility. There was fire and energy in his look, but his physique was so slight that one wondered more and more at the prodigious amount he accomplished and at the tasks he was willing to impose upon himself. Most artists who have attained to anything approaching his degree of success have found that the production of their own work takes all and more than all the strength that they possess. Alexander could produce portraits and pictures and mural paintings and yet find time and energy for a dozen causes, spending himself royally as if his supply of vitality w re inexhaustible.

I have never known of how many societies he was president, or working member, and he did not take his duties lightly or enjoy the official honors of his position while others did the work. His efforts to secure a suitable exhibition building for the National Academy of Design were most conspicuous, but during the years so largely occupied with this heart-breaking task he was working with almost equal fervor for the Metropolitan Museum, the School Art League, the MacDowell Club, and the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters; was a trustee of the Public Library and president of the Mural Painters. Yet he could design scenery and costumes or arrange *tableaux vivants* for charity.

This multifarious activity he kept up to the end, in spite of rapidly failing health, and it was his art that he gave up first, for he had virtually ceased to paint during the last year or two of his life. Sickness might force him to decline commissions for portraits or mural paintings; it could not, to the end, force him to abandon his meetings and his committee work. He may have felt that what he could do in painting had been done. His reputation was world-wide, and a few more canvases could add neither to it nor to the meaning of his work. But if there was nothing more to do for himself there was everything to do in securing opportunity for American artists and recognition of American art.

If there was any element of ambition or of love of personal distinction in his labors for the cause of art it was a not ignoble ambition—the ambition to earn distinction by service and to be known not merely as a brilliant painter but as an important figure in the development of our civilization. That distinction he amply earned. He wore himself out in the service of his fellows, and they will long hold him in affectionate remembrance.

KENYON COX.

ALEXANDER came to us silently, and as silently has he passed away. Though in disposition quiet, gentle, and sensitive, he rose naturally to the top, and rightly assumed leadership. Beneath his serenity there was a hidden strength.

His Art

In Munich, in Paris, in New York, he made a real impression, primarily through his art but also—and especially here—through his personality. And yet he was never "hail-fellow-well-met." Some of his friends even thought him cold and reserved, and failed to see the flood of generous sympathy that manifested itself, not so much in comradeship as in the desire and effort to help the cause of art and those that struggled for attainment.

Though long associated with him in the project nearest to his heart—the housing of the National Academy of Design—it was only in the last few years that I came to know and appreciate his fine qualities, and to realize that my regard for him had become affection. His prophetic question, "Who will be the next?" asked at the Academy meeting as he finished reading the obituaries of those Academicians who had died last year, was answered only too truly by my fears.

His relation to the Academy can be characterized by the single word "devotion." It was a devotion to all its ends, but especially to that one which, alas! he was not permitted to achieve. How strange that the great city of New York, the centre of American art, possessed of an organization which furnishes the majority of all the best works in the exhibitions throughout the Union—how strange that it should let so valuable an asset go uncared for, unsheltered! But Alexander's eloquent appeals will yet bear fruit.

Alexander possessed great technical ability. His paintings show beauty of composition, still greater beauty of line; but to me the most interesting feature is the quality of his large areas of shadow, which, though flat and thinly painted, are never

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naked or unfinished but full of implied detail. He had a fixed style, one in which his materials, notably his coarse canvas, played an important part. It was a style which lent itself to decoration—eminently mural, and yet adapted to the easel as well as to the wall, to portraiture as well as to pictorial subjects. It was native to him that all painting should be decorative. So every canvas had its color scheme, seldom vivid, always refined, consistent, restrained.

But there is no need to dwell on his talent; we all know its charm. His art was clean, pure, and healthy, and was representative of himself. It rose at times to lofty planes. The portrait of Worthington Whittredge now in the Century Club, and that of Doctor McCosh in the Faculty Hall at Princeton University, are fine examples. The latter brings back to me not only the refined, noble features, but also the soul and intellect of the great man who won my esteem and affection in college. It is Doctor McCosh himself; but it is also a portrait of John W. Alexander. He has painted himself into that picture, and it will be hard for me to disassociate those two when I look at that canvas. Alexander's was also a noble soul, and his features, sensitive and refined, were likewise chiselled by inward reflection. High ideals and hopes belonged to both.

He has come and gone—will the place know him no more? On the contrary, he has sown seed that must yet bear fruit. An influence so high and so wide-spread does not die.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

IN the death of John Alexander the whole world of art, as well as the National Academy of Design, can unite in mourning. He was a figure who stood almost alone, a gentleman approachable by all—a fellow painter or the rawest of students had equal attention. As a painter he had made, and was, his own school. His portraits of men have the strength and character of the sitters, and those of women the qualities we love and look for. He tried to make beauty more beautiful, and the ugly less ugly. He did not try for the sensational, but his paintings add charm and distinction to the walls of most of our museums and galleries, and they will live. He followed Frederick Dielman in sowing the seed from which the new Academy building, the "salon" of America, is to grow, and his later life was dedicated to the smoothing of differences, and to harmonizing the interests of the art world, so that all might advance together and become a power that was bound to call for and receive recognition from the country at large. But his enthusiasm was greater than his strength, and many times I have seen him consult his little book filled with engagements, to find a date to give some small art club or society that had called upon him; none were ever refused if he had it. I admired him as a painter and loved him for himself. In thinking of John, I recall the closing lines of a little verse sent by Elihu Vedder, which I read at the last meeting of the Academy—they seem to have been written for him. "On earth he lived; he did not merely stay."

His Loss to the World of Art

HARRY W. WATROUS.

The following is a list of some of Mr. Alexander's best-known work:

"Woman in Gray," Luxembourg, Paris; "Study in Black and Green," "Portrait of Walt Whitman," and "The Ring," Metropolitan Museum, New York; "Pot of Basil," Boston Museum of Fine Arts; "The Blue Bowl," Rhode Island School of Design, Providence; "Portrait of Fritz Thaulow," Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia; "The Quiet Hour," Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; "Portrait of Rodin," Cincinnati Museum; "Girl in Pink," Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; "Phyllis," St. Louis Museum; "Sunlight," Art Institute of Chicago; "Dr. Holmes," Harvard University, Cambridge; portraits of Dr. McCosh and Mrs. McCosh and Dr. Patton, Princeton University; Dr. Chandler and Dr. Van Amringe, Columbia University, New York; Mrs. Wheaton, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.; Mrs. Whitman, Radcliffe College, Cambridge; Mrs. Wooley, Mount Holyoke (Mass.) College; Dr. Hyde, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.; "A Worker," National Gallery, Washington; "A Ray of Sunlight," Society of Fine Arts, Minneapolis. Mural paintings: "Evolution of the Book," six lunettes, Library of Congress, Washington; "Evolution of the State," fourteen lunettes, Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa.; "Apotheosis of Pittsburgh," "Fire," "Crowning of Labor," seventy-five panels, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

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Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Sidney M. Chase.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, PHILADELPHIA, 1787, WASHINGTON PRESIDING.

Alexander Hamilton addressing the convention in his famous speech.

(In background) Robert Morris, Oliver Ellsworth, Elbridge Gerry, Edmund Randolph, and James Madison.
(In foreground) George Read, James Wilson, and Benjamin Franklin.

[The fourth of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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